Collier's

TEN CENTS

JANUARY 26, 1946

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

# THE GREAT LANDLORD RACKET
## By WALTER DAVENPORT

PAGE 11

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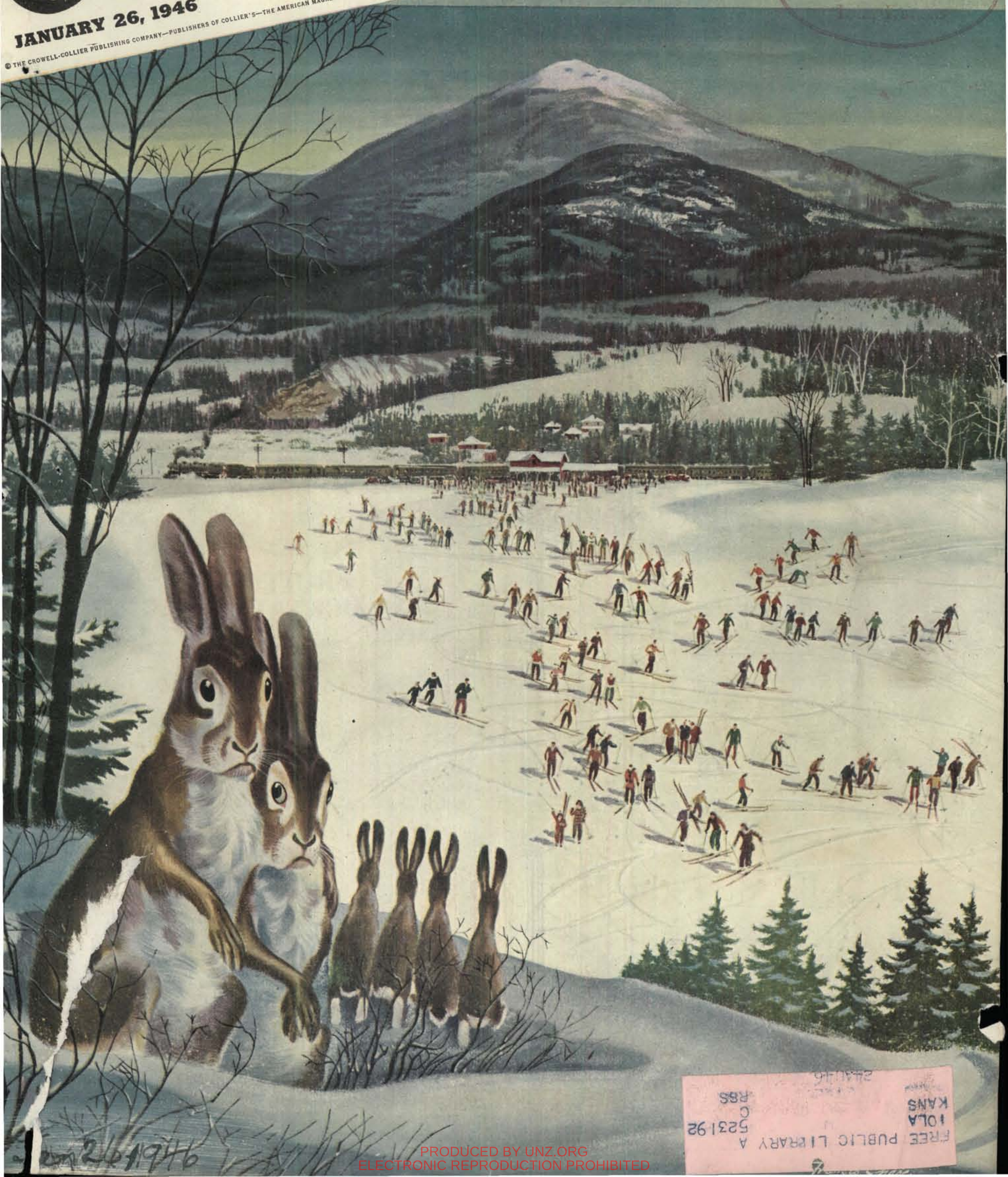

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# It Tells All---the Duraglas Jar!

You can see exactly what you're getting when you buy your favorite brand of fruits or vegetables, in glass. Glass shows you the exact size, style, color; how much liquid, how many servings in a jar. So you shop quickly, thriftily. Glass saves you work too, for you can refrigerate the unused portion right in its own handy Duraglas container.

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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CONTAINERS THAT GIVE A LIFT TO LIVING

# "Fine how-do-you-do... a Problem Pop!"

**POP:** A problem P—? *Now,* what have I done, Precious—I mean, Precocious?

**PAT:** Why, Pop, you brushed your teeth without . . .

**POP:** Without Ipana? I *did* not!

**PAT:** Worse'n that, Pop! *You brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!*

**POP:** So-o-o-o, Worry Wart?

**PAT:** Well, we're taught in school to massage our gums every time we brush our teeth. Because the soft, creamy foods folks eat today don't give gums the exercise they need to keep firm and healthy. 'N' sound teeth call for healthy gums!

**POP:** Okay, okay...Now, I suppose you're going to tell me what to do for this "pink" on my tooth brush.

**PAT:** You bet I am! "Pink tooth brush" means *see your dentist right away!*

**POP:** I don't know whether to spank you or thank you, Smarty Pants. But I have an idea you're right . . .

---

*What many parents still don't know* is being taught their children in thousands of the nation's classrooms today: the importance of regular gum massage to sound, sparkling teeth.

What's more—a national survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend regular massage to help strengthen flabby, tender gums and thus protect teeth.

Lazy, under-exercised gums may flash you a warning signal—a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. When you see that—*see your dentist right away.* As so many do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is specially designed to protect the health of your gums by speeding up circulation in lazy tissues. So, it isn't surprising that a nationwide survey shows that twice as many dentists use Ipana *for their own teeth* as any other dentifrice!

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TOOTH PASTE

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

## Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

**WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE**

**MEN!**

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FOR JANUARY 26. 1946

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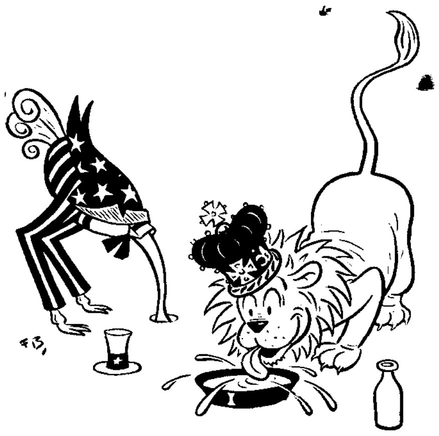
## any week

BAD trouble to begin with. A man who does not sign his name but who is very, very sore at us for a reason he also refuses to reveal says: "You are a stench in the nostrils of the body politic. I am sitting down to write to my millions of personal friends to take an oath never to read your magazine and I mean millions."

COWERING beneath his blow we hasten, before going out of business, to tell Mr. Will John Carbury, of Keene, New Hampshire, that we've investigated the rumor that the head-burying ostrich is to succeed the defiant eagle as our national emblem. Mr. Carbury also wanted to know whether it is true that the British lion has become so housebroken that it no longer roars but mews. Our State Department assures us that it doubts the first rumor and "has no information" about the second.



HOWEVER, Mr. Al P. Hummel of Waukon, Iowa, notifies us that his newspaper contains the following dispatch: "Charles C. Fritze, Nashua farmer, has a divorce from Edith E. Fritze of Iowa City and they have agreed on the following division of personal property: Mrs. Fritze to have false teeth, lower plate; books, all but Horatio Algers; gold thimble; some crocheted holders; four wool batts, in attic; box of quilt blocks; box of pictures, upstairs in big bedroom; music, all but cowboy songs; white nightgowns and several other very personal items."

AS THE Original Spruille Braden For President man and desirous of hearing all sides, we're bound to tell you that Mr. John P. Hillside of Lincoln, Nebraska, thinks that Mr. Braden's name would cost him many votes. Mr. Hillside says that already he has heard many people talking about Bruille Spraden, Spayed Bruden, Sprude Braillen, Braid Sprullen, Braille Spruden, Brewed Spraylen and other and similar rearrangements of Mr. Braden's not-too-common name. These garblings,

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# Rheumatic fever can be beaten!

Though it tries to harm the hearts of growing boys and girls, serious damage may be avoided if the disease is recognized in time. Put your child to bed if he has persistent low fever, pain in joints or muscles, or continued loss of weight and appetite. Then have your physician examine him.

## If the disease attacks your child . . .

**. . . make sure** the doctor's orders are followed. He should stay under a doctor's care until *all* signs—including laboratory tests—show that no vestige of the attack remains.

Unfortunately, rheumatic fever may *recur.* After convalescence, therefore, be specially careful to guard your child against wet feet and chills.

Try to avoid exposing him to people with "sore throats" and colds. For recurrence may be brought on by these and other mild illnesses, such as grippe and certain respiratory infections.

Sometimes rheumatic *heart disease* may be present although there has been no previous record of a rheumatic *fever* attack.

The only way to discover this condition—and to prevent serious heart damage—is by periodic physical examination.

*Rheumatic fever, itself, causes more fatalities among school-age children than any other disease.* The way to combat this tragic toll is to maintain youngsters in the best possible condition by proper diet, rest, healthy exercise, and *regular medical supervision.*

To learn more about combating the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 26-C, "Rheumatic Fever."

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 26-C, entitled "Rheumatic Fever."

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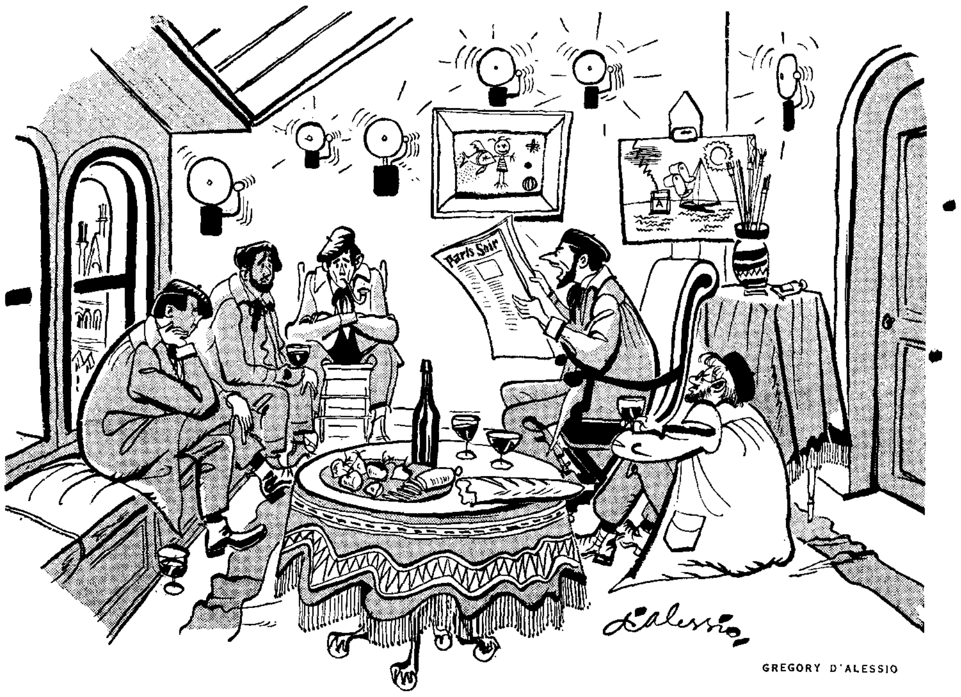

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

# Keep up with the world

## by Freling Foster

*The* Surrealist movement in art is an offspring of Dadaism, a cult opposed to traditional forms of art which started in Paris in 1920 and, within two years, had organizations in hundreds of European cities. Yet Dadaism expounded no belief and had no meaning, and its public meetings were devoted to such activities as the reading aloud of a newspaper by a Dadaist while electric bells were rung to drown out his voice.

*Besides* the $312,000,000 in pensions which the United States government now pays annually to the 587,000 veterans and dependents of veterans of the first World War, it still pays $155,000,000 each year to some 225,000 pensioners of the Mexican War, Civil War and Spanish-American War.

*Russia* is now awarding a *Motherhood Medal* to women having five or six children, a *Glory of Motherhood Medal* to those having from seven to nine and a *Mother Heroine Medal* to those having ten or more children.

*In the* Swiss Alps, herdsmen call home their cows by playing on an alpenhorn any one of 50 different melodies, called *ranz des vaches,* which are traditionally used for this purpose. *—By James Carney, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*So tremendous* was the industrial development in this country for two decades after the Civil War that it produced several hundred millionaires. Between 1890 and 1910, more than 500 daughters of such millionaires were married to titled Europeans. As the majority of the husbands were poor, the ultimate cost of these international unions to the families of the girls has been estimated at $220,000,000.

*Centuries* of breeding have made the goldfish the most modified of all domesticated creatures in the animal kingdom. Yet when this species of fish escapes into open water where its chances of survival are endangered by its bright color and small size, it reverts to its original dark olive color and triples its size within a few generations.

*Virgil,* the great Roman poet, is one of the two or three historical personages who have been honored on the 2,000th anniversary of their birth. On October 15, 1930, the world of classical literature celebrated his bimillenary birthday with Virgilian exercises, exhibitions, festivals, tours and cruises.

*For* no apparent reason, the number of Americans named Williams has decreased—per 10,000 population—75 to 20 since 1920.

*A unique* school in England prepares young men and women for domestic service in the Royal households which normally employ about 1,500 servants. Established a century ago on the grounds of Windsor Castle, this school especially trains each student in one of nearly a hundred kinds of positions, such as those of seamstress, coachman, forester and telephone operator.

*Among* the secret documents of the OVRA, Mussolini's former Gestapo, which were discovered recently in Bari, Italy, was one dossier containing a complete record, in code, of the romances of Il Duce. It discloses that, during the 21 years of his dictatorship, Signor Mussolini had affairs with no less than 74 ladies on whom he spent more than $5,000,000.

*Of the* 60 movie actors and actresses who have been presented with an "Oscar" for outstanding performances by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences since the award was established in 1928, one was a Negro player, Hattie McDaniel, who was thus honored in 1939 for her characterization of Mammy in Gone With The Wind.

*Few* of the countless persons who visit Jerusalem realize that most of the points of Biblical interest are only traditional and not substantiated by any authentic record. Several times since the Crucifixion, the Holy City has been captured, its buildings destroyed and its people killed or exiled. Even as early as the year 132, Jerusalem was devastated and plowed under and a new city, Aelia Capitolina, was built on the ruins. Two centuries then passed before the first attempt was made to determine any site associated with the life of Christ.

*One* hundred corporations and 1,300 persons have so far been accused by the U.S. government of defrauding it on war contracts by producing inferior materials and padding pay rolls and expense accounts.

*English* is the language used today in 50 per cent of all newspapers, 60 per cent of all radio programs, 70 per cent of all magazines, and 80 per cent of all correspondence. . . . While daylight may be seen at a depth of only 200 feet in the cloudy waters along seacoasts, it is still perceptible at a depth of 1,700 feet in the clear waters of mid-ocean.

**Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission**

***FRANCES LANGFORD,** glamorous singing star of the Bob Hope Show, Tuesday nights over NBC.*

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FOR SHEER beauty—beauty of tone and beauty of cabinet—you've never heard or seen such radios or radio-phonographs as the new General Electrics.

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♪ With this new radio, for the first time you'll hear your favorite programs in the lifelike beauty of General Electric "natural color" tone. Base notes have a new richness—the middle register a new warmth—delicate high tones and overtones a new purity and brilliance. You'll hear the artists with such vividness—such realism—it almost seems that they stand within the very room, playing for you in person.

On these great instruments you'll hear the full beauty of recorded music as you never heard it before. Every note is recreated with matchless clarity by the new G-E Electronic Reproducer. No matter how low you turn the volume, neither surface nor needle noise intrudes to mar the glorious purity of tone.

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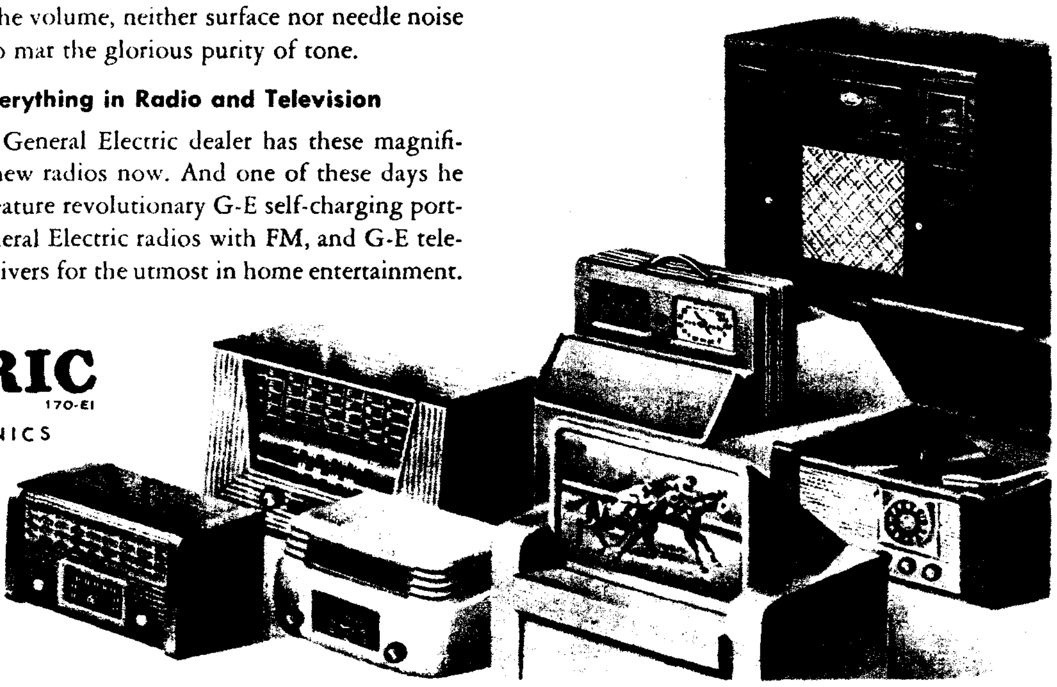
♪ Your General Electric dealer has these magnificent new radios now. And one of these days he also will feature revolutionary G-E self-charging portables, General Electric radios with FM, and G-E television receivers for the utmost in home entertainment.



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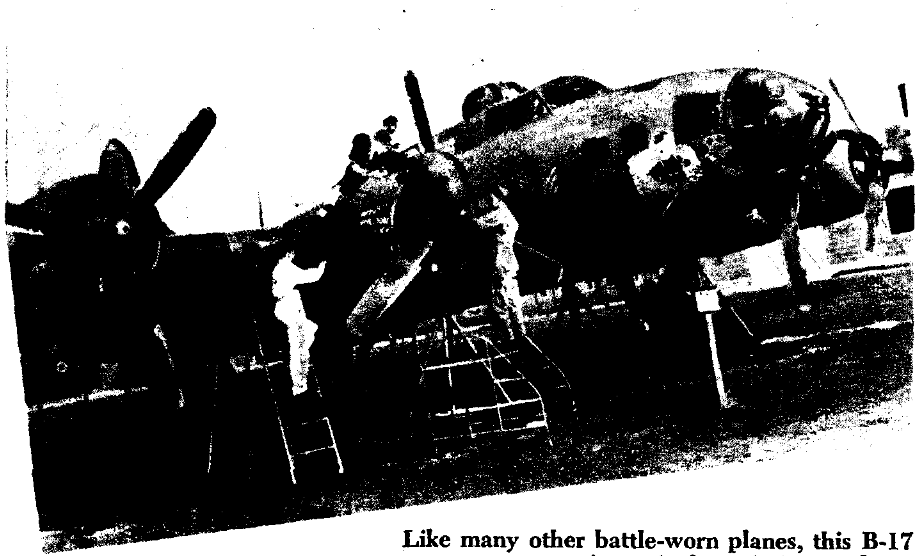
# Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



Like many other battle-worn planes, this B-17 now serves as guinea pig for aviation students

THE Eager Beaver is a battle-scarred B-17 Flying Fortress and she left a destructive trail of bombs across Europe in her action-studded career. Her war assignment triumphantly accomplished, she was faced with the reward of being chopped up and melted down into hunks of metal. But the Williamsport (Pa.) Technical Institute rescued her from the scrap pile and she will spend a constructive and profitable old age submitting her anatomy to continuous and regulated study by the school's students.

Like the Eager Beaver, scores of other bombers and fighters from the Army and Navy are being pulled apart and put back together, time and again, as the nation's secondary, high-school and college students prepare for aviation careers. Here is a quick look around the country at the way those planes, originally bought with your War Bonds, are being used to advance the aeronautical technical training of our youth:

The University of Southern California has taken over the Hancock College of Aeronautics, at Santa Maria, California, and is giving complete aeronautical courses for pilots, mechanics and engineers. It has 12 surplus aircraft: a B-17, B-25 Mitchell bomber, P-38 Lightning fighter, P-47 Thunderbolt, P-63 Kingcobra, Lockheed Lodestar transport and six training planes, in addition to a supply of engines, parts and accessories.

Purdue University, the University of Illinois, and Western Michigan State College, all have ambitious aeronautical training programs and have drawn upon surplus supplies to complete the outfitting of their aviation departments.

Recognizing that office help must keep in step with aeronautics, the Colby Junior College at Dennisport, Massachusetts, is continuing its Aeronautical Secretarial Course, established in 1942 to help meet the critical need of the aircraft and related industries for specially trained secretaries. The college obtained a 750 hp engine last year and now has a P-51 Mustang. The girls are required to familiarize themselves with all the component parts and to understand how they work. With this knowledge, they will be welcome additions to the white-collared staffs of aircraft plants.

Pupils in the Alvin, Texas, public schools are receiving aviation training in their regular courses. The city school district has a Ryan primary trainer and is going after two more. For the time being, the aviation program is a part of the auto mechanics department, but when additional equipment has been delivered the schools plan a separate aeronautical ground course.

The Grant Technical College, at North Sacramento, California, performed a first-class job of training workers for the aircraft industry during the war, and now plans to continue its aeronautical courses in order to prepare students for peacetime occupations. The school has obtained two fighters and a trainer, as well as a wide assortment of parts and equipment, for use in preflight courses and to train advanced vocational students in aircraft, engine and instrument work.

Stephens (girls' junior) College at Columbia, Missouri, which has its own airport and flying school, is putting surplus aircraft and equipment to work in its ground laboratories.

Surplus bombers, fighters, and parts and accessories are playing a big part in the rehabilitation of boys in Ohio. At the Chillicothe Federal Reformatory, the state established an airplane mechanics school in 1940 to train mechanics for employment in defense industries, and the program is being continued to fit the students for civilian aviation. The reformatory has obtained six aircraft and a complete line of parts and accessories and is pointing for a CAA approval as an aircraft repair station.

The crippled children at Wavecrest Convalescent Home, Far Rockaway, New York, while still a little too young to begin serious ground training, have a two-place training glider. It is mounted on tracks on a hillside, so that with a good push the Wavecrest boys and girls get some of the thrills of gliding without actually flying.

ALL these aircraft are going to educational institutions under a program originated by General Arnold and now being continued by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

To get it, at prices ranging from $100 for a primary training plane to $350 for a four-engined bomber, you've got to be a non-profit educational institution supported wholly or in part by taxes. You've also got to agree that the aircraft will not be flown. Scientific institutions having the same qualifications also may acquire these surplus planes and engines.

While the Army and Navy are still delivering surplus planes, the RFC is having them flown directly to the school qualifying for them so that in most cases they have not had to pay the freight charges. Where they have to be shipped, they go collect. More than 400 aircraft have been delivered to that many schools, and 2,600 educational institutions have received engines and aircraft parts.

Under the RFC disposal plan cities and towns can have fighters and bombers for memorial purposes, and Athens, Georgia, to cite one, is establishing a Memorial Park with a formation of 12 bombers and fighters.

If you are interested in obtaining any of this equipment drop a note to the Aircraft Division, Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Washington 25, D. C. In order to get the most out of it for school instruction, write to the U.S. Office of Education, also Washington 25, D. C., for their course. ★★★

# A New Instant Coffee that Tastes as Good as Your Favorite Ground Coffee

100% PURE
COFFEE
Borden's
INSTANTLY PREPARED
COFFEE

*And I make it in the cup.*
*No pot. No grounds.*
*No waste!*

## Money back if you don't agree!

**Let's put it plain.** You know the convenience of instant coffee. But you want to know one thing: "Will Borden's taste as good as my favorite ground coffee?"

**We answer that** by making this offer. Either Borden's has it—or the treat's on us!*

**The reason** we can make this offer is that Borden's is *the real thing*. It's all coffee, grand coffee, nothing but coffee. And, by a special process, every bit of roaster-freshness is sealed in—without the addition of non-coffee ingredients!

**Of course,** Borden's is convenient. No pot, no grounds, no wait, no waste. But the real news is flavor—rich, mellow, full-bodied. Get a jar of Borden's at your grocer's today.

**Borden's is Different** from any instant coffee you ever tasted! That's why we can make this money-back offer. But remember—

There are two completely different types of instant coffees. One is the "café" type, sometimes called coffee "product." It is a mixture of coffee and other ingredients, such as dextrose, maltose and dextrins. The other, represented by Borden's, is 100% pure coffee, nothing else added.

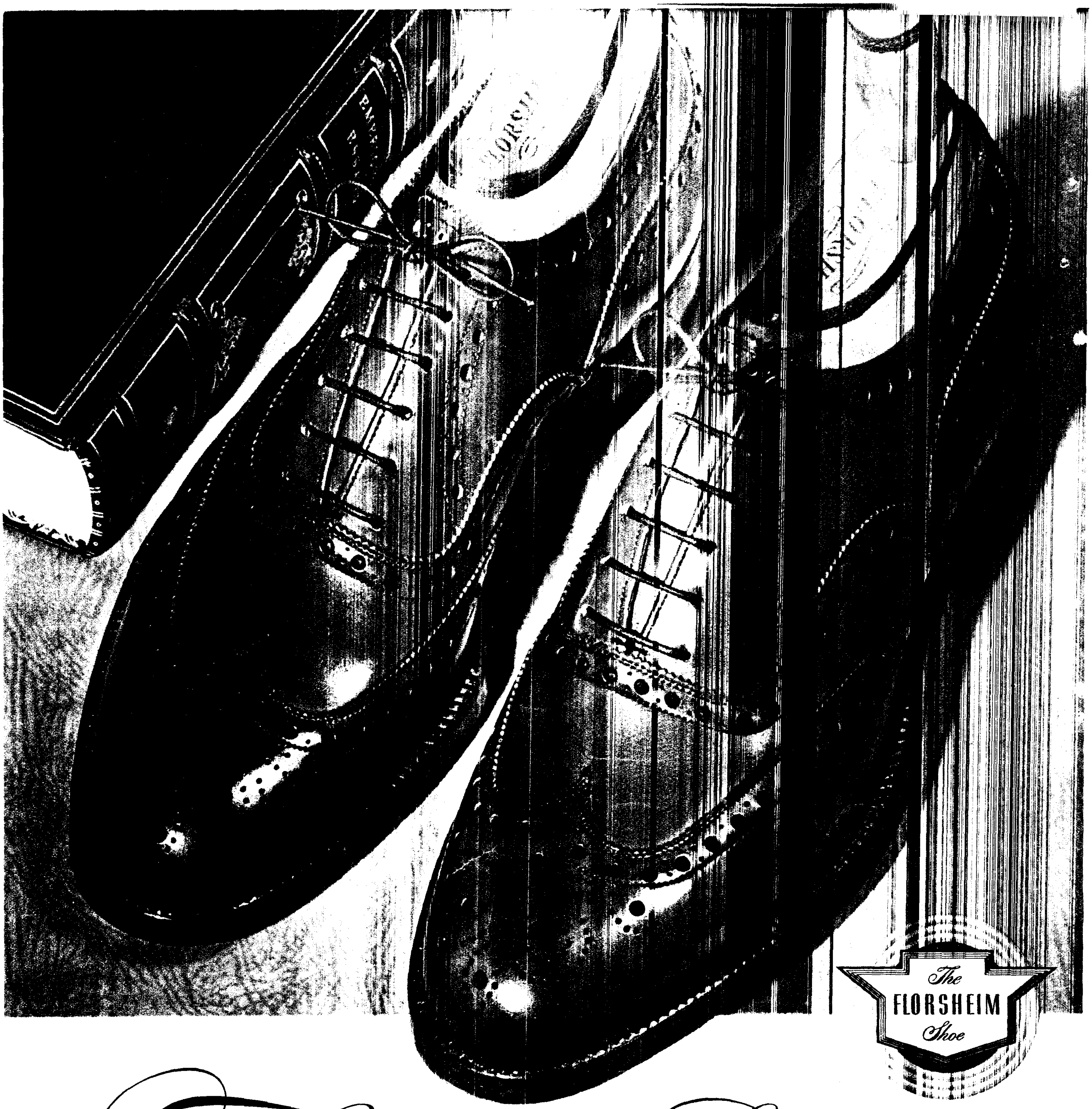
Both types cost about the same per cup on your table—*regardless of difference in size of container or price at store.* You want convenience, of course—but you want *flavor*, too. Borden's *has* it!—the flavor of your favorite ground coffee.

**If it's Borden's it's got to be good!**

© BORDEN CO.

**Makes as many cups as a pound of ground coffee**

**Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it's as good as your favorite ground coffee, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*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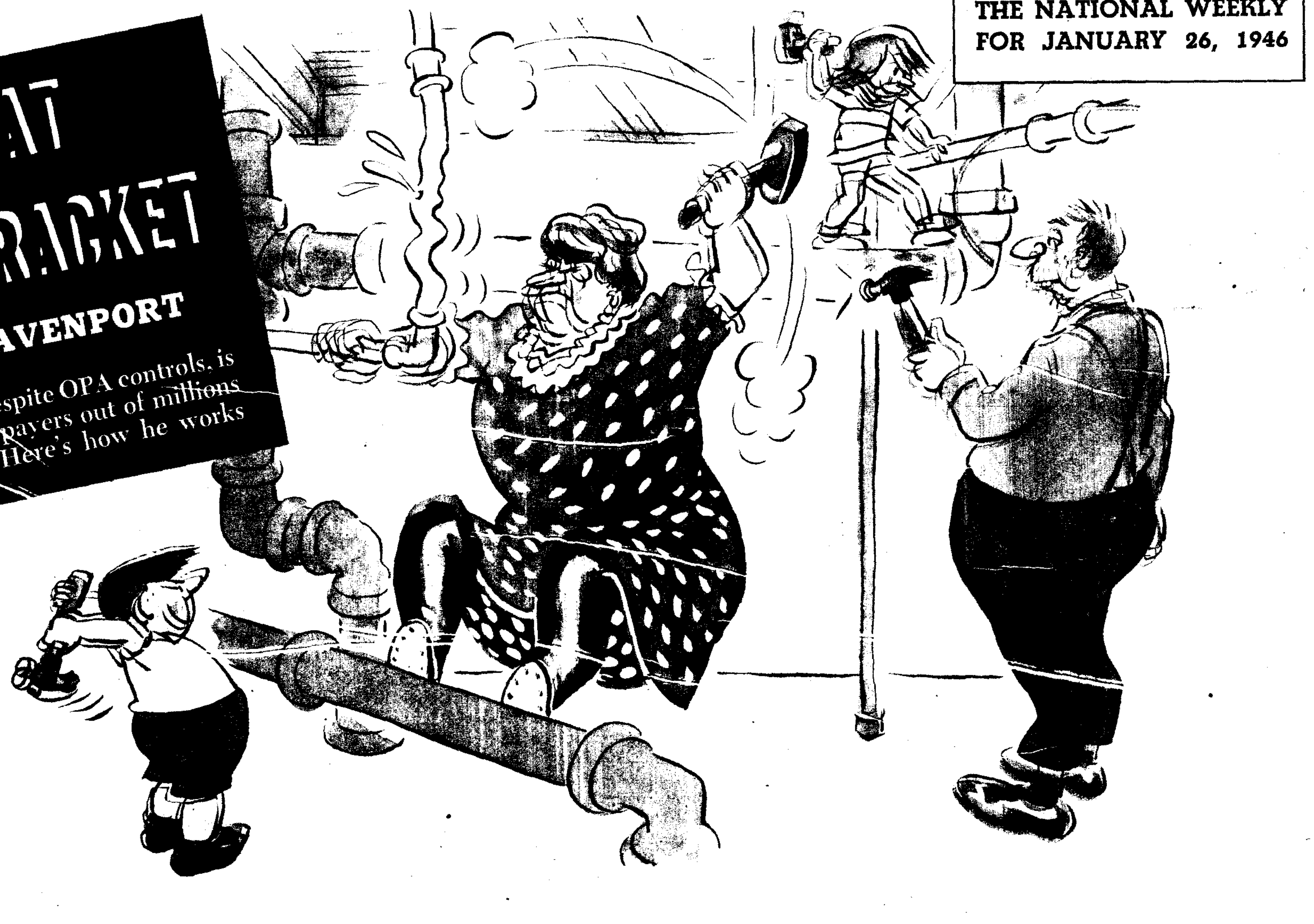
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 26, 1946

# THE GREAT LANDLORD RACKET

### BY WALTER DAVENPORT

The racketeer landlord, despite OPA controls, is swindling America's rent payers out of millions of dollars each month. Here's how he works



**In St. Paul, a pipe-pounding campaign not only failed to dislodge a determined tenant, but the landlady paid a $500 fine**

TO INTRODUCE you to the species of patriot we're writing about let's take Mr. Clabber, whose few friends call him Bunny. Mr. Clabber was a landlord in Chicago before he went to jail for six months and paid a $300 fine for operating the strip-lease racket. For all we know he is now out of stir and a landlord again. Why he was partial to the strip-lease racket we don't know. Nor does it matter. He might have taken his choice of any of the landlord rackets so popular today—the stuffed apartment, the club clip, the phony deposit, the tie-in, the double snatch. We shall explain these as we go along.

Mr. Clabber owned a sixteen-unit apartment house. He lived in one of the flats himself, letting out the others at seventy-five dollars a month. Contrary to the opinion of the OPA and his tenants, Mr. Clabber did not think that seventy-five a month was enough. Nevertheless, that's all he was permitted to charge by OPA's ceiling schedules, and as a patriotic American with rights he was pretty sore about it.

One day a fellow who badly needed a roof over his head came along and offered Mr. Clabber a hundred and fifty dollars bonus for the privilege of paying him seventy-five a month. Mr. Clabber told him to come around in a week, when he'd let him have the flat next to his own.

This four-room apartment was occupied at the moment by a woman and her two young children, her husband being abroad with the Navy fighting that all American Clabbers might continue to pursue happiness. Anyway, she was alone with her children and in Mr. Clabber's opinion the softest touch in his house. He asked her to get out. Having no idea where she might move to, she refused, reminding him that her lease still had nine months to go.

So the next day a matter-of-fact fellow came to her apartment and removed the electric floor plugs. When she protested he said merely that Mr. Clabber hadn't paid for them. On the following day another unsentimental fellow appeared and removed the refrigerator. He explained that Mr. Clabber hadn't paid for that either.

A day later a nonchalant citizen bristling with hammers, wrenches, screw drivers and other utilitarian hardware came to her door saying that he was going to remove a couple of the essential furnishings of the bathroom. Whereat she and he had words. In fact, she had so many and uttered them so definitely that the plumber departed assuring her that he was after all a poor man doing his best to earn an honest dollar. What she said to Mr. Clabber is described perhaps inadequately as "plenty." And she added that neither he nor four more so-and-sos like him could make her move.

**If a larcenous landlord really wants a fight, the law will gladly oblige**

## The Lady Was No Sissy

The battle went on for five days and on the sixth Mr. Clabber bored a hole in the wall which separated his living room from her bathroom and at what he regarded as appropriate moments applied his now bloodshot eye thereto. However this lady was no sissy. As she was about to take a bath she inserted the nozzle of a loaded insect spray gun into the hole and fired.

Mr. Clabber's anguished outcries and his vengeance-threatening roars attracted the attention of other tenants, one of whom took the lady to the local rent-control offices of OPA, and after much talk Mr. Clabber was taken to court with the results stated above.

As we've said, Mr. Clabber is cited merely to introduce you to that element of the American postwar landlord who is doing all that he can to make living in the United States as unpleasant as possible. He is, we are assured by OPA, in the minority but we are advised not to underestimate him as a minority. Just what his minority percentage is is impossible to say. Thousands of his victims, either ignorant of the protection the law affords them or so scared of eviction that they will protest neither to racketeering landlord nor the OPA, are taking it silently.

Another great number of home-seekers are willing accessories to his racketeering, paying him anywhere from a hundred to a thousand dollars or more for the right to move into his house. Desperate, they will agree to buy his furniture—stuff which wouldn't look conspicuous on the city dump—for three, four and five times what he paid for it. They will redecorate his shabby rooms at their own expense, with their own hands. They will do his janitor chores. They will lie for him in court. But we're getting ahead of ourself.

The majority of his victims are the smaller folk—lower- and middle-bracket wage earners, industrial workers, lately demobilized servicemen, the families of servicemen still serving. But the rent racketeer is no respecter of rank, station or wealth, although he operates on the theory that the smaller they are the harder they fall.

The rugged rackets specified above are seldom practiced in high places which are controlled by substantial corporations and individuals who have a somewhat longer view than the snatch-and-parry gents who own modest walk-ups, two- to twenty-family houses and, in general, the more nonpretentious apartments. Likewise the agents for the high-toned apartments are likely to conduct their business affairs on the theory that they choose to be in business after the smoke and dust of postwar chaos settles and the world's air is fit to breathe again.

But the owners of Belgravian apartments and the clippers who run the lowly human filing cases are alike caught in the housing speculation boom. It's something like the famous Florida land boom of the twenties. We look swiftly through our notes. Everywhere speculators are buying apartment houses. They buy them on a shoestring for a quick turnover. As they buy they already have a purchaser in mind. And of course the speculator who buys today and hopes to sell tomorrow isn't going to do any renovating, isn't going to furnish services.

All he's concerned with is that the outside of the place doesn't look so forbidding that the new purchaser loses his enthusiasm the moment he sees the building. The speculator aims, too, to keep the entrance hall fairly clean. But that's all. The apartments themselves may look like something that Boris Karloff is about to crawl out of. The place may be as cold as the keel of an LST. That's

*(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ALLEN

# Chicago Stopover

## BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT

**Johnny Farr had been a successful wolf. But this Red Riding Hood was nobody's wolf bait**

THE thick morning traffic purred heavily in bright sunlight on Chicago's Michigan Avenue. Johnny Farr pulled the rented roadster to a stop behind a loading bus. He appraised the passengers as they boarded the vehicle. His eyes squinted critically and he remarked to Jug Karkowski, "That redhead's got conformation."

"Just fair," Jug said in disapproval. "Let's get a beer."

Johnny groaned in reproof. "Beer! Don't be a square. Let's just follow the busses and watch the girls getting on and off. It's good for the soul. . . . And who can tell? I might come up with something."

"You will. You always do," Jug admitted dourly. "And me, I'll come up empty. With nothing but the evening papers. I wish we could leave for Des Moines right now."

Johnny shook his head. "I don't," he said. "Then we've got to go to work. I don't want to work in a gas station. I want to look at girls." He slid the car in gear and followed the moving bus. "And maybe rustle up a date with one and trade a little schmoos."

"You will," Jug sighed. "You always do."

There was a fair-to-middling blonde at the next stop. She ran her eyes over them and both swelled their chests so she could not fail to see their banks of combat ribbons. But she kept her face expressionless and got aboard the bus.

"War's been over too long; people are tired of homecoming heroes," Jug complained. "They don't even look at fighter pilots any more, let alone combat infantry lieutenants. Combat infantrymen never ranked anyway."

"I was a combat infantryman," Johnny said amiably. "And I always ranked. Then, now and always. It's all in the point of view. You just got to be sure inside that you rank to beat hell. Then you do."

"That," said Jug, "I'd say was egotistical—or something."

Johnny stiffened suddenly and murmured, *"Achtung!* . . . Pass the word."

A girl ran for the bus, her mass of dark curls bouncing in the morning breeze. The bus pulled out and she looked after it in annoyance. Johnny touched the horn discreetly. She looked at them and immediately her face went impassive.

Jug appraised her and shook his head, "No pickup," said Jug. "You can see she's got scruples and ethics and all that. Move on. Objective too tough."

"Nope. Situation calls for improvisation," said Johnny.

A truck behind him blasted on a baritone horn but Johnny turned the key in the ignition and got out of the car. He walked over to the girl. As he came up she gave him nothing to look at but shoulder.

He showed even teeth in a gentle grin and said, "Look, I'm all readjusted to civilian life and quite harmless. Let me give you a lift."

The silence hung and then was blasted by the truck horn. Two taxicabs and a passenger car also set their horns to blaring. Johnny looked blandly at the stalled traffic and turned back to the girl. "You're making a lot of people late for work," he said. "Come ride with me. Don't be provincial."

The girl turned to him. Johnny got a full view and murmured, "Jackson!"

She said, "You're wasting your time, Lieutenant. I think I'll call a policeman."

She was quite calm about it; Johnny liked her not being ruffled. He looked across the boulevard. A heavy-set traffic policeman was threading his way through the traffic lanes.

"You don't have to call him," Johnny said cheerfully. "He's coming all by himself. Of course, when he gets here I'm going to have *you* arrested."

A furrow came in her forehead as she stared at him. Then she let the frown fade and smiled, but without humor.

"That's interesting."

"Yes," *Johnny told her.* "I'm going to say you used to be a maid in our house and you ran off with Mother's pet silver teapot. . . ."

Her eyes studied him. He was wide-shouldered and narrow-waisted; his eyes were bright and level, his hair a tousled brick-red mass.

She tried to stare him down and failed and said, "You wouldn't dare."

"Wait till the cop gets here," he said. "I'll do it, though I'm gambling that you'll get in the car with me before we're committed to action."

She looked at the snarled traffic and at the oncoming policeman. "Don't be so wacky," she pleaded.

Johnny shook his head in refusal. "Of course, when the explanations are all in, I'll wind up in the jug," he said. "But at least I'll know who you are. And when I get out I can come and sit on your doorstep."

She laughed. "All right, soldier. Let's go."

He put her in the car, motioning Jug to drive. "I'm Johnny Farr," he said. "That's Jug Karkowski. He and Georgie Patton helped me win the battle of Europe. . . . When the Japs heard our outfit had got as far as Okinawa they quit in a hurry. There was some nonsense about an atomic bomb, but that was just propaganda. Really, they heard I was coming."

"How do," said Jug. "Modest, ain't he?"

He swung the car into traffic, careful not to look at the angry police officer.

"And this," said Johnny, "is Miss . . . ?"

"Traylor," she said. "Lynn Traylor. . . . Look, soldier, this doesn't make sense. It's true my leanings are toward the tall, wavy-haired type . . . but I've already got one."

"Married?" Johnny asked on falling notes.

"Engaged," she told him.

"That," said Johnny happily, "ain't necessarily permanent. Lynn, you believe in love at first sight, don't you?"

"No." She shook her dark curls. "I've known Charlie all my life."

Johnny bent a stern eye on her. "I was not discussing Charlie. . . . I was discussing me. Us. Look, Lynn, live boldly. Grasp the fleeting moment. Don't go where you're going. Spend the day with me. This may be your last chance. I leave in the morning for, God forbid, Des Moines, Iowa."

"Just stay on the boulevard," she told Jug. "I'll tell you when to turn."

"There are times," said Johnny Farr, "when life seems hardly worth-while. Have you no heart? . . . Think of me in Iowa, pining away. Unrequited love will be written on my death certificate. You'll be haunted."

"Turn left," Lynn told Jug.

JOHNNY looked at the building. "A school girl," he said in amazement. "She's going to be smart as well as beautiful." He read the legend: "Northwestern Medical School. Good God! Studying medicine. In a skyscraper."

"That's right." Lynn got out of the roadster and grinned at Jug. "Goodby, soldier. I hope you like Des Moines."

"I like you," Jug said. "Johnny makes no time with you. It soothes my inferiority complex. He so often does."

"That's the man I carried on my back while a lot of Krauts were heaving eighty-eights," said Johnny bitterly. "Lynn, let me walk you into school. Let me carry your books." He followed her across the sidewalk and into the building. "Meet me after school and let's swing on a gate. Charlie has you all the time. It ain't fair."

She turned into a counter-lined coffee shop and he slumped onto the stool next to hers. Johnny held up two fingers and a waitress brought two mugs of coffee. He said, "Lynn, look into my eyes. Observe the sincerity of my gaze. I am smitten."

She looked into his eyes over a mug of coffee. "Blue," she said. "Dark blue. And ever so insincere."

Johnny fumbled with her purse, took out a make-up mirror and inspected his eyes. "You're a woman of no discernment," he complained, tossing the mirror back in the bag. "I can see right into my heart. It's busted. Full of cracks."

Lynn rose and dropped a nickel on the counter. "You're nice," she said. "In spite of pretending to be a Casanova. But you're wasting your time. I'm earmarked for an ensign. So long, soldier."

He followed her to the elevators. "I'll be waiting here at lunchtime," he said.

"Don't wait, soldier," she told him. "I won't appear. Goodby."

She got into the elevator and left him standing there among the hurrying students.

Jug was sprawled in the car cheerfully contemplating a No Parking sign.

He looked up. "Mission failed." He was happy about it.

Johnny said casually, "Objective partially gained. Got a date for lunch."

"She won't keep the date," Jug said. "You've been brushed, my little wolf."

"Bet you fifty," Johnny said carelessly.

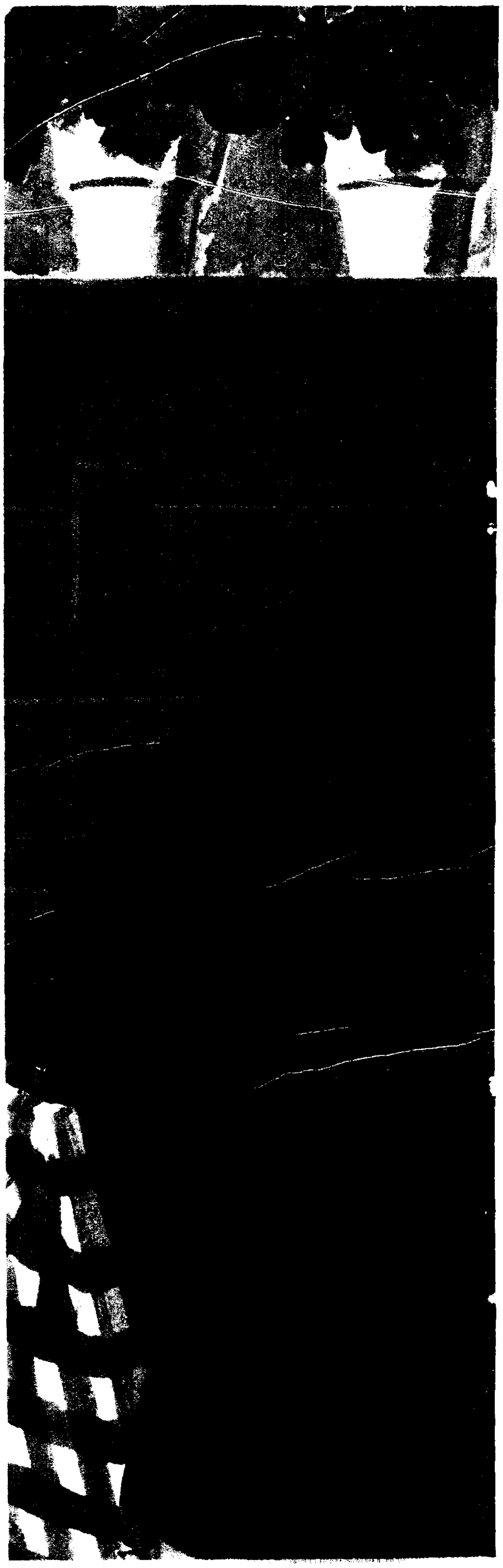
Jug nodded energetically. "Bet. She's got class . . . she sees through that phony con of yours."

"You've lost," said Johnny. "I improvised. Slipped all my dough into her purse. Pretended to use her mirror and put my bankroll in among powder, bobby pins and whatnot."

"Fifteen hundred bucks!" Jug sat erect.

"Fifteen hundred and eighty-some," said Johnny.

"It would tickle me," Jug said, "if she lammed. Of course,



ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

we need that dough for the gas station, but it would almost be worth it."

"Her?" Johnny scoffed. "Run off with a soldier's fifteen centuries? Never."

Jug eyed him. "How about that dame in Richmond? You tied your ring on her scarf . . . just to remind her that you would be waiting with beating heart. *She* didn't show."

"That diamond," said Johnny loftily, "had a flaw in it."

SHE shook her head at him as she saw him standing in the stream of students.

"Soldier," she said, handing him the roll of bills, "you'll never get out of the Army. You'll never pass the psychiatrist's test."

"Been screened and processed," he said. "And handed my terminal leave certified all sound in wind, limb and mind. My civilian clothes are even now being altered."

She smiled at him. "You might have lost all that money—fifteen hundred dollars. Suppose I'd given you a false name? Suppose I didn't come back?"

"Look," he said. "If you didn't come back, fifteen hundred or fifteen million wasn't going to make life any different from now on. It was going to be bleak. Desolate, even."

She stared at him. "You're crazy. . . . Look here, I don't want to go to lunch with you if you're going to be serious."

"Me," he said soberly. "I'll keep you in stitches. I'll tell jokes, if that's the way you want it."

She inspected his solemn face. "Johnny Farr, you just can't do this. You can't meet a girl and go overboard like that."

"They can't put you in jail," he said. "Lynn, it's a *fait accompli*, as the legal fellows say." He put out his hand and took her elbow. "Come on," he said, grinning suddenly. "I always hated the Navy and now I know I was right."

"Ah," she said, "you'd like Charlie."

"Dueling," Johnny said. "There was a great institution. It'd be me or him. Come on."

They lunched at the Drake. Johnny learned that she lived in Evanston in an old-fashioned white house, and that her father was a doctor. But nothing more. Lynn was adamant. She met his argument with simple fact. "Johnny, I'd go to dinner with you this evening, as long as you're only going to be in town this one night," she said. "But I can't. Charlie's whole class in Navy V-12 is ready for discharge, and tonight's the prom. It's been planned for months."

His face was so disconsolate she laughed. "Stop it," she told him. "The town is full of girls. I can't help feeling flattered the way you make me feel that I am something special, but I'm not."

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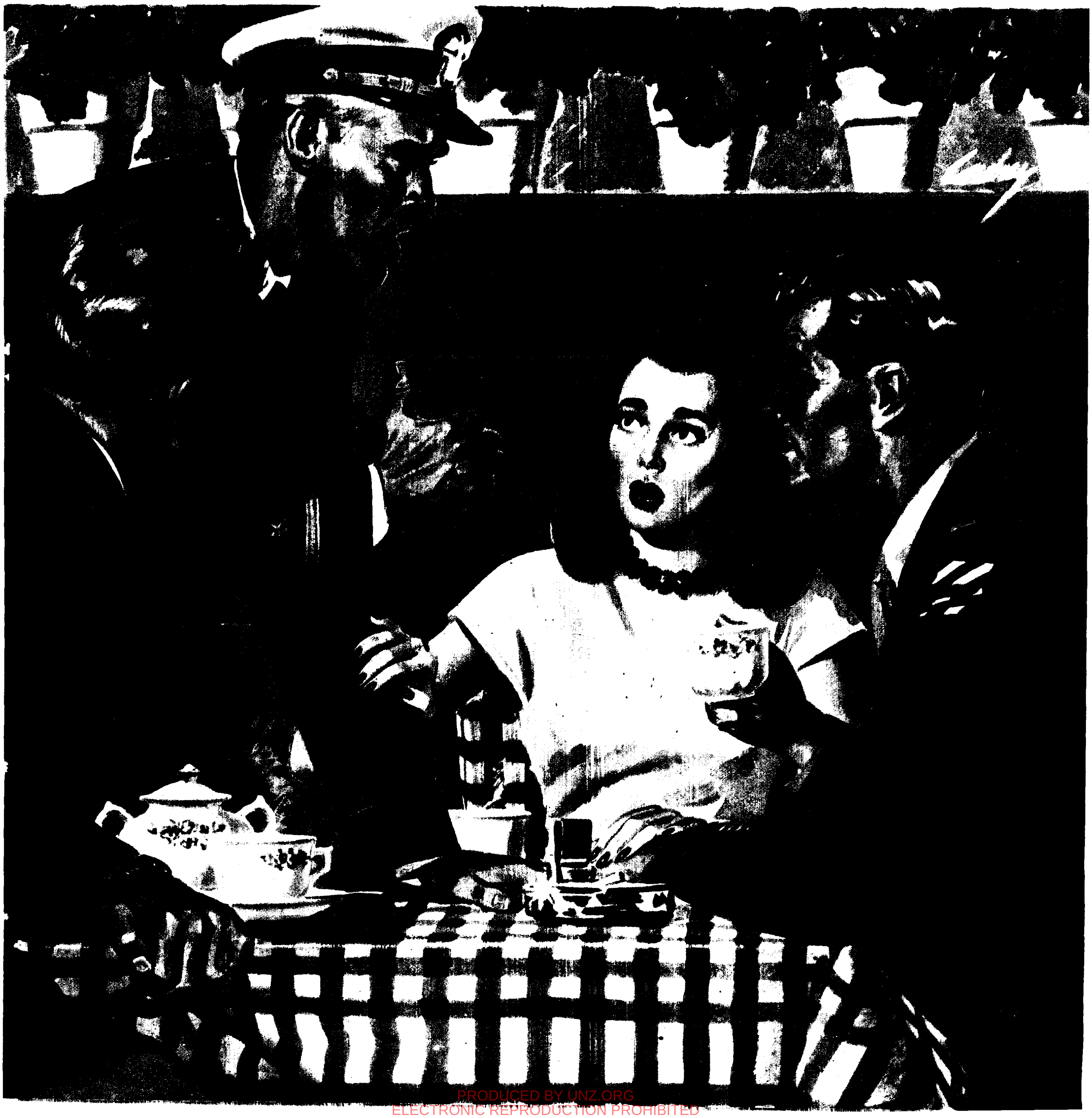
**"Get up, guy!" Charles bellowed. "We're going out of here!" Lynn put a restraining hand on Charles' arm while Johnny continued to stare uninterestedly**



# CHALLENGE TO ROMANCE

### BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ENG

**The girl was desirable. Moreover, he had been warned against her. The situation was tempting. Disaster in the Delta made it irresistible**

ALMOST without seeing, without thinking, Guy Breslay knew the river had risen. He knew it was bad and he knew, also, that it would be worse. He stepped rapidly across the wharf, and was startled by the sight of the ship. Her rail was gone from the starboard quarter and she wore the weary cant of a vessel that had come narrowly through immense difficulties. Plainly the crossing had been bad. And he said to himself, standing, watching, that it was bad also along the river.

This was the third week in May, and the Provincial Touring Company of Artistes de Paris arrived at New Orleans behind schedule. They came in the ship *Aigrette* of Marseille, the actors, actresses, manager, director, musicians—and, this year, Geraldine Cartier.

Guy Breslay was on the wharf's edge when the first boat came off, moving awkwardly against the tobacco-brown, sullen flood. Running faster—Guy Breslay now observed—faster and higher than it had the evening before.

But, he thought, what was there one could do about the river? He shrugged and sat. Then as the boat neared, he stared intently and saw the girl in the stern.

He recognized the others; he had seen them all before, in seasons past. But the girl was new to him. Would she, then, be Viki's granddaughter? The shoulders— She carried her shoulders high, rather proudly, as Viki did. Even in the cramped, unsteady boat she sat with a kind of assurance, almost a haughtiness, as Viki had used to sit in other years. No doubt about it, this could only be the granddaughter of Viki Cartier.

Guy felt a surge of excitement. He walked quickly to the landing stage.

It was in his mind at that moment that he would miss Viki Cartier more than he had known. How odd to see the ship from France, these members of the company—but not Viki. She who had come so many seasons to sing in New Orleans. In that time, in the loyal French colony of Louisiana, people spoke of the singing of Viki Cartier in the tone of voice they usually reserved for prayer. She had become a legend, which is not a comfortable position for any woman. She had made up her mind, rather abruptly, in the year she turned sixty, that she would travel no more.

She wrote to Guy Breslay: *I shall die with dignity and (I hope) peace of heart in my own Paris, away from the sun and your mad river and the languid cotton-scent—* She wrote, further: *I have arranged with Beauharnais that my granddaughter Geraldine be given a trial with the company. Do you recall that I have sometimes spoken to you of Geraldine? She is eighteen now—*

The boat scraped alongside. Guy Breslay lifted his hand in a sign of greeting to Beauharnais, the director—dapper as ever and as pink of cheek. And at the short ladder he leaned and caught the girl's hand. He steadied her as she came on the wharf.

"You're Geraldine Cartier," he said, without question. She stared up at him a little breathlessly and answered, "Yes."

"My name is Breslay—Guy Breslay."

"Oh," she said. And then, "Of course."

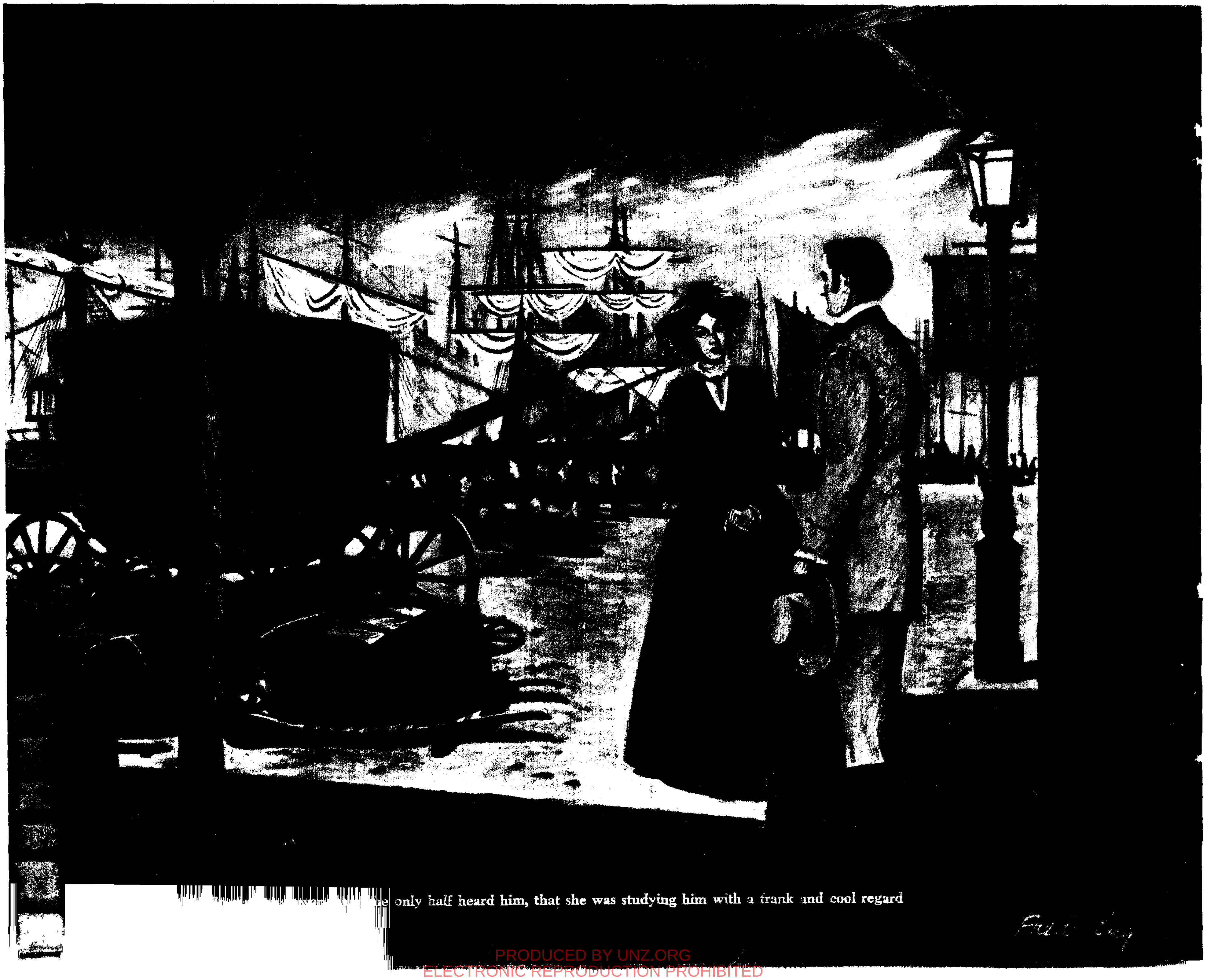
She was slender, and her oval face seemed luminously white. Yet her eyebrows were strongly marked, and arched in a way that spoke somehow subtly of force. Her eyes had a depth you could not quite calculate. She appeared, at first glance, fragile—an impression instantly erased by the warm quality of her voice, by the sureness of her movements.

"Welcome to New Orleans," Guy Breslay said. He told himself that her hair was like black glass, and her mouth, for all its suggestion of impending irony, was beautiful. The girl said, "Thank you." Guy Breslay took her hand and kissed it.

She watched him impassively, as though from a distance. Then her eyes moved over the low line of wharves and rude warehouses, lifting to a sky that was like blue fire.

"Tell me about Viki," Guy Breslay said.

(Continued on page 42)



e only half heard him, that she was studying him with a frank and cool regard

# Uneasy Ireland

### BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

"As far as I know, nine out of ten in this country resent the role proclaimed by an American named Eisenhower. . . ." From a letter by a member of the Council of the Federation of Irish Manufacturers in the Irish Times, Dublin, October 5, 1945, complaining that more food was not sent to Germany. . . . Lord Dunsany, poet and big-game hunter, read the letter. Then he sat at his desk in historic Dunsany Castle and, with quill pen in hand, wrote the poetic reply below. It was not intended for publication, but he has granted permission to Collier's to publish it.

### ON INGRATITUDE

Someone complaining to the Irish Times
Has spoken slightingly of Eisenhower,
Who brought back Liberty and broke the power
Of him who would awe Europe with his crimes
And darken with his tyranny far climes:
And, but for his great Victor, at this hour
He that has penned those lines so crabb'd and sour,
Would be a slave under the Berlin limes.
And in his chains, if Liberty had died,
He would have learned, what now he cannot see,
That men must fight in order to be free
And beasts of Belsen's lair should be defied.
He would have learned the vast of horror then
That was held back by Eisenhower's men.
Dunsany, October 6, 1945

BRITISH COMBINE

The Irish cut turf, sometimes called peat, from the bogs and stack it neatly at the roadside. For industry, however, Ireland needs coal or oil, and has neither. This scene is in Connemara

BRITISH COMBINE

Eamon De Valera rates a salute when he leaves government house in Dublin. He changed Ireland to Eire, taught the people to speak Gaelic instead of English, fostered distrust of the British

THE Irish, ever the most bitter enemies of the English, profess no pride in the fact that they made money out of the war in which most of the world lost. They do not relish the thought that they were enriched while others, if they survived at all, were impoverished. They feel their situation so keenly that they have made important gifts to funds for the relief of war sufferers. But they realize also the practical difficulties of their present situation. Nobody understands these difficulties better than Mr. Eamon De Valera. For whether they like the English or hate them, informed Irishmen know that economically they must export to Britain or live more meanly than any will accept.

For a lady long used to public attention, Eire has lived in relative obscurity these past six years. A curtain of secrecy was tightly drawn after Hitler began his marches. In part the secrecy was self-imposed—but only in part. The mind of the world was focused on a world at war. It had little time for the minor excitements of Southern Ireland. Only on such occasions as when Mr. Churchill raised the question of using the Irish ports to comb out the German submarines did Eire make the front pages in important type. Britain, it may be recalled, had the right to use these naval ports until Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Churchill's predecessor, surrendered them to Mr. De Valera.

Even now the great American news agencies have no bureaus in Dublin. If you look for the Associated Press or the United Press in Ireland, you find no listings in the telephone books. Each news service has a correspondent in the office of one of the Dublin newspapers.

A few English and American newspapers have correspondents in Ireland. None has sent out many stories. What they wanted to send was prohibited by the government. What they were free to send was crowded out by the more exciting news of World War II. So, for nearly six years, the Irish Free State became a kind of backwater in the stream of events.

Even now it is not too easy to get to Dublin. Signs are posted in British railroad stations proclaiming the inadequacy of the boat service from Liverpool to Dublin. The Irish require permits for travel. These are hard to get and are not given freely. From America, travel is even less abundant. Ship services have been curtailed or cut off. Air travel is expanding but a ticket from New York to the Shannon River costs about $285—that is definitely on the luxury side.

So the Irish feel alone and neglected. They have been talking to themselves so much and so long that a pair of strange ears is a relief. The visitor is very pleasantly received.

Charm has long been one of the chief products of Ireland and much of it has been exported. The supply continues abundant. The Irish girls are very easy on the eyes, particularly on the eyes of young visitors, such as American soldiers who are now able to drift down from Ulster to have a look at the old country. Until Hitler died, American soldiers in uniform could not cross the line that separates Northern and Southern Ireland. Now they can and they are swarming. They find the young women much more interesting than the college courses they are supposed to be taking in Belfast.

You are not allowed to forget that Eire was not in World War II because the Irish want it

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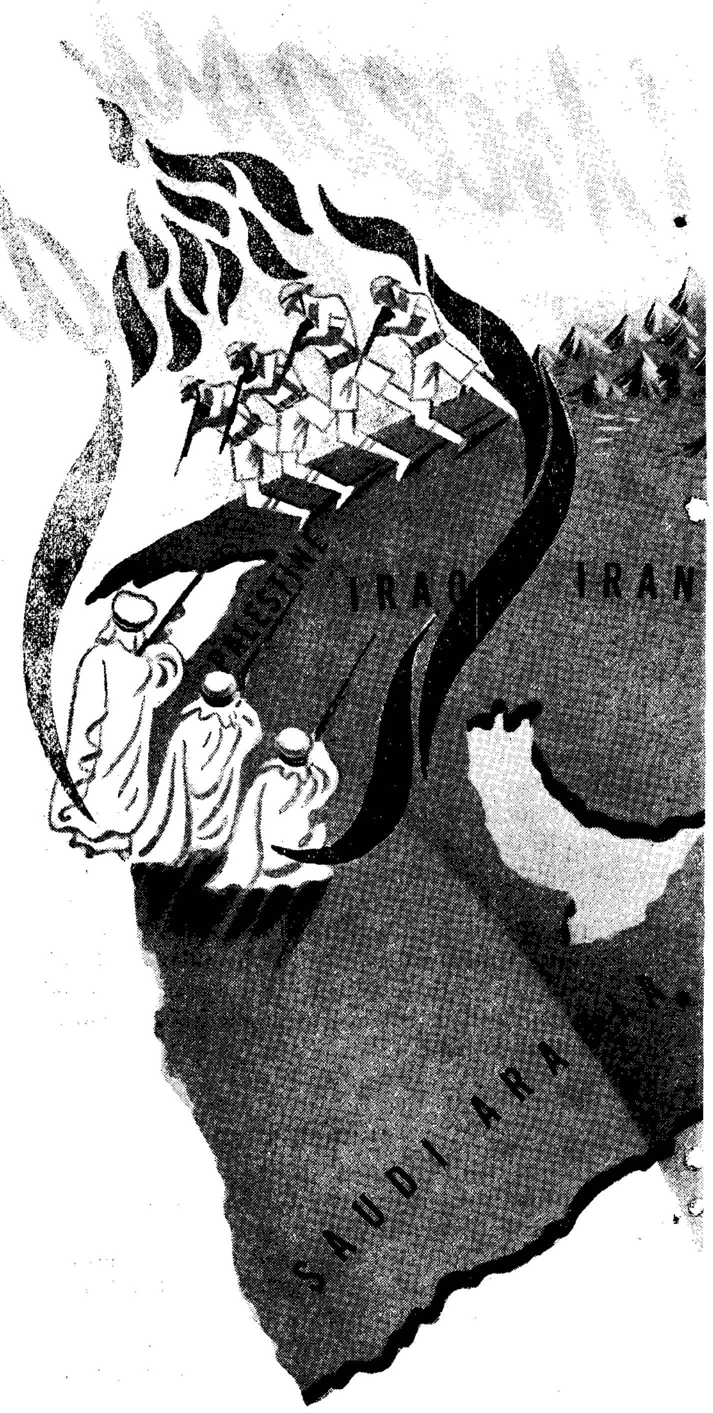
# U. PEACEMAKER
# S. AMONG
# A. THE POWERS

### BY WALTER LIPPMANN

**Having decided to live with the rest of the world, the United States must now decide on the policy it will live by. Here a topflight foreign-affairs expert gives his ideas of what that policy ought to be**



DRAWING BY LEO RACKOWE

— 1 —

THERE are few among us who would not say, as they look back over 1945, that in this year of victories they have become anxious and unhappy. I do not believe they feel this way only or chiefly because of the inconvenience, confusion, and trouble which attend the demobilization of the Army and Navy and the reconversion of our gigantic war industry. They would take these troubles in their stride if they were not haunted by a foreboding that for the second time we may fail to make good use of victory and of the mighty place in the world which has been paid for with so much blood and sweat and tears.

Our people know that while there must be a readjustment of wages, prices, debts, and taxes, there is no difficulty here which we have not the wealth, the productive power, and the technical skill to overcome within a relatively short time. They would regard the strikes, the shortage of housing, the scarcity of goods, the crowded cities and railroads, as incidental and passing by-products of a successful war if—as they have hoped and have been promised and had the right to believe—we were moving forward into a peace which aroused their confidence and their pride.

Why then are we not moving forward, why in fact are we in such anxious doubt about what we should do, which way we should go? It is, I believe, because we have still to see clearly and correctly the part which the United States can best play in the postwar world. We are at a point in our history where the question is not *whether* we shall participate in world affairs but in what way we shall participate.

There are very few among us who would still say that we have no part to play, that it is no important concern of ours what happens in Europe, Africa, and Asia. In this sense there are now very few isolationists. But it is one thing to agree that the peace of the world is a vital interest of the American people, and that we must play a strong and active part in establishing and making world peace; it is quite another thing to know how, since we can no longer be isolated within the Western Hemisphere, we are to use our power and influence in the continents across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

To this question we have not yet found the answer, and until we do find it we must pass through the exceedingly uncomfortable experience which comes to anyone who knows he must make up his mind but has not yet been able to do it. Uncertainty is our trouble, and uncertainty is far more painful to most men than any concrete difficulty and danger. The world, after the convulsion of this greatest of all wars, is obviously immensely difficult and exceedingly dangerous. But if we were not so uncertain about our own role, if the main line of U.S. foreign policy were clear to our statesmen and our people, there is no doubt that America would face the dangers and would deal with the difficulties resolutely and confidently.

— 2 —

Across the two oceans on the three continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia, live more than a thousand million people—some three quarters of all mankind. When we say our isolation has come to an end, what we mean concretely is that we are now as much concerned with what happens in Europe, Africa, and Asia as we have long been concerned with what happens in North and South America.

For we have never been complete isolationists in the sense that we had no interest in what happened outside the frontiers of the United States. For over a hundred years, definitely since the administration of President Monroe, we have deemed it our vital interest that no power from across the ocean should commit aggression in North and South America. For nearly fifty years we have taken a great interest in the Pacific Ocean and in the fate of China.

So the difference between our former "isolationism" and our new "world" policy is this: when we were "isolationists," we took a position—which we were willing to back with force—in North America, in South America, and in China; but in Europe, in Africa, in the Middle East, and in Asia, except for China, our policy was to keep our hands off.

Now we mean to take a position of some sort.

Our problem is to decide what position we should take. It is evident at once that in entering this new territory, we shall be dealing directly with all the great military powers of the world. We meet Great Britain in Europe, in the Middle East, in Southern Asia. There, too, we meet the Soviet Union. We meet France in Europe, in Africa, in the Middle East, and Southern Asia. Twice in our time we have met and fought with Germany in Europe.

It is also evident that our interests in this region are radically different from those of the British, the French, the Germans, and the Russians. To all of them it is a matter of the greatest importance how disputed issues are in fact settled, where, for example, particular boundary lines are drawn. We do not have that kind of interest. Our vital interest is not in *how* the disputes are settled but *that* they should be settled without international war, and that the settlements shall last because the people concerned find them acceptable.

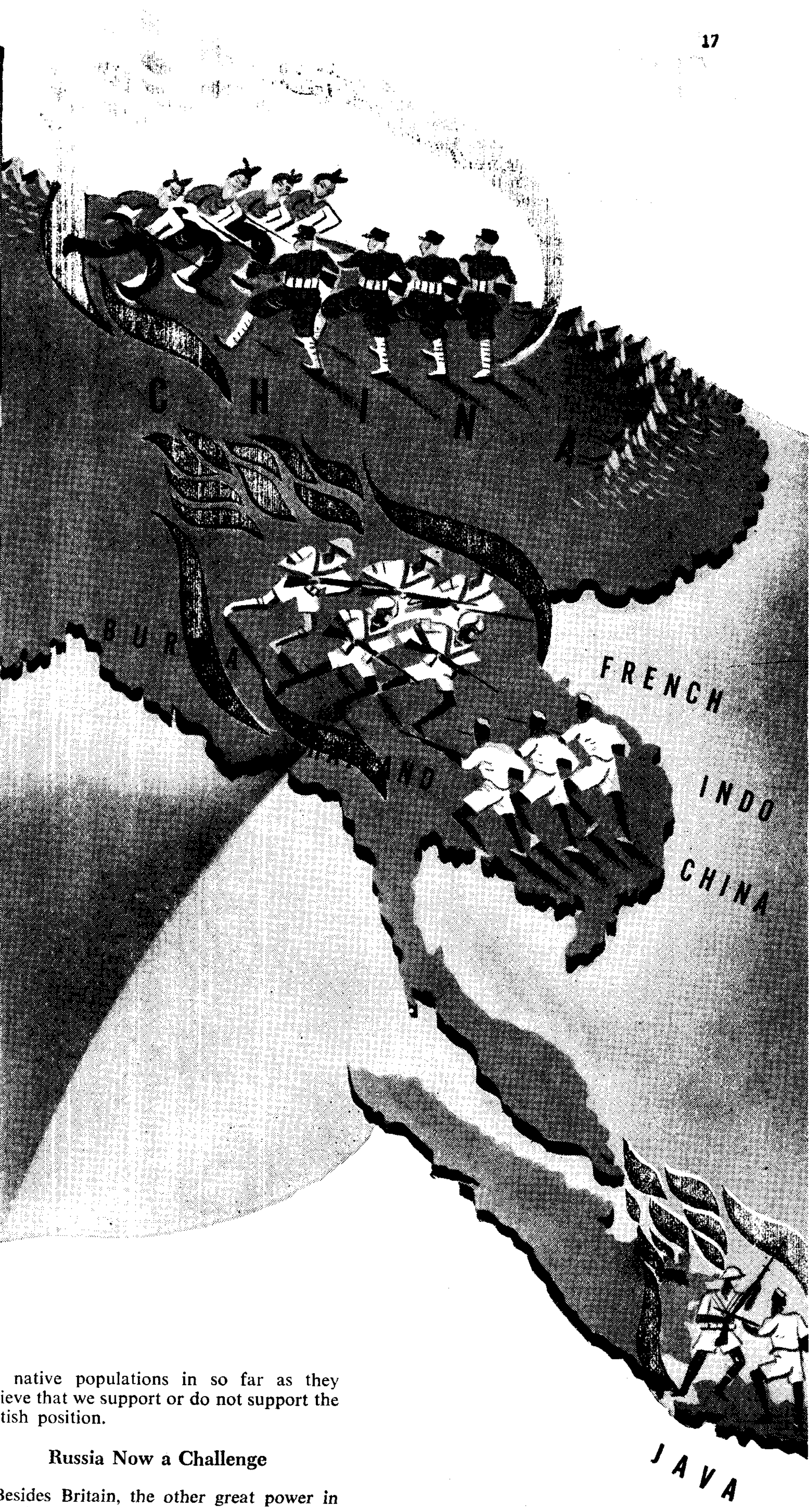
It would be a great mistake to ignore this deep difference between the American interest and the interests of the other powers. All Americans and all the peoples of the Old World feel this difference in their bones. Only confusion and misunderstanding can result from ignoring it. Neither Britain nor the Soviet Union take exactly the same view toward peace as we. They are both imperial powers which have vested interests to defend, or vital interests to promote. Elsewhere we, too, have the same sort of interests, but in Europe, Africa and Southern Asia we are not an imperial power. We must bear this clearly in mind in our relations among the Big Five.

Only by bearing it in mind can we understand the fundamental problems of our foreign policy as they have appeared at the close of the war, that is to say, as soon as all other considerations were no longer submerged by the overriding peril of a Nazi victory. As soon as it was certain that the Allies would win the war, it was no longer imperative that they should forget their differences.

These differences are the questions with which our new "nonisolationist" foreign policy is concerned. How far west into Europe is the Soviet Union to expand its power and influence? Is it to expand into the Mediterranean, into Turkey, Persia, and into the Moslem and Hindu world? Can Great Britain maintain her former position of power and influence among the dependent peoples and in competition with the Soviet Union? These are highly complicated questions. They are loaded with dynamite. It has not been easy for us to see our part in them clearly and to move among them surefootedly.

### An Age-Old Antagonism

In fact, we have been caught in a dilemma, which no one who has conducted our affairs since President Roosevelt's health began to fail seriously has—so it seems to me—fully realized. It is posed by the conflict of interest which undoubtedly exists between the Soviet Union on the one hand, the British Empire and the western European countries on the other. This is an ancient conflict. It did not begin with the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, though it has been made more acute by the success and the power of the Soviet Union. The conflict existed throughout the nineteenth century, and in fact led to one European war, the Crimean, and to a diplomatic contest which frequently brought the European nations to the verge of war. The Polish question, the Balkan question, the Turkish, the Persian, are not new questions which have recently arisen as between Communist Russia and the non-Communist western countries of Europe. These questions were argued over and fought over under czars, emperors, and



"We cannot be advocates, partisans, auxiliaries, in Eastern Europe, the Balkans and the Middle East and at the same time be constructive peacemakers in Europe and Eastern Asia. We must become detached as conciliators and mediators in the disputed region...."

kings, as they are now under the commissars and the democratic politicians.

The problem they have raised for us—as a new power in this disputed region of the world—is at bottom whether we shall align ourselves with Great Britain and Western Europe against the Soviet Union, or whether we should and whether we can remain sufficiently detached to play the part of the mediator, the conciliator, and the peacemaker.

— 3 —

Clear thinking and sound policy must begin with the fact that the United States is not a military power in the most seriously disputed and unsettled regions of the Old World. We must have no illusions. For nothing is worse than a foreign policy which ignores the realities of power and is based on self-deception and bluff. Whatever our interests and our ideals for Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Austria, and Yugoslavia, we know and the Russians know that in a showdown we could not now and would not use armed force. Even at the peak of our military power, which was when Germany surrendered, the American Army was quite incapable of invading and subjugating the Soviet Union. It might conceivably have pushed the Red Army back a few hundred miles. But no man in his senses thinks it could have compelled the Soviet Union to surrender unconditionally. That American Army no longer exists as a fighting force, and only a madman would think that it could now be reconstituted quickly for a major war that was to be fought in Eastern Europe.

That being the case, any position we take about the affairs of Eastern Europe must conform to the fact that there is a powerful Red Army in that region and no American, and certainly not a British, Army there. We are unable, therefore, to exert power to back our views about Poland, for example, or the character of the Bulgarian government: we are limited to exerting influence. We can argue with the Russians, the Poles, the Bulgarians, etc., etc. We can propose arrangements which will serve their interests, and those of Europe and ourselves, better than the things they do which we object to. We can offer them some inducements in the shape of economic assistance, and the very substantial inducement of generally friendly relations. But we cannot overawe, command, compel, coerce.

A similar situation exists in the Middle East, which for practical purposes includes Greece, Turkey, Iran (Persia), the Moslem States, and Palestine. This is a British sphere of influence, and here Great Britain is the chief military power. The United States is not. Therefore, it can exert only influence on the British power via London, and on the native populations in so far as they believe that we support or do not support the British position.

### Russia Now a Challenge

Besides Britain, the other great power in the Middle East is Russia, which is in direct military contact with Greece, Turkey, and Iran. The basic problems of the Middle East, which is an area of high strategic and economic importance, arises out of the fact that the British predominance is challenged, as it has been for a century, but now more seriously than ever, by the Russian power and that it is weakened by the discontent and disaffection of the native peoples.

The American position in this part of the world is, therefore, clearly different from the British and the Russian. Though we have some vested interests—for example, oil concessions—some claims in respect to trade and civil aviation, and moral interests which concern Jews and Arabs in Palestine, they are supported—as I have been arguing—not by power but only by influence. This means that in the last analysis we can only do our best to persuade the British, the Russians, the Arabs or the Zionists to do what we think is right.

The realities of the situation require us to assume the role of conciliator, mediator, and peacemaker. Only in that role can our influence be strong. Once we deviate from it, we are bound to lose our influence without becoming a power in the Middle East. If, for example, we took the line that we would underwrite Britain as against Russia, we should become committed to a course which we could not control, and to consequences which we could not avert. A clear conception of what, with the means at our disposal, we can do and cannot do, is absolutely indispensable if we are to play a useful role in the Middle East. We can do a good deal if we do it in the right way. We shall do nothing but mischief if we do it in the wrong way—ceasing to be conciliators, mediators, and peacemakers, and becoming instead partisans, advocates, crusaders.

Beyond the Middle East lie India, the protectorates and native principalities of Southeast Asia, and the East Indies. Here, too, we are not, except in relation to the Pacific islands, a military power. In India, Burma, Indo-China, and Malaya we could not be a

*(Continued on page 65)*

# Whoop-and-Holler Opera

## BY DORON K. ANTRIM

**There's a moanin' and a wailin' throughout the land as the resurgent hillbillies whang away at their doleful tales of love and woe**

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a shell-shocked veteran of the first World War lay in a government hospital, overwhelmed with boredom and wishing he were somewhere—anywhere—else. He felt so bad about it that one day he wrote a little song.

That might have been the end of it, but it wasn't. The bored patient was Guy Massey, and what he wrote was The Prisoner's Song. Massey never knew what he started. He passed from this troubled life before his sad little dirge had had time to become a national earache. Today his forlorn ballad is enshrined in the Archives of American Folk Music in Washington, D.C., and the hillbillies are still with us and going stronger than ever.

It isn't true, of course, that The Prisoner's Song was solely responsible for the epidemic of corn that is sweeping the country today. We've always had what the music business calls the hillbillies—and what students of Americana call folk music. But Guy Massey's song, which outsold everything in sight a quarter of a century ago, made it clear to the "down thar" musicians that there was real money in the stuff they'd been doing mostly for fun. Today, by every index—sheet music, radio, recordings, movies—they're an important factor in America's music.

Radio, for example, gives you an idea of how things are. Even the big networks, following the lead of the outlying stations, are giving out with folksy music. NBC's hookup of Grand Ole Opry, from Nashville, Tennessee, has been put on over WSM every Saturday night without a break for seventeen years. NBC also has another hillbilly show on the chain—the Chicago National Barn Dance. CBS also airs a couple of hoe-downs, one from Renfro Valley, Kentucky, another called Barnyard Follies, which features the national hillbilly "champions." Republic Pictures has made half a dozen films with the stars of Grand Ole Opry, and Paramount has acquired the motion-picture rights in the other CBS show.

The Nashville show features Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys as stars, but by far the majority of the cast are farmers, barbers, leather-cutters, storekeepers and clerks. The jamboree, which starts at eight o'clock and lasts until after midnight, has outgrown two studios and three auditoriums, and is currently seating 4,000 or more people at every performance, some of them from distant states. Lines form at the ticket windows in the morning, and the customers, many of them in overalls, pack their own food and drinks. Performers go on and do their stuff without rehearsal.

What's it all about? Bob Miller, who has written, sung and published hillbilly music (Main Street Music, he prefers to call it) for two decades, has an explanation.

"Nowadays," he tells you, "people like their emotions straight. They want either to cry or laugh. That's the essence of a real hillbilly. It's elemental, simple and without subtlety. And don't forget, this music has been getting a build-up by juke box and radio for years, especially when ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers) music was off the air. The market, formerly confined to points south of Mason and Dixon's line, has become nation-wide. Even city people are becoming addicts."

### No Streamlining for Miller

With Miller, it's either a hillbilly or it isn't, and no compromises. He tries to confine his offerings to authentic outlets, and this has caused him some embarrassment. When "There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere" hit its third million in record and sheet-music sales, Miller inserted an ad in Variety asking big-name band leaders *not* to play it, please. And when the song made the Hit Parade, he threatened to sue if repeated as played.

He explains that his reputation as a writer and publisher was at stake. This music, he insists, must have the common touch. It is violated unless done by a true son of the soil, one to the manner born, such an artist as Elton Britt, or Texas Jim Robertson, or Boyd Heath. Moreover, the singer should be backed by the traditional accompaniment and not by the symphonized setup of a popular radio band. To streamline such a number is, says Miller, to break faith with his clientele.

Although he works in New York, Bob is no urbanite. His heart is in the timber. Born in Memphis, Tennessee, he heard the old ballads as a babe and got a feeling for them. At eleven, he was writing four-line epitaphs for a Memphis undertaker at a dollar a throw. The tragic muse comes naturally to Bob. After studying serious music at two conservatories with the intention of becoming a concert pianist, he decided that such was not for him. Too many tunes were running through his head to be ignored. To date, he has written words or music for over 7,000 songs, most of which he publishes. He works under twelve pen names.

Bob is quite a figure with his clientele. His fan mail is considerable. Pigs are named for him, and he receives many gifts, mostly in the form of produce and livestock. He is consulted on historical facts and affectionately called "Unk."

In the early days, he served chiefly in the capacity of historian to his votaries, who got their news, when they did, by grapevine and phonograph record. This was the era of the tragic-event song, which came in nineteen or more verses and gave all the lurid details.

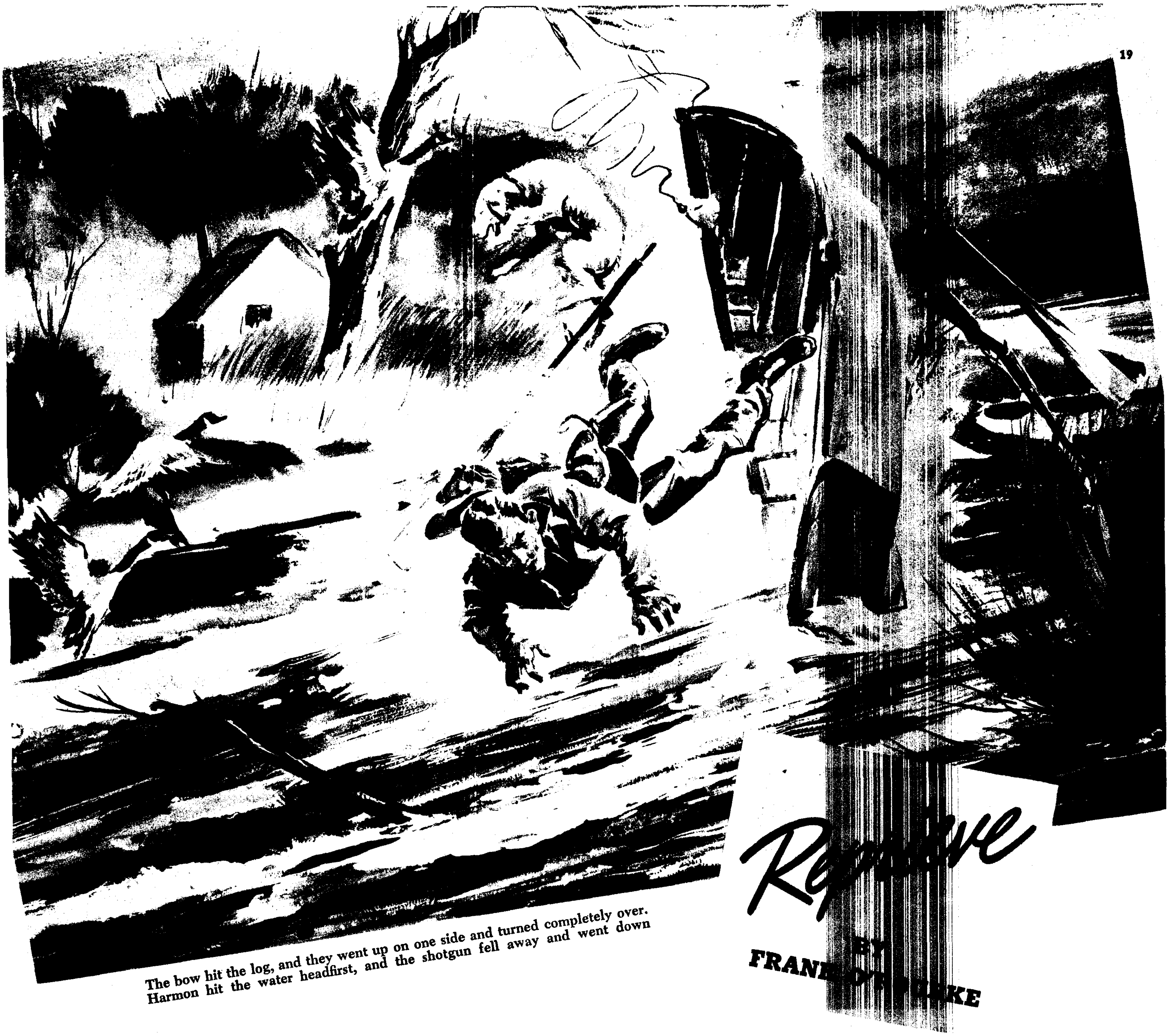
Bob also developed into something of a prophet. Following newspaper technique, Huey Long's obituary was ready two years before his death. Bob figured that the senator was riding for a fall, that he would

(Continued on page 85)

IFOR THOMAS

Outstanding hillbilly music publisher is Bob Miller, who has written more than 7,000 such songs. With him is Edith Van Sciver, his secretary

Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys star in Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, a hillbilly free-for-all that plays to 4,000 people each week



The bow hit the log, and they went up on one side and turned completely over. Harmon hit the water headfirst, and the shotgun fell away and went down

# Re[illegible]ve

BY

FRAN[illegible]KE

### Everyone who has watched a pet grow old will be moved by this story of a hunting dog as he neared the end of his trail

HARMON stood in the sunroom window with the shotgun under his right arm, the high noon sunshine tracing a filigree pattern of light and shadow over his face and jacket. He heard the front door close firmly behind his wife, off on an afternoon of club work, and saw their old dog Bing rise stiffly under the oak tree and walk with dignified, measured steps toward the kitchen door.

Bing knew that Mrs. Harmon had gone and it was now safe to eat meat scraps in the kitchen before they departed on the afternoon hunt. The open front door had let a fresh autumn smell through the house, and Harmon sniffed it absently, watching the old dog and remembering his wife talking at the noon meal.

"You know he's too old," she had said. "It would be the humane thing to do."

"But the boy," he had said mildly. "He'll be home next week and you know how he feels about Bing. After all, Martha, they grew up together. The dog represents something"—he had struggled for the right words at that point—"something unchanged, sort of, that we ought to keep for him."

"And that's just it," his wife said sharply. "Bing *has* changed since Jim went away. He's not the same dog. He's aged terribly in the last year. Jim wouldn't know him now. I tell you, we should—" she wouldn't say the word—"well, you know what to do. And we could tell Jim he just passed on."

"I don't think we should," he said, "but if you insist, Martha."

"I most certainly do. He eats so much and he isn't well. He has pain, too, you know he does, and I don't want to see him suffer. After twelve years"—she smiled ruefully. "I just don't want him to suffer, that's all."

He had thought about the old dog then and decided there was good logic in his wife's argument; it was true Bing was not well and probably did have some pain at night and on the cold damp days, and when they finished lunch he had stood up, frowning, and said, "All right, Martha, but I'm going to take him out this last time. He's earned that."

His wife had smiled and put her hand on his arm and together they had looked through the windows toward the yard corner where the old dog lay sleeping in the November sun, his ears twitching, his head on his paws.

"You do that," she said brightly, "and make it a good hunt."

HE WALKED through the house to the kitchen and opened the door, and Bing trotted inside and turned in the center of the room, looking up at him, tongue hanging half out with expectancy.

Harmon said, "Hello, you old bum," and the dog grumbled deep in his thick chest and sat down solidly on his hind quarters.

Bing had always been a solid dog, from puppyhood on, and even now in his old age he retained the fine, clean lines of the Chesapeakes—the reddish-brown curly hair and thick chest and the intelligent head. His eyes were that limpid brown, not girlish but all man, and his paws were still thick and unworn. He was getting a little finicky, Harmon knew, because his teeth were short and his stomach was ticklish over certain foods, but otherwise Bing was the same dog they had trained and hunted and played with for twelve years.

Harmon said, "You hungry?" and opened the refrigerator and spread the meat scraps on the floor. The dog sat quietly, two feet away, looking up at him; and Harmon waited five seconds and then said, "Go to it, Bing," and the dog got up and bent over the meat. Always a gentleman, Harmon thought, standing over him and watching him nose the scraps and then select the first one.

The dog finished the meat, and Harmon poured him a long drink of water in a bowl. When the dog had lapped down to the bottom, he said, "Enough, Bing. Let's go," and led the way through the door and across the yard to the garage, the dog frisking solemnly around his legs and sniffing the shotgun, knowing what was up and eager to be off.

HARMON drove down Main Street and turned north on the mill road, angling slowly between the first farms and low hills that lay along the river; and Bing sat beside him on the front seat, his head out the

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ILLUSTRATED BY LOREN WILFORD

The Gona, one of the modern DPC boats, pushes upstream on a rainy night with a big oil tow bound for Illinois refineries. Boats like this have revolutionized Mississippi traffic by making the river a two-way street

# There's

**Not so long ago, the Mississippi was a place for stern-wheelers and card sharps. During the war, ol' muddy bottom grew up, and now millions of tons of commerce move on our broadest highway**

TRAFFIC on the Mississippi River system in wartime huffed and puffed, humped and bumped its way into the astronomical class. Last year it carried roughly 100,000,000 net tons of war materials. This is the equivalent of 38,000 trains of 50 cars each. And you can add to those figures over two million tons of war shipping—landing craft, tankers, destroyer escorts, which have been built at inland yards and floated downstream to the Gulf. The great American dream of harnessing the Mississippi for year-round navigation has come true and it has the whole Middle West steamed up.

Statistically, the river developments could be summed up in a lot of ways, but we think it is simpler to tell you that all the coal needed to light and power industrial Chicago is riverborne. Wheat and corn are being moved in 2,000-ton bargeloads down the river to St. Louis. Finished steel is coming down the Ohio to Memphis by the hundreds of thousands of tons. Crude oil to keep Minneapolis and St. Paul warm all winter is upbound from Baton Rouge and Helena, Arkansas. Gasoline by the millions of tons is pushed upstream to Pittsburgh, Chicago and the Twin Cities. Sulphur, second to gas and oil in tonnage, is brought through the Intracoastal Canal from Galveston to the Mississippi, then up to Chicago where it is transferred to lake boats for the trip to Buffalo's steel mills—2,000 miles by water.

All this adds up to the greatest system of inland waterways in the world. Let us cite a few facts about the Illinois River which, in World War I, so far as navigation was concerned, scarcely existed. In 1936 some two million tons moved over it. In 1941, after canalization, this figure leaped to over seven million tons. Since then, in addition to tremendous tonnage increases, numerous coastal freighters and tankers and submarines have been built on the lakes and brought down the Illinois.

The development of the rivers has brought

Captains Buck and Henry Leyhe, last colorful old rivermen in St. Louis, argued for months over putting their old packetboat into service in their waterfront boat store

Capt. Donald T. Wright edits the Waterways Journal, rivermen's Bible. But he regards high point of career as taking a steamboat up the almost unnavigable Allegheny River to Oil City, Pa., in 1928

Will Wright of Memphis singsongs "Quar-ter Twain"—meaning water's 13½ feet deep. Most boats use two men: one to sound, one to call. Some boats use "walkie-talkies"

W. S. Hay and Capt. A. D. Haynes make up Mississippi Valley Barge line tows with models to streamline them. Barge positions—determined by wind, water and destination—are then radioed

Capt. Elmer Good gets a kick out of recalling that twenty years ago he was sure that river trade was gone forever

# MONEY *in the* RIVER

### BY HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

the industrialization of the Middle West and Southwest to our doorstep, and every city along the river is jammed with tub-thumpers to tell you so. But first let us tell you about life on the Mississippi today. . . .

Romance on the river today, in case you haven't heard, is as old-fashioned as a hoop skirt. So are passenger boats: only the Gordon C. Green, which runs vacation excursions out of Cincinnati, and a few summer excursion boats remain. So are paddle-wheel boats: only the stern-wheeling Sprague, the largest towboat ever built, still operates on the lower Mississippi.

The emphasis today is on power, compactness and maneuverability. The modern towboats are twin-screw, oil-burning jobs with trim lines and power. The old belief that river boats must take their tows downstream and push empties back up has been pumped out as bilge by the development of these powerful boats. The construction of 21 DPC (Defense Plant Corporation) boats to shove heavy oil tows upstream has made the Mississippi a real two-way highway and, as Captain Donald T. Wright of the Waterways Journal put it, "The circus has been taken out of the river. What you have, instead of romance, is results."

One result is that the tonnage hauled today is over ten times what it was in the colorful old packet-boat days. Yet you can go a full day on the river without once sighting a tow, and the levees of St. Louis and Memphis look appallingly empty. The reason for this is that a single barge today carries twice the freight the old packet boat did and the modern towboat shoves from four to twenty-four barges.

## Stepped-Up Schedules

The river is now a timetable proposition. Schedules are made out to the minute and adhered to except when fog interferes. In the old days a broken part meant you tied up wherever you were, then waited a couple of days for the new part to come down by train or boat. Today you simply radio Warner and Tamble, a towing yard in Memphis, and they get the part, stow it in their seaplane and land alongside you in a few hours. Races between fast packets like the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez have been replaced by carefully calculated graphs showing, hour by hour, where the tows should be—and radio reports from captains telling what they are doing. "It's worse," lamented one old pilot, "than a personal loan company."

Only the pilot and the leadsmen link today's boats with the past, and the leadsman hardly counts. On the most modern boats he calls back his "Mark Twain" on a "walkie-talkie" outfit and most rivermen expect to see radar take his place within the next five years.

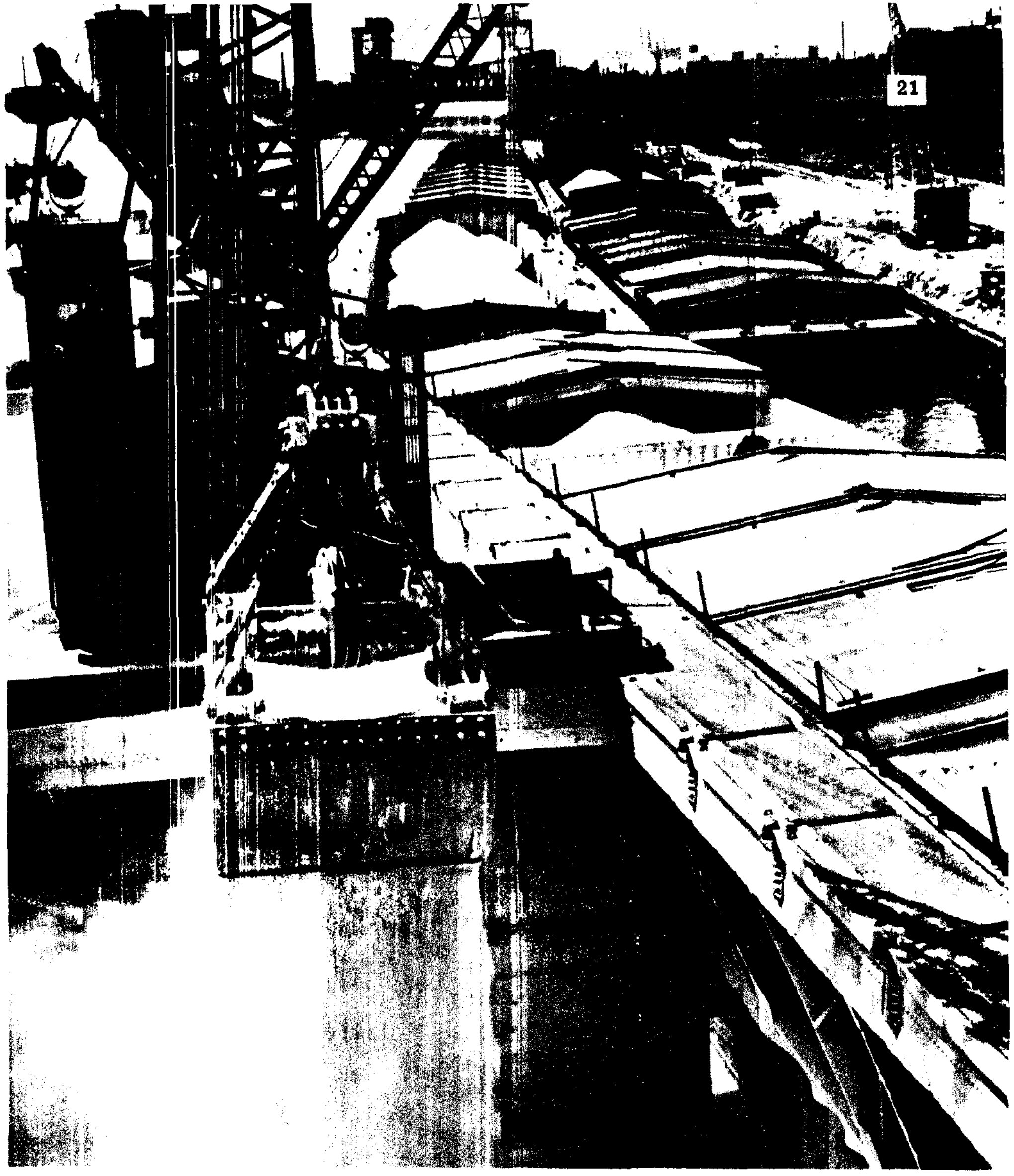
Life aboard a towboat for everyone except the pilot is hopelessly monotonous. But for the pilot "it's still a thrill a minute," Captain Ruddle Spring says. He's got to watch the wind and "read" the water, endlessly crossing and recrossing the river as he follows the navigation aids, estimates his speed, the current, and figures out how he can put a 1,000-foot tow, 90 feet wide, around a sharp channel bend only 400 feet wide. He has to make split-hair decisions and then make them stick, night or day, with a million-dollar tow depending on him. Yet all this is done so casually that the visitor hardly knows the man has any problems.

Because he handles these gigantic tows, the modern pilot is naturally confident of his superiority over the old Mark Twain breed of packet pilot. "Those fellows never could have handled one of these tows," they say. On the other hand, the modern river pilot has Coast Guard-maintained buoys and channel markers and up-to-the-minute charts. Yet today's pilots are not dull men and some of them are already legendary. Stories are told by the hour of Captain Tom Good who refused to serve iced tea aboard because "it takes fuel to make it hot, ice to make it cold, sugar to sweeten it, and lemon to sour it."

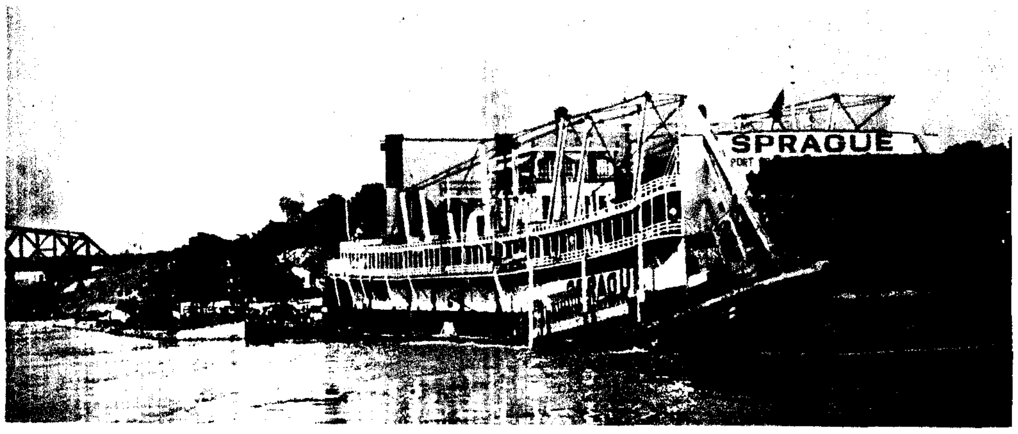
And Captain Pinky Hill and Captain "Nittaboo" Johnson, now aboard the DPC Tunis, have enough escapades among them to make most packet pilots pale. But by unanimous pilothouse consent the most colorful towboat pilot was Captain "Cat" Wilkinson who died a few years ago, they say, of overeating: stomach trouble seems to be an occupational disease with pilots because all they do is eat, sleep and steer.

Wilkinson was pilot aboard the powerful Diesel pusher, Herbert Hoover. His favorite stunt was swiping a part of something and then getting his victim to give him the "useless" part of it. Once he swiped a beautiful .38 caliber pistol from another pilot who, upon discovering his loss, came storming up to the pilothouse. Captain Ruddle Spring, who was Wilkinson's steersman, says everyone in the pilothouse nearly choked as "Cat" cross-examined his victim about the value of

(*Continued on page* 36)



Sulphur, bound for mills of Canada and Buffalo, is transferred from barges to hold of S.S. Buckeye at Chicago for lake trip. Sulphur makes the longest trip of any commodity on inland waters, traveling 2,000 miles from Galveston to Canada



Largest, most-talked-about boat is the Sprague, last stern-wheeler left on lower Mississippi. She is almost legendary because she broke nearly all her owners by sinking their wooden barges. Steel barges finally made her a paying proposition

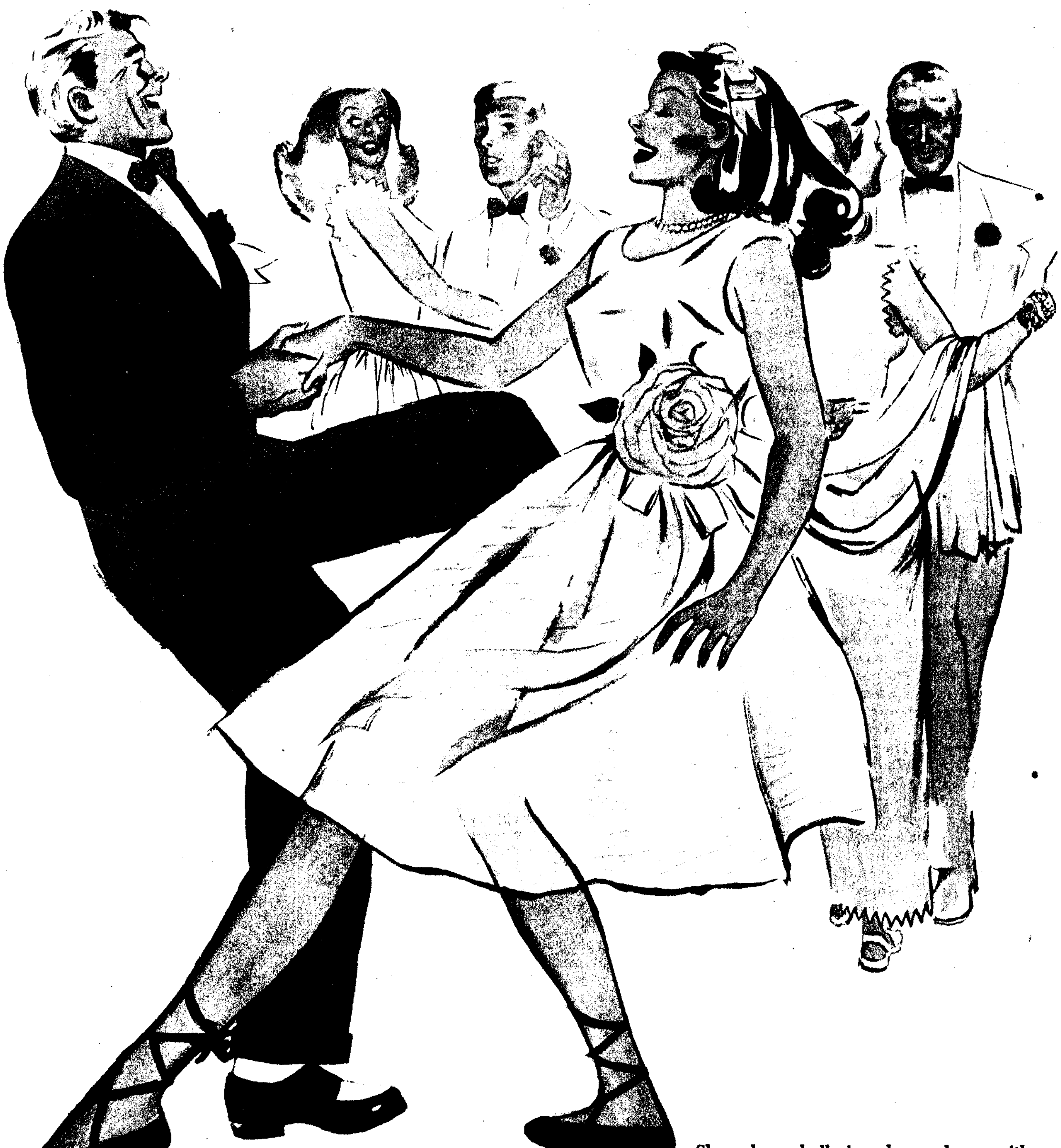
These coal barges, tied up next to coal gondolas at Alton, Ill., show how a barge stacks up beside a railroad car. Average coal gondola carries 50 tons, while average barge holds 1,500 tons. Newest giant barges carry 3,000 tons

"The Woman Who Waves to Us at Elsah" is the way most rivermen speak of Mrs. Edward Rhoads, an Illinois woman who has made river her hobby. She recognizes boats by whistle, keeps a log of their travels. Yet she personally knows few rivermen

# What Shall I Wear?

### By Ruth Carson

**Going South? The clothes you'll want depend on what you're planning to do, but you can get some tips from watching a famous dress designer pack for a Nassau jaunt**



Sheer lawn ballerina dance dress, with diagonally tucked skirt. Full-length dresses in background are American linen

WHEN we called up Dorothy Cox, New York clothes designer, for an interview about herself, we discovered she was packing to go South. Here was a chance to see what a designer famous for her resort and play clothes would take, herself, for two months in Nassau, with a side trip to Haiti, perhaps.

We found half-filled suitcases lying open all over the living room. There was a tremendous carryall thing made of raffia, overflowing with shoe boxes, baking dishes, and stuff, with several native-looking straw hats perched on top.

Every now and then, while we talked, Dorothy would stick something else in a suitcase. There was her tarragon vinegar (homemade) and a few jars of herbs, home-grown. Also her salad bowl, and her *Cordon Bleu* cookbooks; just the essentials. She was renting a house in Nassau, fully equipped even to maid, but there are a few things you want that you can't expect a house to have.

She was taking a bicycle, too, and some phonograph records. And her paints, of course. She meant to do some painting.

We were relieved to learn that no plane was expected to tote all this stuff. Dorothy and her mother were driving to Miami, where they'd put car with luggage on a boat, and take off by plane themselves, empty-handed. Might as well take what you want, when you can take it, she said.

This trip was meant to be a vacation, first of all. But no designer ever goes anywhere without getting ideas, too: "I have to go where my clothes go, to know the colors they *should* be."

The clothes Dorothy Cox designs go everywhere, so she has a fine excuse for travel. They are the easy-to-wear, simple but individual, comfortable, well-made clothes that American women love.

They are informal and many of them are cotton, so they gravitate to the country and to resorts. Manufactured in the shirt factory of Robert McMullen, they are known as McMullens. Women talk about their McMullens as fondly as they do about their Brooks sweaters—McMullens are a standard, and a high one.

It wasn't Dorothy Cox's idea to design clothes to be manufactured in a shirt factory. In fact, her first idea was to be a portrait painter. She studied painting at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and was good enough at it to win two European scholarships. She even painted some portraits while she was in Italy.

But portrait painting is a long, slow pull, and Dorothy had a yen for more immediate, decorative effects—for clothes, to be specific. It had been cropping out all her life. In the clothes she made for herself. In the fabulous hand-painted paper dolls she used to make for her girl friends at home, with wardrobes of a hundred costumes each.

Finding nothing to do at home in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, after her travels abroad, she worked at Wanamaker's, sketching fashions for ads. Then she free-lanced, ending up at Best's working for Mary Lewis, who was in charge of advertising. "I worked more and more into advertising—layout, captions, everything.

"Then Mary opened a shop in the store for golfers. I told her the clothes she put in it were much too fussy. So she asked me if I'd like to make a few models—she remembered I made my own clothes. I made three or four, and she had them copied. A couple of them sold all right. They were cashmere jerseys in pastels—simple, untrimmed, almost like sweaters and skirts."

Her next job, drawing fashions for the New York Times, took her into the wholesale market, where she finally chucked her sketch pad and turned designer for a Seventh Avenue house.

About this time Mr. Robert McMullen, shirt manufacturer, visited a Chicago department store—the shirt department, naturally enough. A woman customer came along who had just purchased a shirtwaist dress of regular shirting material for $10.95. Mr. McMullen's shirts sold for $2.95. "I'm in the wrong business," he told himself, doing a quick job of yardage calculation. So he added dresses to his business.

## A Successful Experiment

The first McMullen dresses, made of a skirt stitched to a smallish man's shirt, sold well, but there was room for improvement, especially around the bosom and hip areas. "A shirt fits, a dress drapes," is the way Mr. McMullen states the problem. Anyway, his old-time shirtmakers weren't accustomed to making allowances for the female figure—the results were short-waisted, and rather tight for sitting down. Also, they thought it was a lot of foolishness, making dresses. So did the shirt salesmen, until the reorders started coming in.

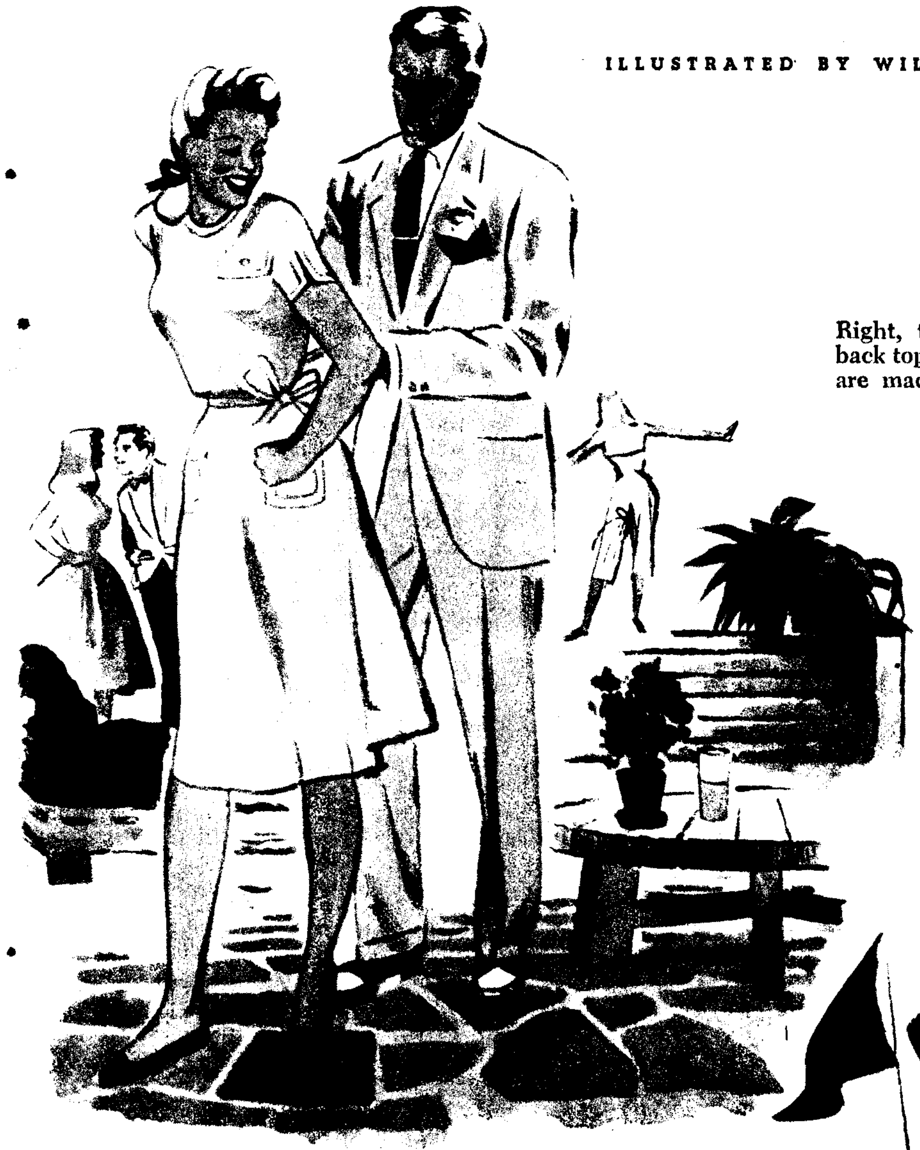
After a year of trial and growth, someone suggested that Dorothy Cox be brought in as designer. That was 1936. She's been there ever since.

Two things about the shirt factory delighted her. One was the tucking machines that could do everything, right down to the finest mushroom tucks for a shirt bosom. The other was the marvelous cotton chambray shirting material. Both are indigenous to McMullens. Otherwise she had to set to work on patterns, which now fit, and on more materials, like tub silks, plaid and striped cottons, wools—and more colors. She is as well known now for her colors and for the materials she originates as she is for her fashion designs.

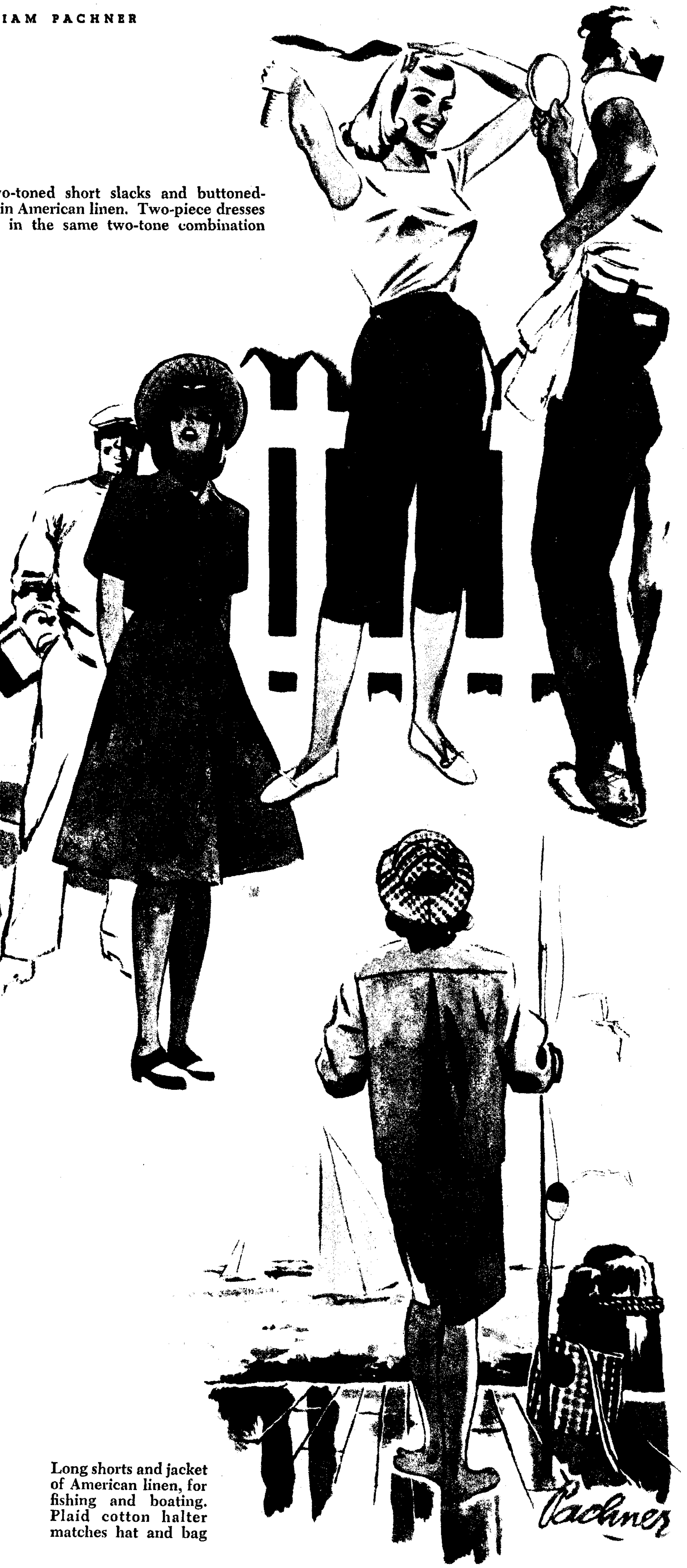
She stuck to the original shirt idea, but softened it with feminine variations. Four years ago she made pinafores. But when she started putting ruffles on her chambray dresses, the shirtmakers and the salesmen balked—until the orders poured in. "I work on hunches," she says. Now they're willing to work on her hunches, too.

Such balkiness arises from a sort of family pride in a sound product. Most of Mr. McMullen's workers have been with him most of their lives, and living up to the high standards he has set is a personal matter with them. "You meet your Aunt Nellie and your Cousin Jennie here," they tell you proudly, "and even your grandmother." No wonder they

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER



Above, modified classic dress in natural-colored silk and rayon, buttoned down the back; right, typical classic shirt dress of American linen with mushroom-tucked bosom



Right, two-toned short slacks and buttoned-back top, in American linen. Two-piece dresses are made in the same two-tone combination

Long shorts and jacket of American linen, for fishing and boating. Plaid cotton halter matches hat and bag

shied off at such a newfangled notion as women's dresses made in their fine shirt factory. But now that they see dresses are an all-right product, they make them with the same loving care they lavish on shirts. And Dorothy? They're proud of her. She's accepted as an essential member of the family, too.

Oh, yes, about those clothes she took, full of tips for travelers. "I'm going to live in shorts and halters," she told us, "and in bathing suits. Look at this." And she started showing us dresses.

### A Double-Duty Idea

There was a striking red dress, just a simple sheath buttoned down one side, with the top cut on the diagonal so that one shoulder was covered, the other bare. This was daytime length. "I'm having the same thing made in slinky black to the floor."

Yes, she was taking some McMullens—a three-piece white piqué, and a striped dress with longish sleeves, ruffled above the wrist, that would look nice in Miami. But most of her McMullens were new ideas like the red dress, made up for her to try out. One was a printed cotton dinner dress; long dirndl skirt, separate bodice top with low square neck, fitted through the midriff and with only a triangle of bare skin peeking out above the waistline in back—a hint of the cover-up trend they talk about. And there was a plaid ballet skirt cut with zigzag edge, and a black top. You may see these in her next line.

She wasn't being self-centered about her clothes, though. She likes the work of other designers, too. So she was taking along some Tina Leser bathing suits, and some Clare Potter dinner clothes; and, for very dress-up affairs, her original Balenciaga, of black and pink faille, as good today as it was when she bought it five years ago.

Of course she was taking some aprons, too. We saw one lively one of a giddy red and yellow rooster print, that she plans to wear with a yellow dirndl skirt and a bra top, to be cool and fetching in the kitchen.

This wasn't all she was taking, but it will give you an idea. She hadn't decided about hats yet, except three coolie-style straws, one of them from Leyte. Especially she didn't know what to wear in the car with her navy blue suit and gray flannel topcoat. Would we like to see the ostrich hat she had made? She modeled it. It was a drippy ostrich, definitely the party type. She decided it wouldn't do in the car. In fact, it wouldn't do in Nassau, either. Well, anyway, that made one less thing to pack. ★★★

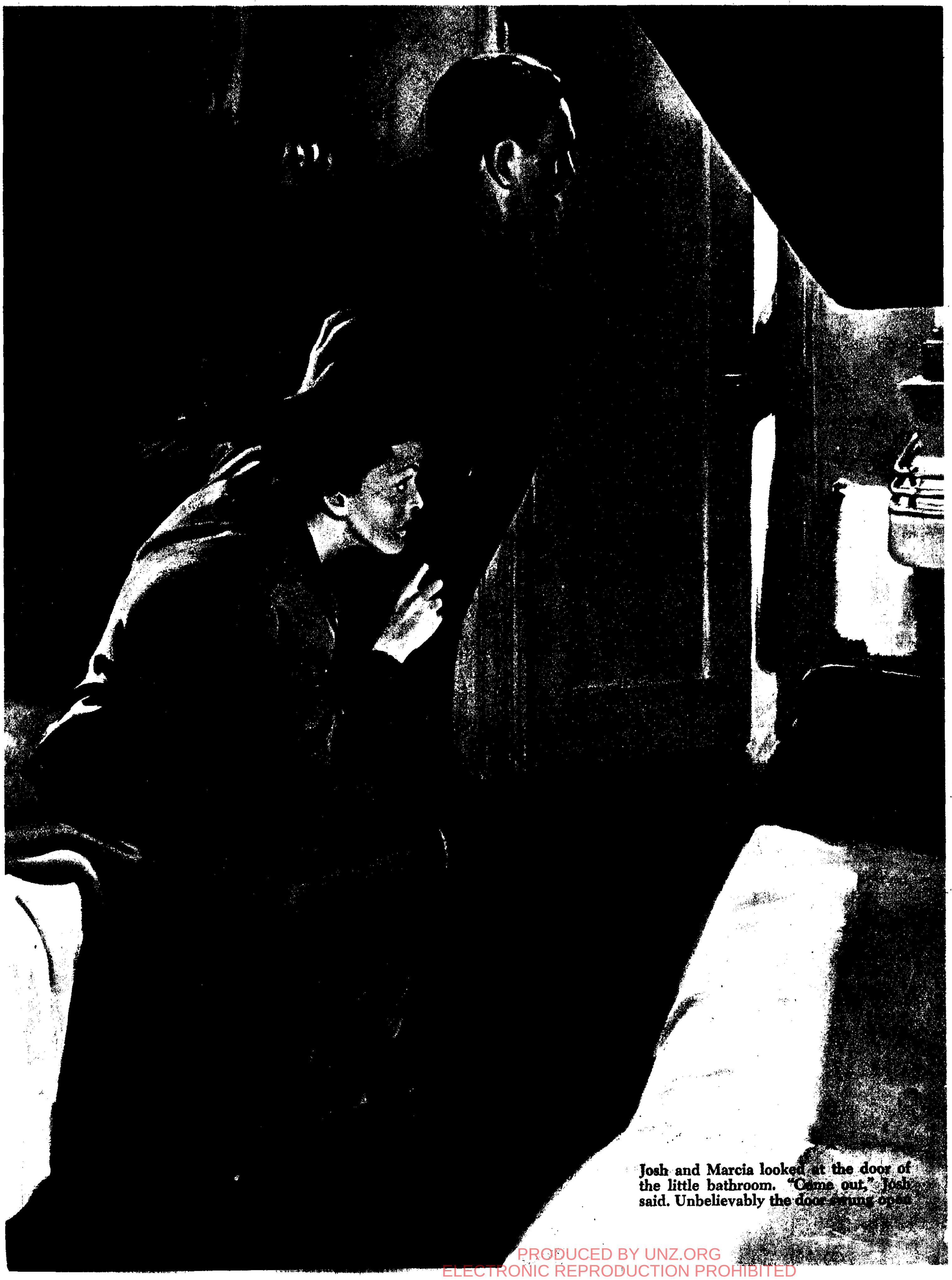
# MURDER HAUNTS THE SHIP

BY

MIGNON G. EBERHART

*The Story:*
Rescued in mid-Atlantic by the American hospital ship, Magnolia, Marcia Colfax and her companions had been saved from slow death in a lifeboat only to become involved in murder. Once aboard the Magnolia, Alfred Castiogne, third officer of the sunken cargo ship Lerida on which they had sailed from Lisbon, was found stabbed to death; a mysterious attack was made upon both Marcia and her sweetheart, Mickey Banet; Manuel Para, one of two seamen from the Lerida, was discovered with his throat slit. Convinced by Captain Svendsen and by Colonel Josh Morgan, in love with Marcia, that the murderer was a passenger from the lifeboat, Marcia felt relief when Jose Urdiola, the other seaman, was locked up. His guilt seemed obvious when a diamond, which Daisy Belle Cates and her husband, Luther, had given Castiogne as a bribe to secure passage, was found among Para's papers. Yet Gili Duvrey's denunciation of Daisy Belle and Luther's affiliation with the Nazis, followed by her announcement that she and Mickey were using Marcia to get money, had been a shock to Marcia. Stranger was Mickey's insistence that Marcia maintain the fiction of his being Andre Messac, the name on the passport he was illegally using. Confused, she went to her cabin, then felt herself stiffen—someone had crept silently into the room behind her. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



Josh and Marcia looked at the door of the little bathroom. "Come out," Josh said. Unbelievably the door swung open.

## Conclusion

MARCIA did not move. She could not speak. Even if she could have forced her stiffened throat to scream, wildly, for help, it would not have mattered, for the foghorn began again, roaring over the ship, hurling itself back from the fog, effectually drowning any sound but its own.

Somehow, though, the sound itself set her free from that first moment of paralysis, and she followed a quick, instinctive impulse to let whoever was there know that she was aware of the fact. She called out clearly and evenly, "Daisy Belle—did I leave my toothbrush in the bathroom? Look, will you?"

Daisy Belle of course was not in the bathroom; nobody was there. But if the person who stood in that cabin with her believed that someone else was near, believed that she was not alone—

Her heart, her breath, everything about her seemed to have stopped. There was no sound, only the dying echoes of the foghorn filling the cabin, pressing against her ears, shutting out other sounds.

And then nothing. No rustle, no sound, no door closing, no motion of any kind.

Somehow, when that silence and feeling of emptiness persisted long enough she turned.

No one was there.

But a small hump of something white lay on the floor. Her heart beating hard, her breath coming painfully in gasps as if she'd been running, she walked toward it and stared down. It was a bandage, made of gauze, twisted and turned so it made a rather crude sort of helmet—a helmet such as the patient in the red bathrobe, with the bandaged face and holes for eyes, might have worn.

Only it was not a real bandage. It had not really been a patient.

And Josh had been right. Without rhyme or reason, without any basis of motive or cause, he was right.

She must tell Josh. She must tell the captain; yes, that was it.

But she did not go at once to the captain. Instead she locked the cabin door. She sat down in the chair under the port and looked at the twisted tangle of white gauze. Who could have worn that, and why?

SHE was still there when some time later Daisy Belle and Gili returned to the cabin. They returned together and she heard their voices as one of them tried the door and knocked. She got up and on her way to the door picked up the gauze helmet and put it in the pocket of her coat which still hung over her shoulders.

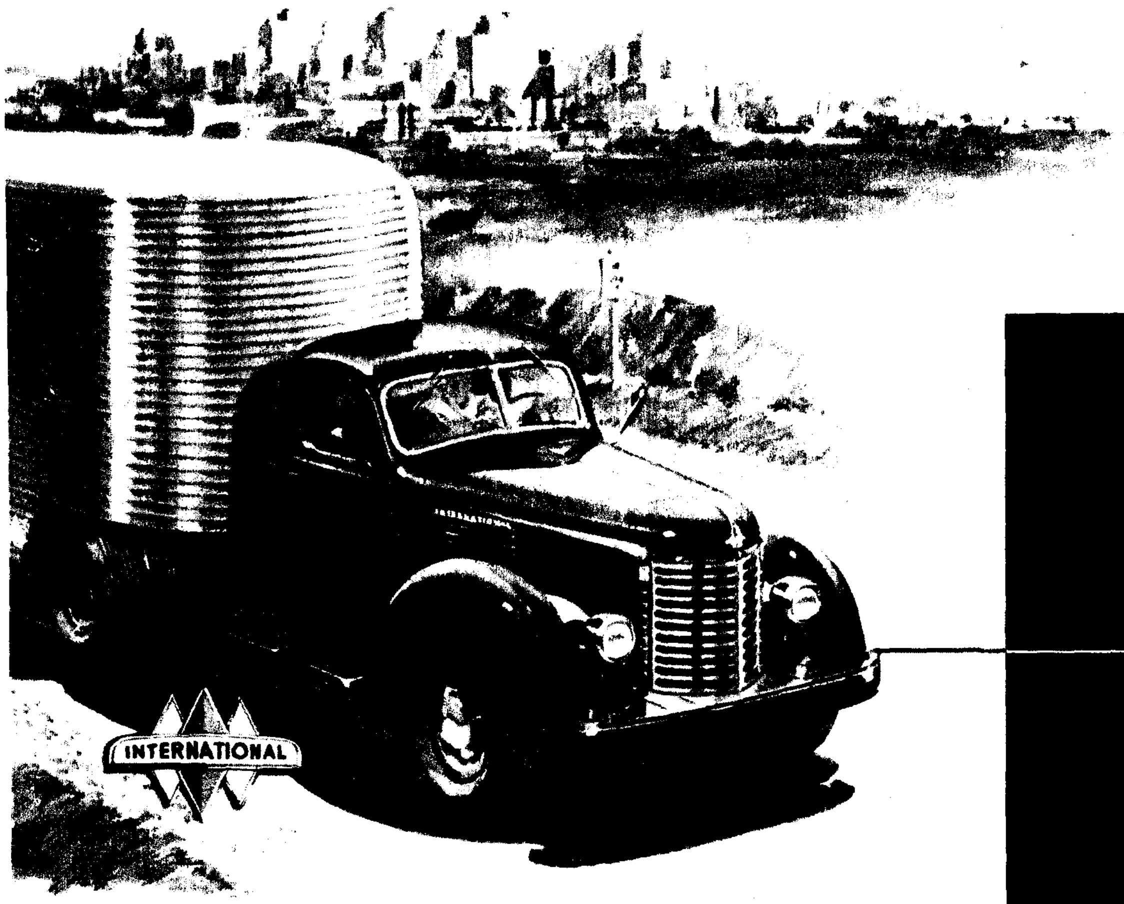
"Why did you lock the door!" said Daisy Belle, more as an exclamation than a question; she snapped on lights abruptly and the cabin leaped from its dim gray shadow to light, under which Daisy Belle looked tired and old with sharp lines on her thin brown face. Gili crossed to the bunk and stretched out upon it with lazy indolence, saying nothing, but only gazing at the bunk above her with enigmatic, narrowed green eyes. She said nothing in fact until Daisy Belle remarked that it was time for lunch and she'd wash up first and disappeared into the bathroom.

Then Gili instantly roused. She swung her long handsome legs around and sat up and said, "You talked to him! You talked to Mickey!" She shook back the long blond lock of hair that hung over her face and cried, "You with your fine-lady ways, and your money. Why do you suppose Mickey wanted you if it wasn't for the money he could get out of you! Listen to me: I could tell you that I heard you call him Mickey; that that's how I knew his real name. I could tell you that I—borrowed his cigarette case, that I saw it and picked it up and used it. I could tell you that I said everything I did say just to tease you. Or to make you angry with Mickey so you'd give him up. I could tell you anything, and you'd believe me."

"Gili, be quiet. Gili—"

Gili cried, drawing her mouth back from her teeth as if she were at bay herself, not Marcia. "But I'm not going to. Do you understand? I'm not going to give him up to you. He doesn't need you now. And he belongs to me—"

*(Continued on page 72)*



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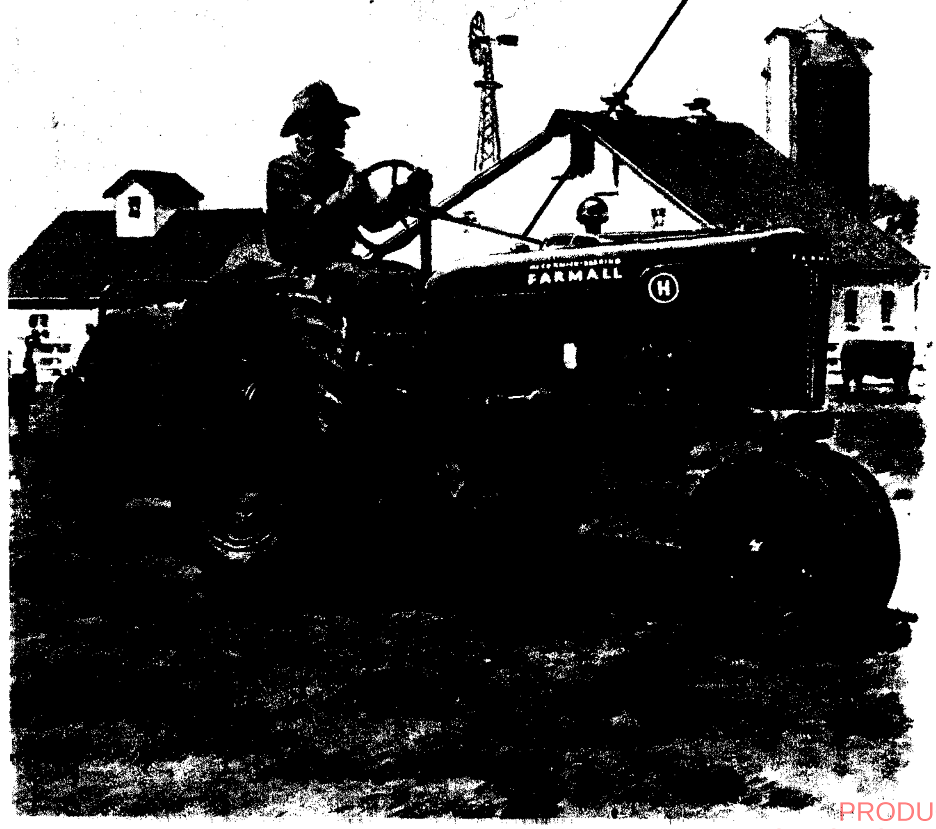

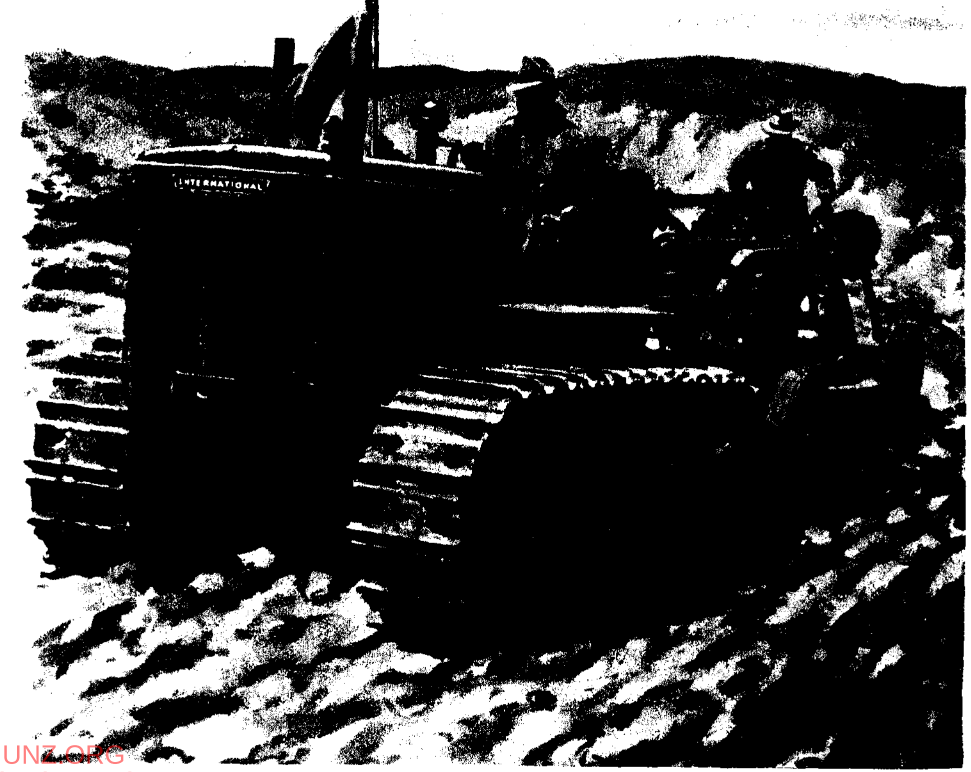

# TIME BOMB IN ASIA

## BY RALPH A. CONISTON

ACME

President Sukarno, of the Indonesian Republic, admitted he collaborated with the Japs, but insisted he did it only out of expediency

**The words of Lincoln were displayed by the Indonesian Nationalists in Java because they thought the Yanks were coming. Now all Asia is watching what happens**

**RADIOED FROM JAVA**

ON THE walls of buildings in Batavia, Bandung and Surabaya there has been scrawled over and over again in white chalk or red and white paint the Malay word: *Merdeka!*

*Merdeka* means independence and it is the battle cry of the Indonesian Independence movement which has turned the land of Bali, rubber and oil into a confused and often bloody battleground.

There are other slogans, too, and perhaps the most prominent is: "A government of the people, by the people and for the people." Nor is that the only quotation from Abraham Lincoln that stares down from the white walls in the hot East Indies sun. As one harassed British officer put it to an American friend: "Your Mr. Lincoln is giving us an amazing lot of trouble at this late date."

Actually, the Lincoln slogans—like a good many other facets of the Indonesian tragedy—stem from a misapprehension. The Indonesians thought that they were going to be "liberated" by American forces and they devised their propaganda with that in mind. An American friend of mine asked a Javanese servant who had worked for him for many years what *merdeka* meant. The servant answered with simple honesty: "*Merdeka* is when the Americans come."

But the Americans have not come. It was the British to whom the chore of liberating the Dutch East Indies was assigned and they did not come as bearers of a new charter of freedom but pledged, as allies of the Dutch, to carry out the directives of The Hague, directives which the Indonesians claim would reimpose the old colonial order.

Actually the Dutch don't want quite that. Their interest in maintaining economic relations with the Indies is, of course, paramount. The late Dr. Hendrik Colijn, prewar Dutch premier, put it succinctly when in an unguarded moment he said, "The Indies are the cork on which Holland floats."

The Dutch do not expect to rule this treasure house forever, but they feel that Dutch background and experience is indispensable for the islands' future. And they point to Queen Wilhelmina's plan as the best answer to Nationalist hopes. This plan calls for a kind of dominion status in the near future and eventually a Dutch imperial parliament in which each of the colonies would have a voice.

But what has happened since British forces came ashore on September 29, 1945, has alarmed the Dutch and British, aroused the Indonesians to frequent frenzy and sometimes bewildered the Americans. Only the Japanese, it can be presumed, are happy about it.

Nor as this is written is there any clear indication of how and when the trouble in the islands will be settled. After indecision and hesitancy, the British embarked on a "firm" policy. They announced that they would bring into Indonesia whatever troops were necessary to pacify the land and that they would use "force" to implement this policy. The "firm" policy turned out to be only temporary, but one day after its announcement there occurred the Bekasi incident.

Bekasi was a little Javanese town, twelve miles outside Batavia. A Royal Air Force plane had made a crash landing there. The plane, an American-built C-47, was carrying twenty-six men, four RAF crew members and twenty-two Indian troops. Four men were killed when the plane hit the ground and the twenty-two survivors, including the four British, were murdered. The crime presumably was committed by an Indonesian terrorist organization known as the "Black Buffalo."

In retaliation, and to illustrate to the Indonesians what they meant by a "forceful" policy, the British sent RAF planes over the village. They dropped explosive and fragmentation bombs on all roads leading from it to keep any terrorists from fleeing. Casualties in this attack were reported to be heavy. Then British artillery opened up with a barrage under which Indian infantry was sent forward.

The troops ordered residents of Bekasi to collect any possessions they could carry and to get out of town. For several hours villagers trudged out with laden backs, leading their children and carrying the elderly and infirm in carts. Then Punjabi troopers went from house to house, setting fire to the thatched huts. Every building in the village, except those displaying Chinese flags, was burned to the ground—and many Chinese buildings caught fire from the conflagration.

How many Indonesians died was not revealed. But it was announced that four alleged members of the "Black Buffalo" were arrested. Two days later a second Indonesian village was razed—this time because snipers were firing at a British patrol at a railroad crossing.

### Still Fighting Native Troops

It was not easy to explain to the Scots of the Seaforth Highlanders why four months after the foe in Asia had been beaten they were fighting pitched battles against native troops whose battle slogans had been culled from the words of Abraham Lincoln. And it is not likely that Indian troops who had fought at El Alamein and up the narrow spine of Italy understood why they were shooting down fellow Mohammedans in Java. Certainly, six months after the capitulation in Europe, this spectacle seemed incredible to Americans who only knew the battleground as a "tourist paradise"—a land of gentle people, beautiful and languorous culture, and a storehouse of treasure in the form of oil and rubber.

But few need be reminded today that what is happening in Indonesia is not happening in a vacuum. There is trouble in Asia, trouble from the Dardanelles to the Gulf of Chihli. Of all the continents Asia is the most uncertain, the most precariously balanced. Arabs and Jews in Palestine and Nationalists in India watch every British move in Java for signs of strength or weakness. Uneasy Burma and slightly more easy Malaya keep an eye to the wind for sparks that may light their tinder. Siam, frantically seeking to maintain a precarious independence, looks to Indonesia as a barometer of her hopes and fears. And China takes time out from worry over Manchuria to seek clues in Batavia on how far she can go in French Indo-China and British Hong Kong.

Asia is not watching the Dutch in Indonesia. Asia understands the Dutch. What Asia is interested in is Britain and America. Asia wants to know how much muscle is left in the British Empire and how far America will go to back up the Empire. Asia wants to know whether the Philippines and the Atlantic Charter spell out U.S. policy or whether we propose to throw our strength behind the prewar British-Dutch-French colonial policy. This is the real question for stirring Asia which casts one eye toward Washington and the other toward Moscow.

Indonesia—to the Asiatics—is a test of American policy as well as British.

### The American Impression of Java

Probably a more complex test has seldom been selected on which to work out the difficult and changing equation of the East and the West. The American impression of Java and the Dutch Indies is almost cartoonlike in simplicity. We see a rosy-colored portrait in which thrifty but broad-minded Dutchmen live contentedly with easygoing, handsome natives. If you say Java to an American, he thinks of coffee—and of light tan, Aryan-featured Javanese with a posture and pectoral development which is a joy to behold.

Yet before the war only eight out of a hundred Javanese could read or write. Any educated Javanese rightly feels that this illiteracy was no credit to some 350 years of Dutch rule. The Javanese indict the Dutch on other grounds, too. They cite discrimination against the natives in government service and in commerce although they will admit that in the last few years before the war the Dutch had started to take down the bars. They point to the high taxes which the Dutch levied even against the lowest-paid workers. And then they quote the slogans on Batavia's walls: "Indonesia never again will be the lifeblood of any nation!"

Only the most hard-bitten, die-hard colonials among the Dutch with whom I have talked have advanced the proposition—generally believed true in prewar America—that the Netherlands Indies Administration was a sort of far eastern Santa Claus.

On the other hand the practical-minded Dutch point to several outstanding achievements—particularly in public health—in which they insist Java was a model for the Orient. And they recall how they developed the Indies, bringing in seed and stock, encour-

Nationalist slogans above stores in Surabaya are pointedly unnoticed by Dutch. Many are quotes from Abraham Lincoln

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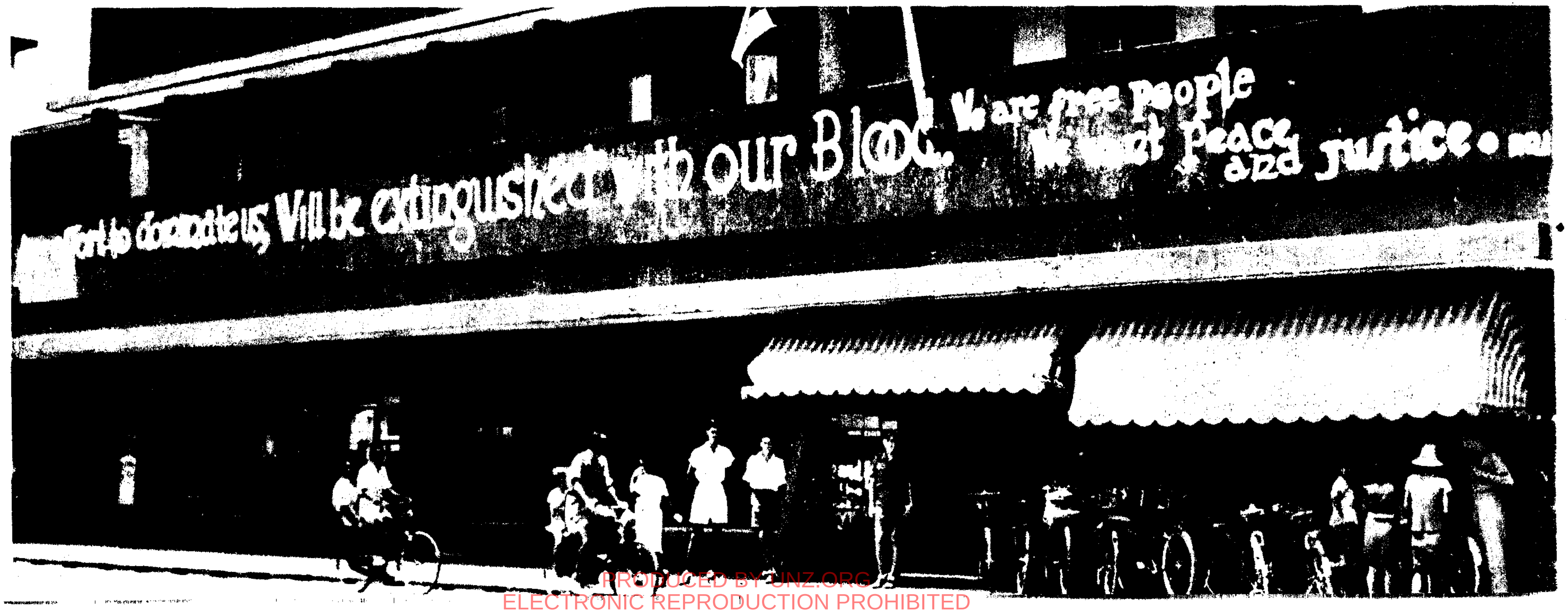
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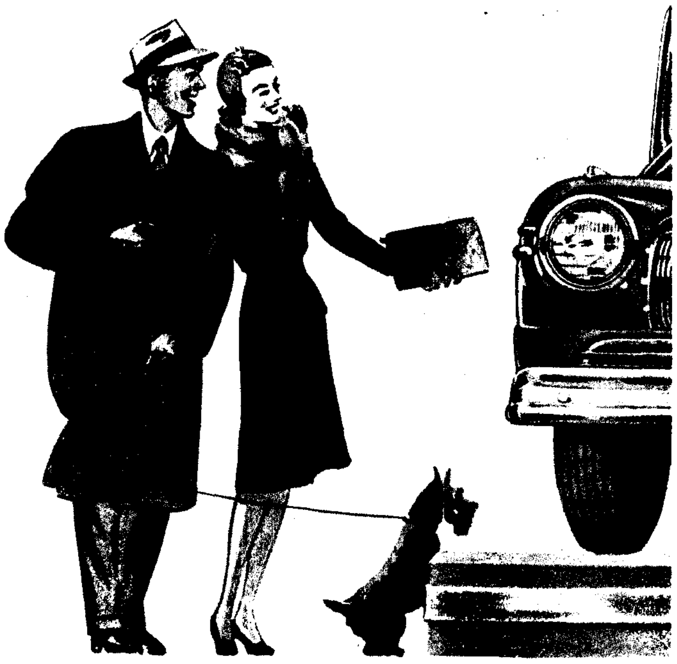

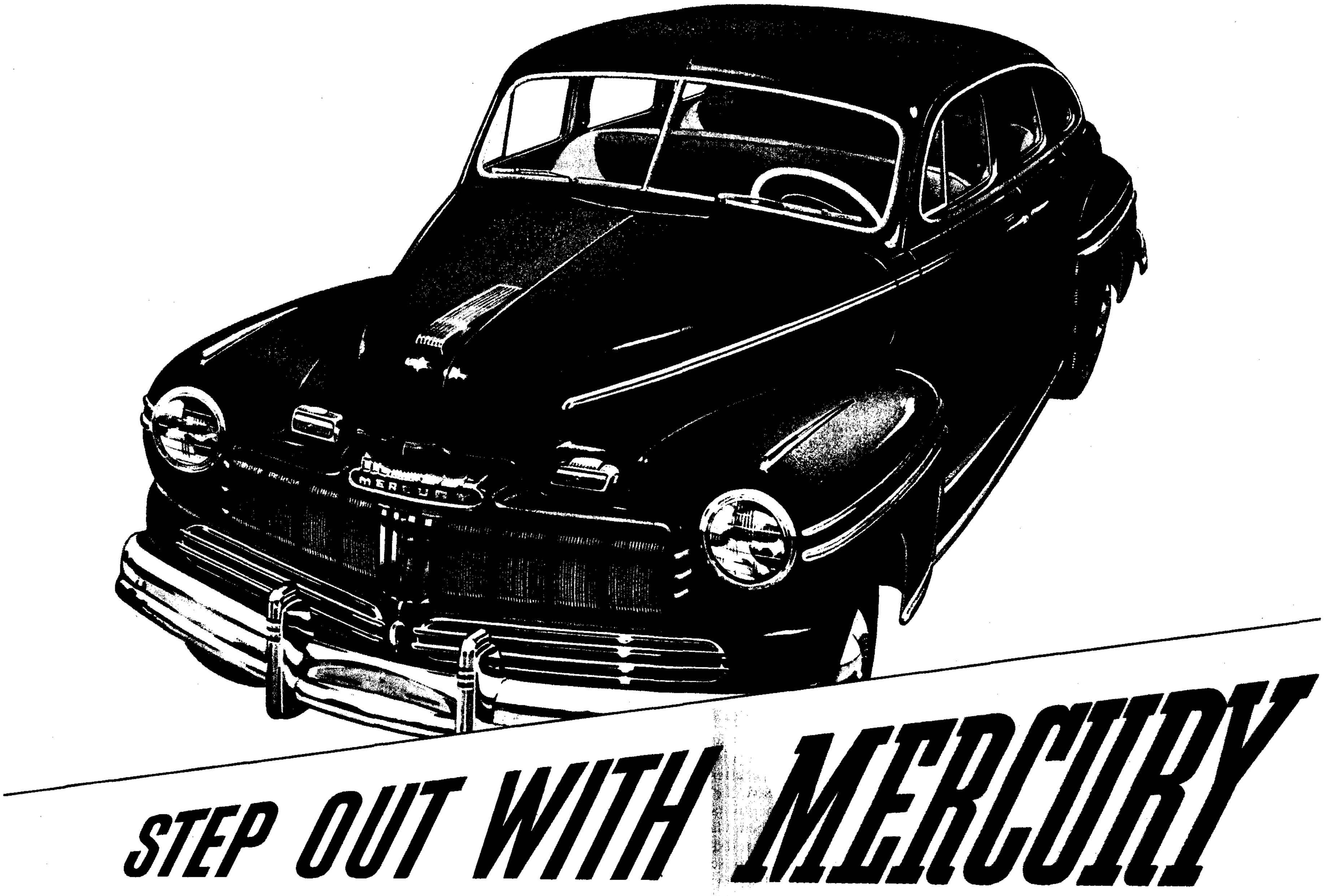

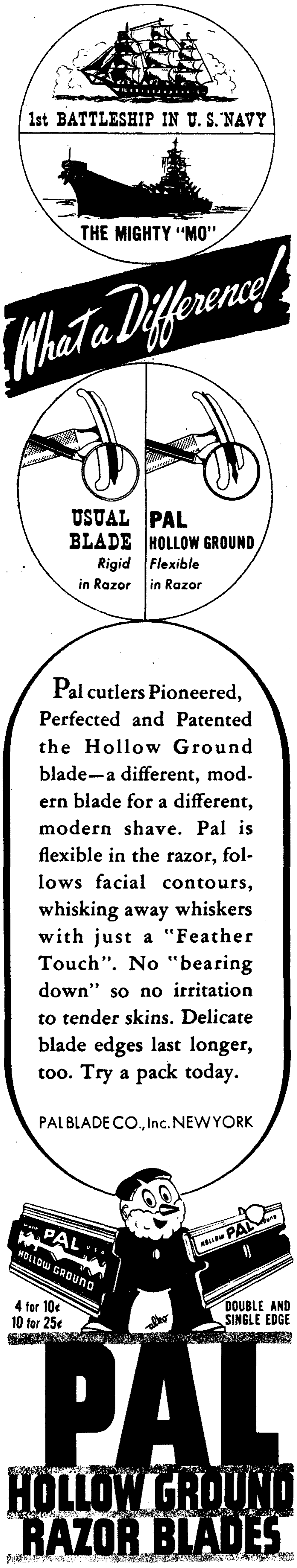
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aging the production of rubber, sugar, quinine, tea and coffee. All this is true, but it is also true that these were exported crops and from them Dutch factors got their profits.

The Dutch point out that they introduced irrigation and land-utilization schemes which made Java flower like a garden. The Indonesians reply: "Development? Yes! But for whom?"

One of the veteran Dutch Colonial officials said to me: "The Dutch Indies have their dark pages in history, but it has been no worse than that of any other eastern land and perhaps it has been better in some cases. Love of money went into Dutch development of the Indies, yes, but also devotion. Many Hollanders came to the Indies for profit but they were changed by the charm of the country and its people. They stayed on here and built it up however they could."

Doubtless all of that is true. But there is another aspect. The Indonesian Nationalist movement has grown by leaps and bounds during and after the war. But, surprising as this may seem, it is not strictly a wartime development. The Nationalists had great strength before the first shot was fired in the Pacific. But they were suppressed with even greater strength. Virtually every leader of the so-called Indonesian Nationalist government was in prison before the war.

While the tourist agencies ballyhooed Bali, the Dutch had well-established penal colonies in New Guinea which were crowded with political prisoners. Every one of the present Indonesian leaders had a record of political exile during the Dutch regime. Small wonder that when the Japanese came to the Indies one of their first steps was to establish relations with the Indonesian movement for political independence. The Japanese did not create the Indonesian Independence movement—they traded on it. The Javanese were striving for freedom long before Tokyo began to stir the caldron of Asiatic nationalism.

### Product of Japanese Propaganda

The Dutch say, and they seem to have believed this before they returned to the Indies, that the Nationalist movement was largely a product of Japanese encouragement and propaganda. The British apparently accepted this Dutch estimate at face value, but it did not require much firsthand investigation to disclose that this picture was distorted.

There is no doubt that the Japanese encouraged the formation of the Indonesian Nationalist government during the days of their surrender. And, no doubt, the Japs regarded this as a strategem which would cause trouble for the Allies. In that, they were right but the trouble probably would have come eventually anyway.

When the Japanese first appeared in the Indies they won a good deal of support with their propaganda of "Asia for the Asiatics." But it did not take the Javanese long to discover that this slogan was largely a cover under which the Japs hoped to exploit the islands for the benefit of their war machine. The Javanese are alert and intelligent and they resented this. Yet, as the war drew to a close, they had no scruples in taking advantage of the Japanese to further their own position. The Japanese co-operated to the extent of surrendering to the Javanese in many places and turning over their arms. The Japanese felt they might have lost the conflict but at least they could leave as many ideological time bombs around as possible.

How much impetus the Japanese gave the Indonesian Independence movement is not yet certain. But privately, the Indonesians admit it was a big help.

Another help came from the British—quite inadvertently. Many people in Java feel that the British landed either too soon or too late, either with too few or too many.

What they mean is this: The British did not land until nearly six weeks after Tokyo tossed in the sponge. This gave the Indonesian Nationalists ample time to take over the country and establish themselves as a force to be reckoned with. But it did not give the Nationalists enough time to set up an unchallengeable position. If the British had come sooner, the Nationalists would not have been strong enough to challenge them. If the British had come later, the Nationalists might have been so strong that no one would have challenged their independence demands.

Or, had the British landed enough troops to take over the Dutch Indies immediately, they might have avoided trouble. But they went in with a token force which had all it could do to protect itself during the first weeks, let alone to challenge the armed and organized Nationalists.

In this situation the British blame the Javanese, the Javanese blame the Dutch, and the Dutch blame both the British and the Javanese for what has happened. And what has happened is not pretty.

In Batavia, at night, anyone can start a war. All that is needed is a shot in the dark—and there are few nights that are not broken with the crack and whine of bullets. Truce after truce is arranged but it only takes a single shot by a jittery seventeen-year-old to cancel out all the diplomacy.

And Batavia is usually much quieter than Surabaya or Bandung. Batavia is a strange city under "liberation." It is the British headquarters. It is also the Dutch headquarters and, surprisingly enough, just down the street is the headquarters of the Indonesian Independence movement which, most of the time, runs a great deal more of the country than either the British or the Dutch.

British troops and Dutch officials walk the streets of Batavia, seemingly without noticing the signs chalked on the walls which say: "Better to hell than to be colonized again," "Self-determination is the birthright of any nation," or, simply, "What are you doin' here?"

Batavia leads a fitful life, never knowing when boycott will cut off all food supplies or sabotage will halt the trickle of water from the city's faucets. In one hotel the realistic Dutch manager has posted signs, saying: "We have a water supply with surprises." The telephone works only if the Indonesian operators feel that the call is not being put through by "a Dutch spy"—and they interpret that concept pretty freely.

In Indonesia the only legal currency circulating—at least until mid-December—was the Japanese guilder. This was due to the antipathy of the Indonesians to "Nica" currency. Nica is the Netherlands Indies Civil Administration set up by the Dutch long before they came back to Indonesia. It is the equivalent of an American civil affairs agency and it was supposed to run things in the Indies until it was possible to get back to normalcy.

Most of the Indonesian anger against the prewar system has been concentrated against Nica. All Dutchmen—with a few exceptions—are automatically branded "Nica," the strongest Indonesian fighting word. Nica issued some bright new currency which was supposed to be used during the "liberation." But it is almost the most dangerous tangible in the Indies. Possession of it is regarded by the natives as evidence, per se, of a connection with Nica.

A British friend of mine happened to have a single Nica banknote. Rather than carry it around he rolled it up, put it in his pistol barrel and shot it off into space. I know how he felt. When I was making a trip into Nationalist territory I took the precaution of giving a ten-dollar Singapore note which closely resembled the Nica currency) to a friendly Nationalist official to carry for me until we got back.

### Gun Fire in the Heart of Town

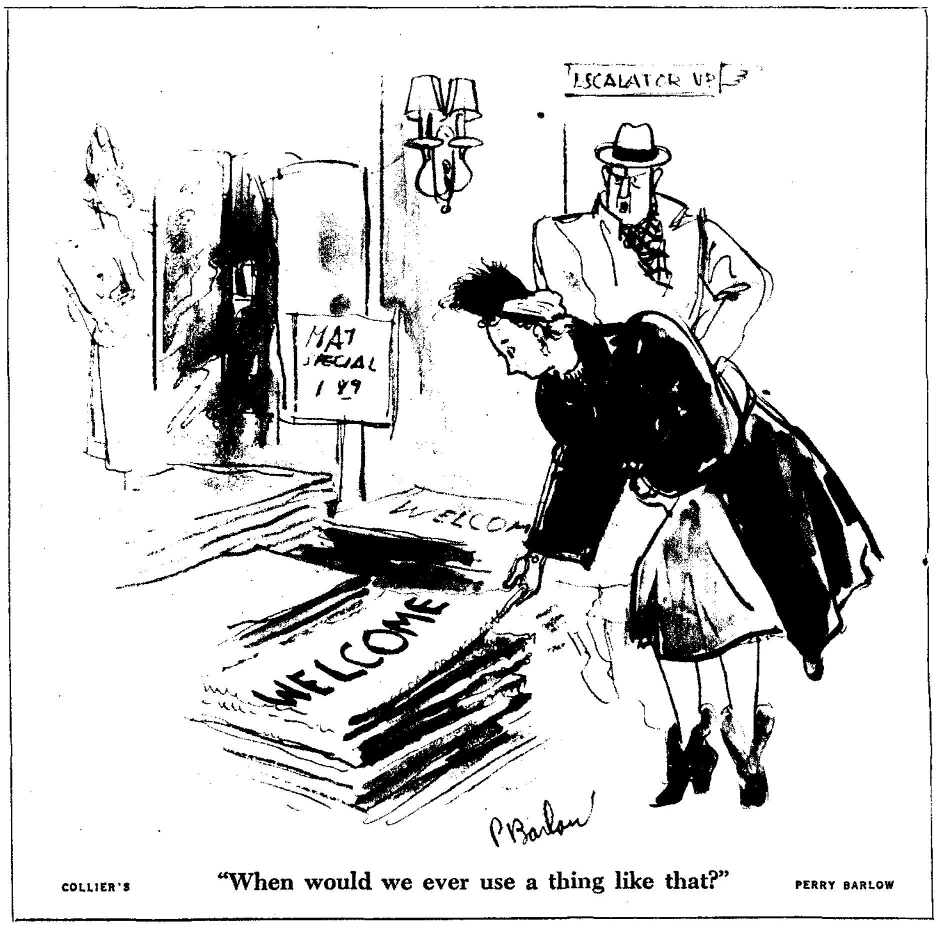
In Batavia one night a rattle of machine-gun fire broke out just behind the luxurious Hotel des Indes in the heart of town. A Seaforth patrol investigated and found a detachment of Ambonese (the Ambonese are so loyal that they are sometimes called Holland's twelfth province) laying down a heavy fire. The Ambonese explained that they were battling a "strong Indonesian force," and kept firing sporadically all night. At daylight it was discovered that the Ambonese had pinned down fourteen terrified, unarmed natives.

There have been frequent incidents on all sides. Unarmed persons have been killed. A British correspondent was injured and young Dutchwomen seriously wounded when a Dutch soldier fired on their car. Another correspondent riding in an Indonesian car was fired upon and had a narrow escape. One morning some employees of the Indonesian Ministry of Information were arrested by Ambonese troops on a charge of plotting the assassination of all foreign correspondents. The "evidence" was a list of accredited newspapermen which the press officials had in their pockets.

Time after time the magic initials "Nica" have caused trouble. In Semarang, Dutch civilians just released from four years in Japanese internment camps were clapped into jail by the Nationalists who spotted the initials on blank forms which the Dutch were using for relief work under the organization, RAPWI, Recovery of Allied Prisoners of War and Internees.

In many places in Java is displayed the slogan: "Beware Nica people. Our bamboo spears thirst for your blood."

But Indonesia's troubles do not stem en-



COLLIER'S "When would we ever use a thing like that?" PERRY BARLOW

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tirely from a clash of nationalist and colonial interests. In some places you can find pure anarchy, as in the villages of Tjibaroesa, Bekasi (of which the example was made), Krandji and Klender, near Batavia.

Even before the war this region was noted for banditry. And since the war the police of the Indonesian Nationalists have given it a wide berth. In this region, at least four chieftains hold sway in a manner resembling that of Chinese war lords. Chief of them is the picturesque Pak Matcham whose name means "Father Tiger." He grew rich on crime before the war and now is devoting his wealth and his power in a swashbuckling way to the Nationalist cause. After one skirmish the T.K.R.—People's Peace Army—has given the old freebooter little trouble.

The chief Nationalist figure presently is Soetan Sjahrir who took over the premiership from Dr. Sukarno about six weeks after the British landed. Sukarno is the president of the "Indonesian Republic." He is a tall, personable man who was educated as an engineer in the Dutch schools and who is an engaging orator.

Sukarno admittedly collaborated with the Japanese but adds that he never did this "in my heart." Typically, Sukarno was a political exile until the Japanese liberated him. The cabinet he first formed in Java included a number of men who had collaborated with the Japanese.

But Sjahrir's government is different. It is free of any collaborationist taint. Sjahrir is only thirty-six years old and appears younger. Educated in the Dutch schools, he was also arrested by the Dutch and exiled.

Naturally, perhaps, there have been no democratic elections in Java, and the Dutch and the Indonesians contradict each other as to what is the will of the populace. But the Nationalists hope to hold elections quite soon—as soon as they can guarantee order while they are held.

So far as the law of the land is concerned the Nationalists say that it is based on their "constitution." This document, hastily thrown together between the time Japan surrendered and the British landed, is roughly modeled after the U.S. Constitution. It provides a Bill of Rights which is almost the same as ours. But it also grants dictatorial powers to the president.

Almost without exception the Nationalist leaders are left-wingers although the only "Marxist" is Amir Sjarifoedin, Minister of Information.

There is some question as to whether the other Dutch islands are as enthusiastic for independence as Java. This is difficult to measure. Sumatra has many noisy independents, but there has been little agitation on the other islands. On all, the sorriest persons have been those of mixed Dutch and native parentage. Typically, the half-castes regarded themselves as superior to the natives. Equally typically, they were regarded by the Dutch as not quite European. Two months after they landed, the British finally decided to take Eurasians under their protection.

Many partisans of the Dutch have been inclined to write off the Indonesian Nationalists as mere tools of the Japanese. The issue is hardly that easy. In Semarang where the Indonesians fought the Japs, I went through the cells of Boeloe prison. They were piled so high with Japanese bodies that I could not count them.

The Dutch honestly believe that they are the only persons with sufficient background and knowledge to rule the East Indies. It is hard for a Hollander to pick any flaws in Queen Wilhelmina's plan for the islands.

This plan is the basic fact in the Dutch position. Fundamentally, it was a blank check for the future—but the Dutch were the ones who would decide the terms.

Sometime in the future, Queen Wilhelmina promised her subjects Holland would establish a kind of Imperial parliament in which all the colonies would have a voice. Previous to this the Indies would gain a kind of dominion status. Indonesia would be granted the right to establish its own government and run its own affairs—under a governor general. The question of suffrage would be taken up. So would the question of discrimination in government service. Criminal laws of Holland would be applied to Indonesia and the "colonial penal code" would be abolished. An effort would be made to reduce illiteracy and the Indonesian tongue would be granted official status.

### Proposals Not Likely to Be Opposed

No Indonesian was likely to oppose any of these Dutch proposals. His only objection was likely to be moral. He was likely to feel that all of these concessions were his as a matter of right rather than as a grant from a superior power. The average Indonesian was likely to regard himself as the equal of the average Dutchman and not as a primitive thrusting out his hand for alms.

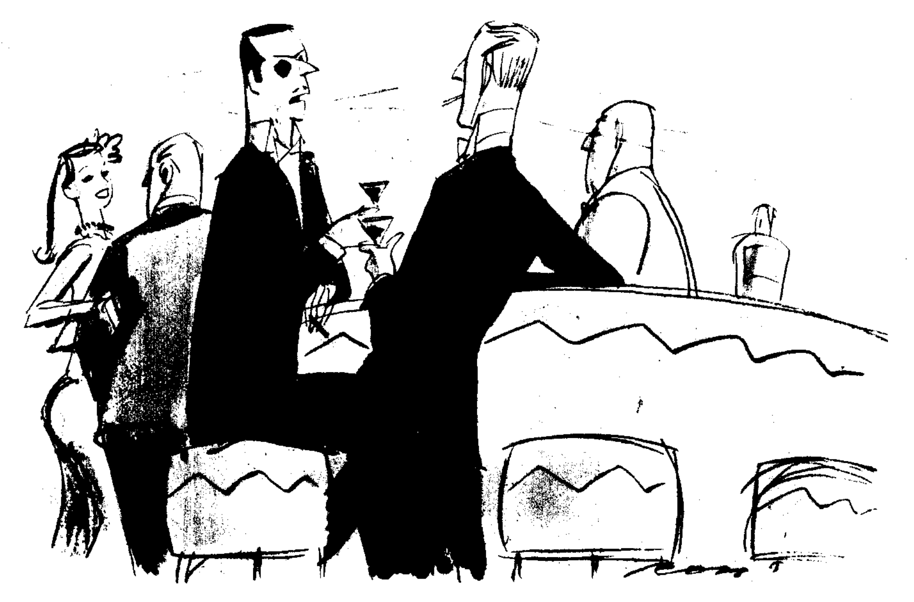
One of the remarks I heard most frequently in Indonesia—both by natives and Dutch—was: "Why didn't the Americans come?"

Almost until the end of hostilities the Netherlands Indies were in the American theater of war. General Douglas MacArthur's Intelligence played the chief role in encouraging Indies' resistance. Then, as the war ended, the responsibility for the Indies was shifted to the British. It was a major headache off the hands of the Americans.

British economic interest in the Indies—and British Empire interest—is great. But every time a British plane drops a bomb on an Indonesian terrorist, the questions multiply in Commons. And reports in Batavia were that these questions were largely responsible for the dropping of Britain's "force" policy shortly after it was announced.

Indonesia may or may not be the most complicated land of the postwar world. But there is little doubt today that Indonesia is explosive. Whether they planned it that way or not, Japan has left in our midst one of the most delicate questions of the hour. It is a time bomb in Asia.

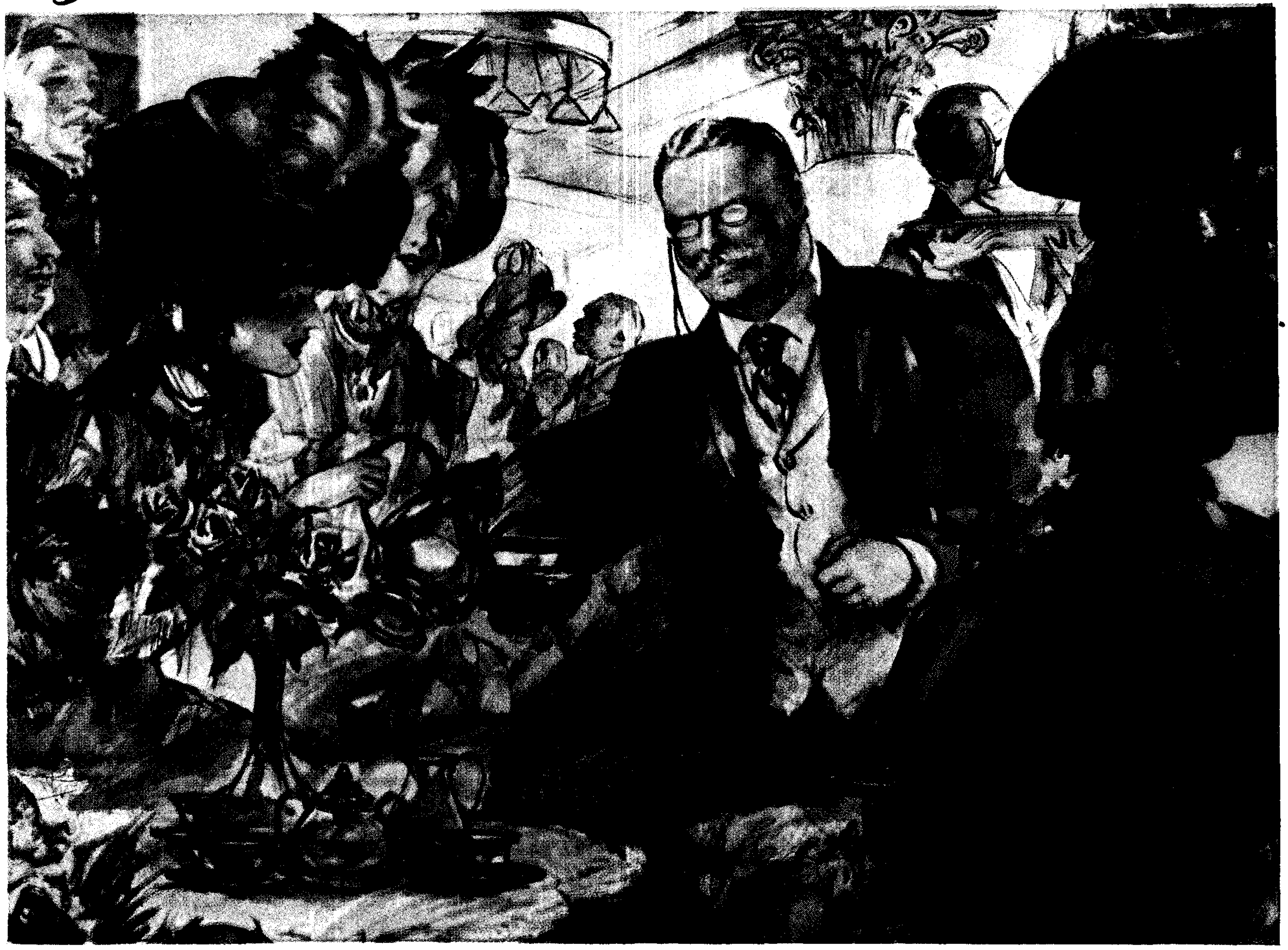
THE END



COLLIER'S "The cad caught me out with his wife!" AL ROSS

# In 1907 ★★ Theodore Roosevelt said

# *"Good to the Last Drop!"*



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Back in 1907 President Theodore Roosevelt visited Nashville, Tennessee. There was an ovation for him—both in the famous old Maxwell House Hotel—and throughout the city. During this visit he enjoyed his first cup of Maxwell House Coffee, and when offered another cup the President exclaimed, "Delighted! It's *good to the last drop!*"

This gracious tribute caught the fancy of Mr. Joel Cheek, creator of the renowned Maxwell House blend. And so—a slogan was born!

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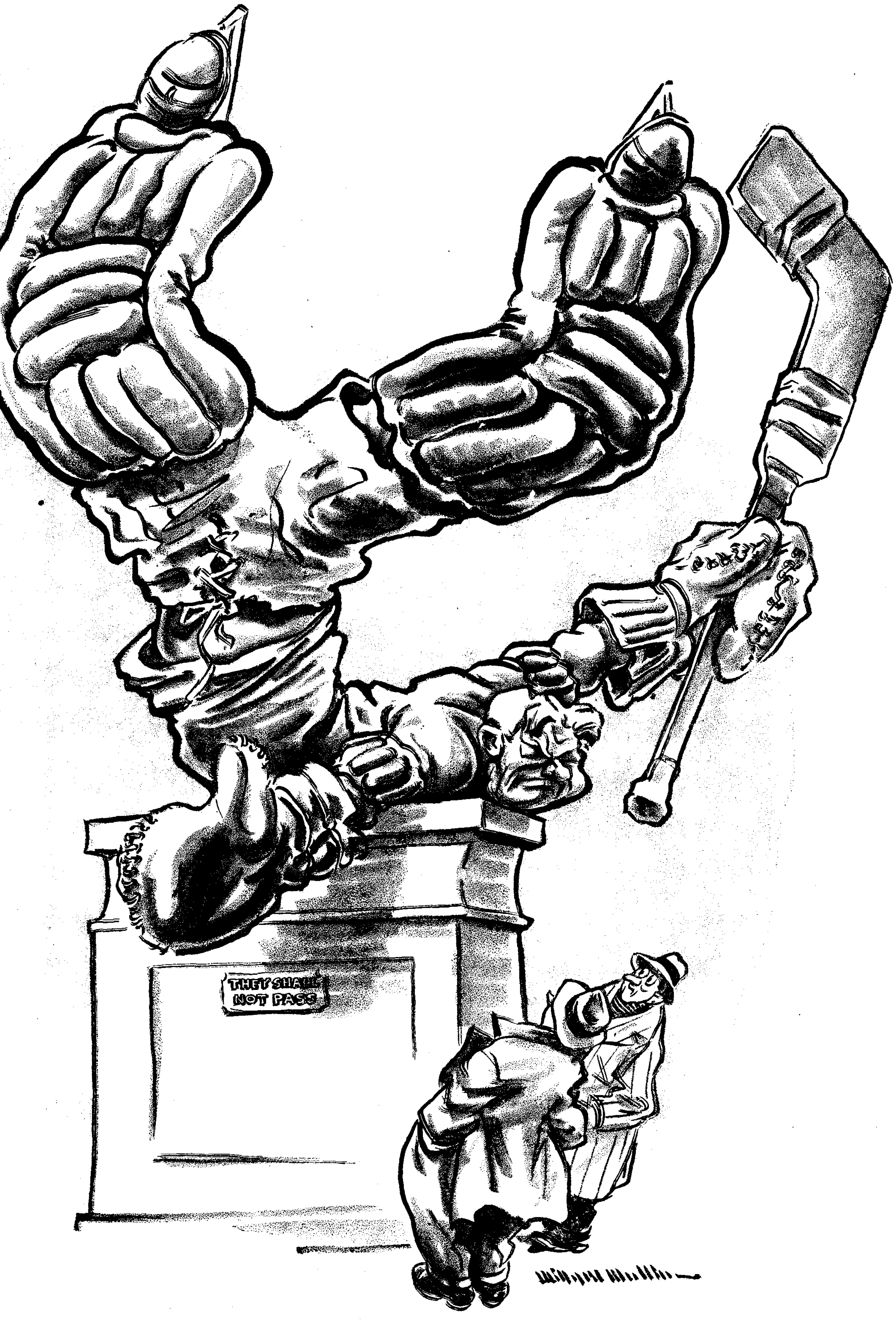
**BOUGHT AND ENJOYED BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF COFFEE IN THE WORLD!**



# LUCK GUIDES THE PUCK

## BY ARTHUR DALEY

**The goal tender of a crack hockey team may be a great magician with the stick, but he must also be fortune's favorite. Otherwise the opposing players will score against him more often than he cares to think about**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

LEFTY GOMEZ, the quaint character who once pitched with conspicuous success for the New York Yankees, delivered many a flippant remark in his day, but none of them ever achieved the immortality of his soulful sentence, "I'd rather be lucky than good."

If the Amalgamated Order of Hockey Goal Tenders ever voted on a motto for their lodge, that would be it. Every goalie should be born into this world as the seventh son of a seventh son. Instead of having a silver spoon in his mouth, symbolic of riches, he should have his mouth crammed full of horseshoes, four-leaf clovers and rabbits' feet.

Of course, Gomez was good as well as lucky. So it is with the lads who wear the pads and guard the nets in the National Hockey League. But luck plays a fantastic role in this fastest of all games.

Take, for example, the time Roy Worters of the New York Americans was doing a magnificent job in tending the nets against the Montreal Canadiens. His acrobatic stops and deft saves had the crowd screaming wildly in sheer admiration. Finally he speared a waist-high blast off the stick of Howie Morenz with his gloved hand and casually tossed the puck over the cage to safety—or so he thought. However, the cantankerous disk impishly stuck in his glove, and Worters threw it into his own goal as the red light glowed sardonically to signal a tally. Since the final score of the game was 1 to 0, you are able to appreciate how monumental a part Lady Luck had in deciding that encounter.

When Jimmy Franks was tending goal for the New York Rangers last season—not very luckily, either—he confessed, "This job is 90 per cent luck and eyesight, and the rest of it is having good hands and feet." That's a rather concise summation of the fundamental requirements of the task.

### Proficiency Plus

If you consider the phenomenal shot-making skill of the average professional hockey player, you can't help but wonder why the scores aren't up to basketball size. They are able to shoot ankle-high, waist-high or chest-high. They shoot forehanded and backhanded. They have all sorts of fakes and feints to draw the befuddled goalie out of position. So deadly accurate are they that they virtually can call their shots while whirling down the ice at breakneck speed and propelling a rubber disk that travels with almost the velocity of a bullet.

A decade or so ago, Lester Patrick of the New York Rangers was trying to teach accuracy to Ott Heller, then a rookie. He wasn't having much success and he impatiently declared, "You should never be more than a couple of inches off your target. I'll bet Bill Cook can hit the goal post from any reasonable distance and from any angle three times out of five."

The skeptical Heller pointed out his distances and his angles. The goal post, mind you, is a bit of steel tubing approximately an inch in diameter. The elder of the famous Cook brothers thereupon hit the post three times out of five, just as the Silver Fox had predicted.

Perhaps a more extraordinary example was Nels Stewart of the Montreal Maroons, a big, lethargic fellow who was one of the most prolific scorers in the history of the sport. But "Old Poison" was deceptive. He never seemed to move but he struck with the rapidity of a rattler. Once he came skating down the ice alone on the unfortunate Worters.

He had the goalie at his mercy, and they both knew it. Nels was in a conversational mood as he glided up to the cage. "Roy," he drawled, "you'll find the puck in the left-hand corner of the net."

And that's just where Roy found it.

The statisticians have computed that any time a top-flight performer breaks past the defense and comes in on the goalie for a solo effort, he'll score seven times out of ten. Some of the better ones such as Stewart and Maurice Richard of the present-day Montreal Canadiens would come closer to ten times out of ten.

After all, the goalie has to protect a cage

*(Continued on page 34)*

# Anybody else want to bet against the Weather Man?

**Teamed up with Western Union, the Weather Man hits the nail on the head better than 85% of the time.**

*"Mad as a wet hen!"* . . . We all, at times, forget the weather forecast or don't believe it. But weather can be a far more serious matter than an occasional wetting.

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that's six feet wide and four feet high. He can stop the puck with his skates, his ten-inch-wide leg pads, his body, his hands or a stick that varies in width from three and one half to four and one half inches. He has to know angles better than Mel Ott knows the angles of hits bouncing off the Polo Grounds wall or than Willie Hoppe knows the angles on a billiard table.

The goalie shifts from side to side in front of his cage, always moving with the play and trying to leave the smallest possible opening. Although everyone else on the team has his skates sharpened before each game or each practice, the wearer of the pads leaves his blades dull—just for gliding purposes. If a prospective shooter is off to his left, the cage tender slides to the left corner of the net, thus leaving only a small and difficult right-side opening for him. The head-on shot, especially from up close, is most difficult to stop. The man with the puck generally will feint and so will the goalie. Usually it's a case of which one outfeints the other.

What makes a goalie, anyway? In physical characteristics they don't follow any particular pattern. Worters was one of the best and he was only 5 feet 2 inches tall. Lorne Chabot of the New York Rangers and Clint Benedict of the Ottawa Senators also rank high and both of them were six-footers. Size has nothing to do with it.

Generally they are required to have big and sure hands, like those of a baseball catcher. Their eyesight has to be 100 per cent perfect. They must have the agility of a cat, extraordinarily sharp reflexes, and the coolness of a burglar. And of course being lucky doesn't hurt.

How does anyone get to be a goalie? More often than not, the poorest skater on a sand-lot or neighborhood team is assigned to goal tending by the other kids. Hence they merely grow up in the job, acquiring in transit—the big-leaguers anyway—the stick-handling deftness of a forward.

Like all rules, though, that one has had its exceptions. Tiny Thompson of the Boston Bruins, a crack goalie, started out as a forward. So did Bert Gardiner of the same team. Yet the brilliant Howie Morenz of the Canadiens began his career as a goalie and quit in disgust one day when the opposition poured sixteen goals past him. He went on from that catastrophic turning point to become one of the greatest forwards in the history of the sport.

A goalie also—this will positively amaze you—has to be able to think. Just as a baseball battery studies every hitter to assay his weak points and his strong points, so too does the wearer of the pads have to know the weaknesses and strength of every stick wielder in the league. He has to know that Joe Zilch is dangerous with a shot from the right but is helpless from the left; that Homer Glutz is murderous only with a waist-high shot or that Dick Deadeye has perfected only a backhand flip from up close.

Occasionally, though, a player arrives on the scene with a perfect and well-rounded attacking repertoire. Hockey has produced a number of scorers who could hammer in the puck from any angle or distance.

Nels Stewart was one, and long before him the ice sport presented a refrigerated version of Ty Cobb in the fabulous Cyclone Taylor of the Vancouver Millionaires. Back in the ancient past also was Dr. Gordon Robert of the Montreal Wanderers, the first man ever to curve a puck in its flight. Bill Cook of the Rangers, Dick Irvin of the Chicago Black Hawks and Richard of this year's Canadiens are other versatile gents without a weakness.

As if a goalie's life weren't already filled with travail and frustration, they constantly change the rules to make his job even more burdensome. First of all, forward passing instead of lateral passing was permitted to increase tremendously the pressure on the guardian of the nets. Then they juggled the zones so that protective body checking by the defense has been virtually eliminated. All this makes the goalie's task more difficult.

This is reflected in the scoring. When the Rangers first came to New York in 1926 they won their home opener, 1-0. Their twentieth home debut last November found them losing to the Chicago Black Hawks, 5 to 4.

### Figures Tell the Story

If you can stand a few statistics, here they are: The leading team in the 1944-45 season averaged 4.7 goals a game; in the 1939-40 season it was 3.5; in the 1932-33 season 2.9 and in the 1926-27 season 2.3. Those figures have been taken more or less at random but they do serve to illustrate what fundamental changes have taken place in hockey. The spectators thrill far more to this newer and more spectacular open game.

Yet even in the ancient past there occasionally would bob up one of those freak high-scoring frays. Hughie Lehmann, an extraordinarily efficient goalie, had retired from active participation to coach the Chicago Black Hawks. As his successor, he was breaking in the great Chuck Gardiner, then just starting his career and not starting it too well, either.

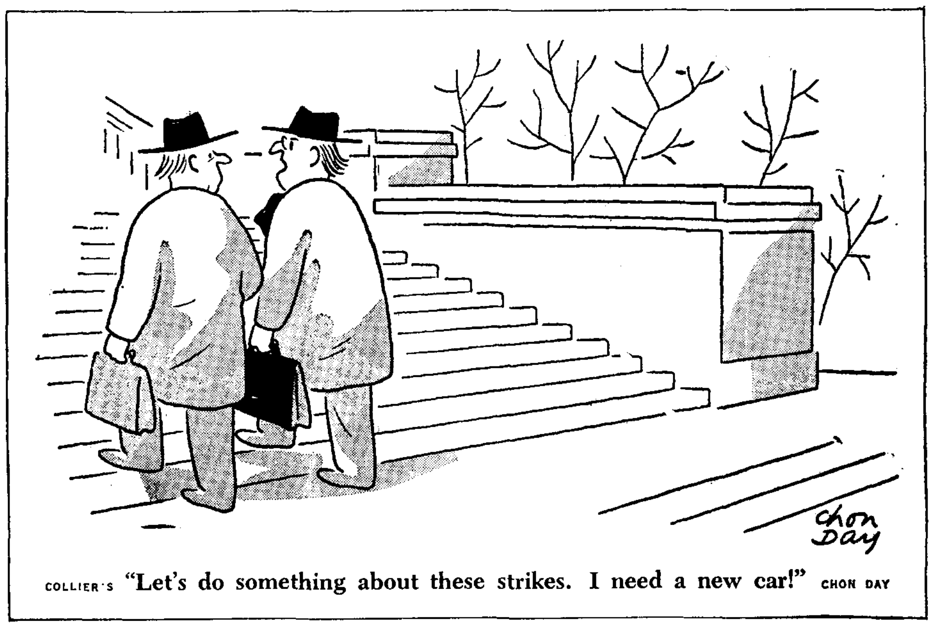
So Hughie decided to give the youngster a lesson in the art of goal tending. He donned the pads himself for a fray with the Ottawa Senators and took his position after giving Gardiner a pat on the back, a benevolent smile and a word of advice. "Watch me, my boy," he said patronizingly.

Gardiner watched him. By the third period Ottawa merely had ten goals, pouring them past the dazed and uncomprehending Lehmann. Finally someone sent a long, lazy shot down the ice from the center circle. Hughie skated out to meet the puck. Just as he reached it, his skates inexplicably shot out from under him and down he went.

Lehmann strove manfully to regain his equilibrium, and his arms flailed wildly through the air. His hockey stick described a wide arc—and deftly knocked the rubber into the cage for the eleventh goal of a daffy evening.

Billy Beveridge, sometimes known as the Blimp, had a horrifying experience himself. Perhaps we'd better correct it to read that he had two horrifying experiences.

When he was first breaking into the big



COLLIER'S "Let's do something about these strikes. I need a new car!" CHON DAY

Note that angle
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league, it was as Alec Connell's understudy on the Ottawa Senators. Midway in the proceedings the New York Ranger superlative forward line of Frank Boucher and the Cook brothers, Bill and Bun, had whisked the disk past Connell's ears for a 5-1 lead.

Alec was summarily derricked, and Beveridge inserted in his place as goalie. As Connell skated off the ice in abject humiliation, he sarcastically shook the Blimp's hands and muttered, "Good luck, kid." The Blimp needed it but didn't get it. The Rangers hurtled in four more goals on Beveridge for a 9-1 victory.

The Blimp was furious. He skated over to the Blue Shirts as they were leaving the ice. "You're just a bunch of lugs," he bellowed. "I hope I live to see the day when the Rangers get beaten not 9-1 but 10-1."

He lived that long, too. He saw it happen, too. In fact, he had an excellent view of the proceedings as the Chicago Black Hawks vanquished the Rangers, 10 to 1. Did he gloat? Not a bit. By that time Billy Beveridge had become the Rangers' goal tender and that 10-1 score was made against him.

But no recital of the quirks attending the art of net-minding could even pretend to be complete without a recountal of what undoubtedly was the most dramatic story connected with that phase of the sport.

Back in 1928 the New York Rangers faced the highly favored Montreal Maroons for the Stanley Cup, hockey's world series. The Canadian contingent won the first game and, midway through the second, Lorne Chabot of the Rangers was struck in the eye by a puck, and injured so seriously that for a couple of days the doctors even despaired of saving his sight. At any rate, the Blue Shirts from New York had lost their goalie.

"What are we going to do?" asked Lester Patrick, the Ranger manager, of anyone who would listen. There was no answer. There couldn't be any. Fired by the promise of $3,000 a man for a Stanley Cup victory, the Maroons steadfastly refused Patrick's plea to make use of Alec Connell of Ottawa, who was in the stands. They wouldn't even let him borrow the kid used as goal tender in practice scrimmages.

For almost half an hour they argued. The Montreal reply, growing more tart with each passing moment, never changed. In substance it was, "We don't care what you do. Stick somebody in the nets and let's get going."

The Rangers gathered around Lester in an anxious cluster. Everyone chattered at once, but finally Frank Boucher, now the New York coach, looked hesitantly at Patrick and said, "You used to be a baseball player. You were even a first baseman. Maybe you could handle the job."

Patrick pondered only a moment. "I'll try it," he said.

Into the dressing room he rushed. He had no thought of victory. He was going in merely to finish out the game and, as long as he was manager of the Rangers, he might just as well be the goat as some complete stranger. He never had served as goalie during a brilliant career as an all-round hockey star. He was forty-four years old, a complete has-been from every standpoint.

Lester climbed into Chabot's damp uniform. He's a big man but he had to stuff four pairs of socks into his goalie's large shoes to make them fit. A baseball cap was pulled over his white hair.

Patrick glanced at the grim-visaged Rangers and he couldn't help but grin at them. "Play as you never played before, fellows," he said, "and help protect a poor old man. Make 'em shoot from the blue line and I'll stop 'em."

### The Patrick System of Goal Tending

The burly Maroons knew that they had easy pickings and they launched each swift attack with complete confidence. But the Rangers played over their heads, too, as they fought to aid the gallant figure in the nets. The Patrick system of goal tending—perhaps Boucher's remark about his first-baseman days inspired him—was to drop the stick and catch the puck in both hands, ballplayer style.

The tempo of the game mounted in crescendo fashion as the two frenzied teams advanced through the second period, through the third and into overtime.

Lester Patrick made twenty-one astonishing saves before the Rangers freed him from his ordeal by scoring the goal which meant a 2-1 victory. Lester still can recall in vivid detail the one Montreal goal he permitted.

"It was the easiest shot of the night," he says with a deep sigh. "I should have stopped it with my eyes closed."

It's become increasingly tough on the wearers of the pads, so open has the game grown, with the rules changes practically commanding bigger and better scores. Once upon a time any man who hammered home twenty goals in a season was deemed a slugger in the Ty Cobb category. Now a chap who scores only twenty goals is coldly invited to pay his way into the arena the next time he wants to see a hockey game. Maurice (The Rocket) Richard of the Montreal Canadiens set a new record last season with a total of forty-five goals. Maybe that will give you an idea of how things have changed.

THE END

## Any Week

**Continued from page 4**

as if you don't know, are known as Spoonerisms.

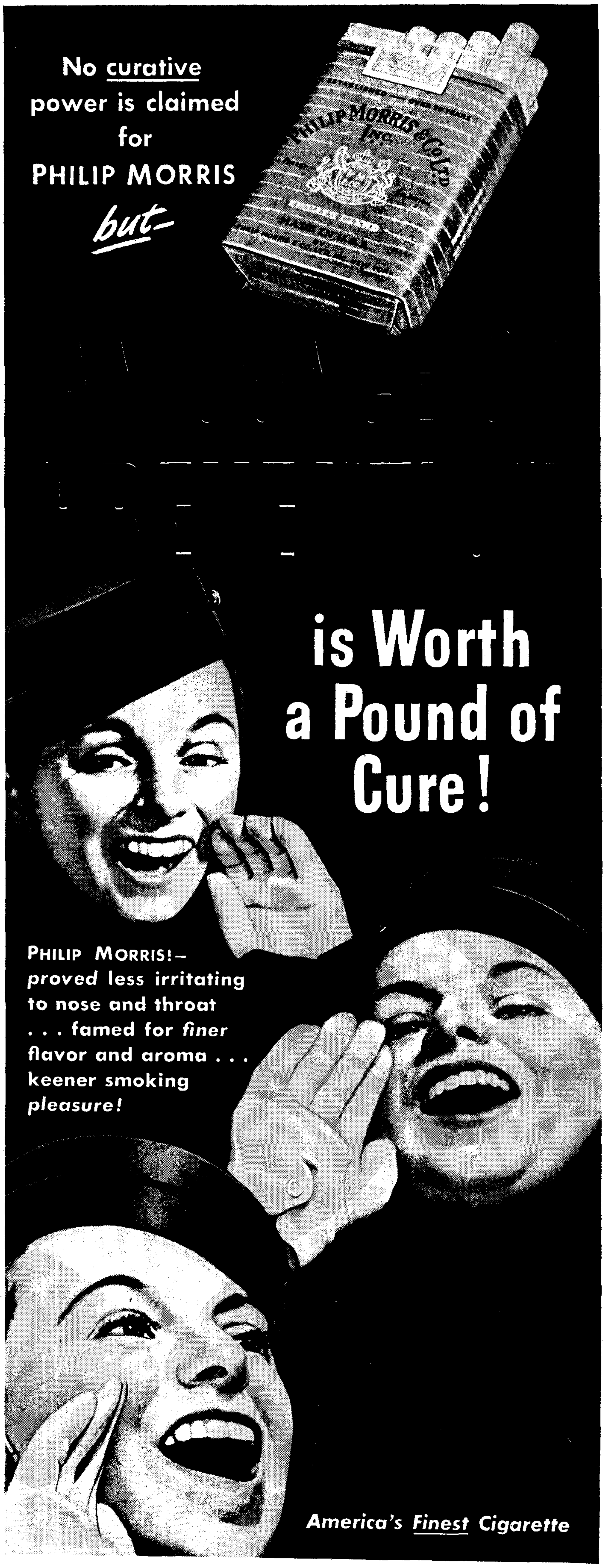
THREE young congressmen were discussing archaic processes of our government the other day, particularly the stone-age methods of the House Appropriations Committee which still insists on making appropriations before anyone has much of an idea what government income will be. One of the House veterans joined them, listened for a moment, then: "What's the matter with our appropriations?" he demanded. "Don't you squirts know that in the past four years our committee has appropriated more money than it has in all our previous history?"

STUFFED away somewhere in Washington are ten tons of documents, letters, diplomatic exchanges and the like, turned over to our State Department by the Russians. They were given to us with the hope that, after studying them, Washington would have a clearer understanding of Russian foreign policy, of Russia's reason for signing that nonaggression pact with Hitler and how and why Hitler decided to double-cross Russia. The State Department would like to have them translated and correlated speedily and estimated that twenty persons with a reliable knowledge of Russian and Russian politics were needed. Well, the documents are still in storage. The Bureau of the Budget refuses to appropriate the money to hire the necessary competent persons to do the job. You see, the job would cost ten or twelve thousand dollars. But then we're not very bright. Doubtless to understand the foreign policy of somebody who has one isn't worth twelve grand.

WE WERE talking about this to Mr. Edwin Laughing Fox who is a Sioux Indian and is in Washington doing what he can to help our government understand his people. Mr. Laughing Fox told us that his people have a prayer whch he recommends to all of us, official and unofficial: "Oh, Great Spirit, help me never to judge another until I have walked two weeks in his moccasins."

WE REGRET to report, however, that we find no enthusiasm in this office for the idea of taking over the Belgian Congo. A gentleman has just written us to say that it would be a very simple matter and that the Belgian Congo would not mind. Hating to see a chance like this go begging we called up a congressman we know and he said: "Sir, we your government are having more than we seem to be able to manage to take over the United States. The Belgian Congo will have to wait."

W. D.



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PHILIP MORRIS!— proved less irritating to nose and throat . . . famed for finer flavor and aroma . . . keener smoking pleasure!
America's Finest Cigarette
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# There's Money in the River

Continued from page 21

the pistol and finally got the victim to give him his bullets.

Lest someone decide towboating is strictly joy boating, we had better tell you right now about Yellow Bend, just south of Memphis. It is the worst spot on the lower Mississippi because the water is so swift that even the most powerful boats must tie up their tows below it, then take their barges, one at a time, through a nine-mile stretch requiring constant attention. The most cussed time-killer on the river, it's like touching a bruise on a pilot to talk about it.

But more than that can go wrong. One night, just as Captain Elmer Good was about to turn in, two of his tow of nine sulphur barges went aground on a bar above Memphis. The impact snapped the hawsers on two other 300-foot barges and they floated off in the darkness while the St. Louis tried vainly to pull off the grounded barges. Finally Captain Good cast off the grounded barges, tied the rest of the tow to shore, and began chasing the runaway barges.

Moving at a speed of six miles an hour and weighing 6,000 tons, they could smash in the Memphis waterfront unless caught. At full speed the St. Louis swept downstream. Just as she reached Memphis the barges were sighted. An upbound tow had picked them up with a searchlight.

A few minutes later the St. Louis had taken them in tow again. Returning to the point where the rest of the tow was tied up, Captain Good debated with his pilot whether he should pick up the barges still aground or leave them there and wait for daylight. With an old riverman's intuitive distrust, Captain Good held that the river was "just ornery" enough to set those barges free. Just as the towboat came up, the barges washed free and started downstream. Luckily, the St. Louis was there to pick them up immediately.

By the time the whole tow had been reassembled and started upstream again, daylight had come and Captain Good was "plumb wore out and fit to be tied."

### Rejuvenating Ol' Man River

To the older pilots, like Captain Good, who is a third-generation riverman, what is amazing about the river is neither the tonnage nor the efficient boats, but the fact that the river is "working" at all. They well remember the time when the river was dead. The packet boats had been disappearing slowly, victims of rate wars, low water and inefficiency.

When World War I revealed the weaknesses of our transportation system, Congress authorized President Wilson to set up the Inland Waterways Corporation to operate the Federal Barge Line as an experiment. It built a small fleet of steel towboats and barges and began pioneer service on the lower Mississippi.

Gradually the "bugs" in both the boats and the river were ironed out. Each improvement brought more and more private companies into river trade. Today the Federal Barge Line is the biggest carrier on the Mississippi, towing over a million tons yearly. It is probably the government's least-complained-about corporation.

There are now 5,000 barges and 1,000 towboats on the river system. Forty-six companies, aside from Federal, carry 96 million tons of cargo yearly. Naturally all this cash-fare flotsam and jetsam has benefited the river towns, especially the major terminal cities like Memphis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Chicago.

But the waterways' boom has also resulted in "new river towns," communities like Jeffersonville, Indiana, and Seneca, Illinois, which have become important boatbuilding centers under the impetus of the war. Another town benefiting enormously from the river is Helena, Arkansas, which has been thriving ever since it was made the northern terminal of a pipe line built to take the load off upstream tows in the swift lower Mississippi. Baton Rouge, an old town, has grown tremendously because of its access to the river, and ocean tankers bringing oil from South America made it a perfect refinery site. Today many major oil companies have docks there.

However, Memphis has gained more than any other town from the revival of river trade. In 1921 the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation of Pittsburgh began shipping finished steel pipe to Memphis for distribution south and west. This meant that J & L could fill orders faster than the other companies, and, gradually most of the big steel companies followed suit.

Eventually whole industries followed because Memphis is a key distributing point for Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma. With barge rates roughly 20 to 50 per cent cheaper than rail, most heavy industries have laid their postwar plans with an eye on water transportation. That is why it didn't take International Harvester, whose other eye was on mechanization of southern agriculture, long to decide to build a new $5,000,000 plant at Memphis now.

Every town and region along the river system has plans for getting into river transportation and they are wooing industry with it. At the same time they are whooping it up for canalization of the Arkansas, the Allegheny, the Missouri, the connecting of the Tennessee-Tombigbee rivers, the Red River and the Hennepin Canal. The latter would shorten the Minneapolis-Chicago route by over 500 miles.

But of all these plans, only two, already authorized by Congress, seem possible in the near future. One is an eight-mile by-pass canal which will take tows around the "chain of rocks" in the Mississippi bed just north of St. Louis.

The other, and more important, is the development of the Calumet-Sag Channel project at Chicago. This would facilitate the transfer of cargo from barges to lake steamers—and eliminate 33 movable bridges in Chicago's congested Loop district which have to be swung for every tow today.

These bridges, besides being time-wasters, have cost Chicago's taxpayers $40,000,000 for maintenance over the last twenty-five years. Once this is done and the St. Lawrence seaway is completed, Chicago will become a major sea-going port, having direct access to the Atlantic and a tremendous outlet to the Gulf. This is the aim of most water-transportation men and, if their plans work, it is certainly going to cause some juggling of the national economy. It will hit hardest the railroads now hauling middle-west agricultural and industrial products to eastern ports. It will also hit such eastern ports as New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

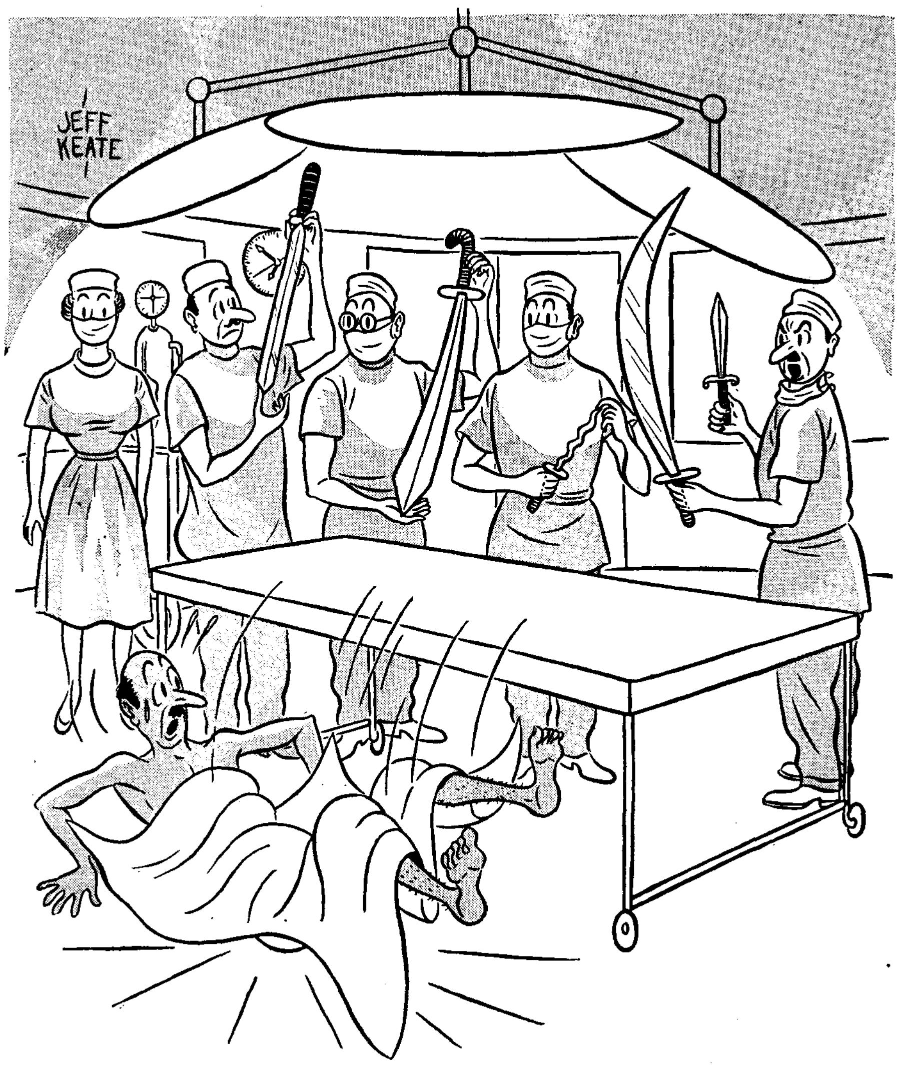
### Steady Challenge to Railroads

However, the wartime development of water transportation is going to make its effect felt on the railroads as soon as peacetime slackness of transportation sets in. The railroads, already faced with the loss of passengers and freight to the airplane, and ordinary short-haul travelers and freight to the bus and the truck will face new losses in heavy bulk freight.

Most new heavy industrial plants have been planned with water transportation as an integral part of their location. The reason for this is simply that, for heavy bulk freight, such as oil, sulphur, coal, steel and grain, where time is not an important element, water transportation cannot be beaten on costs. The railroads are in for more of a squeeze than ever before.

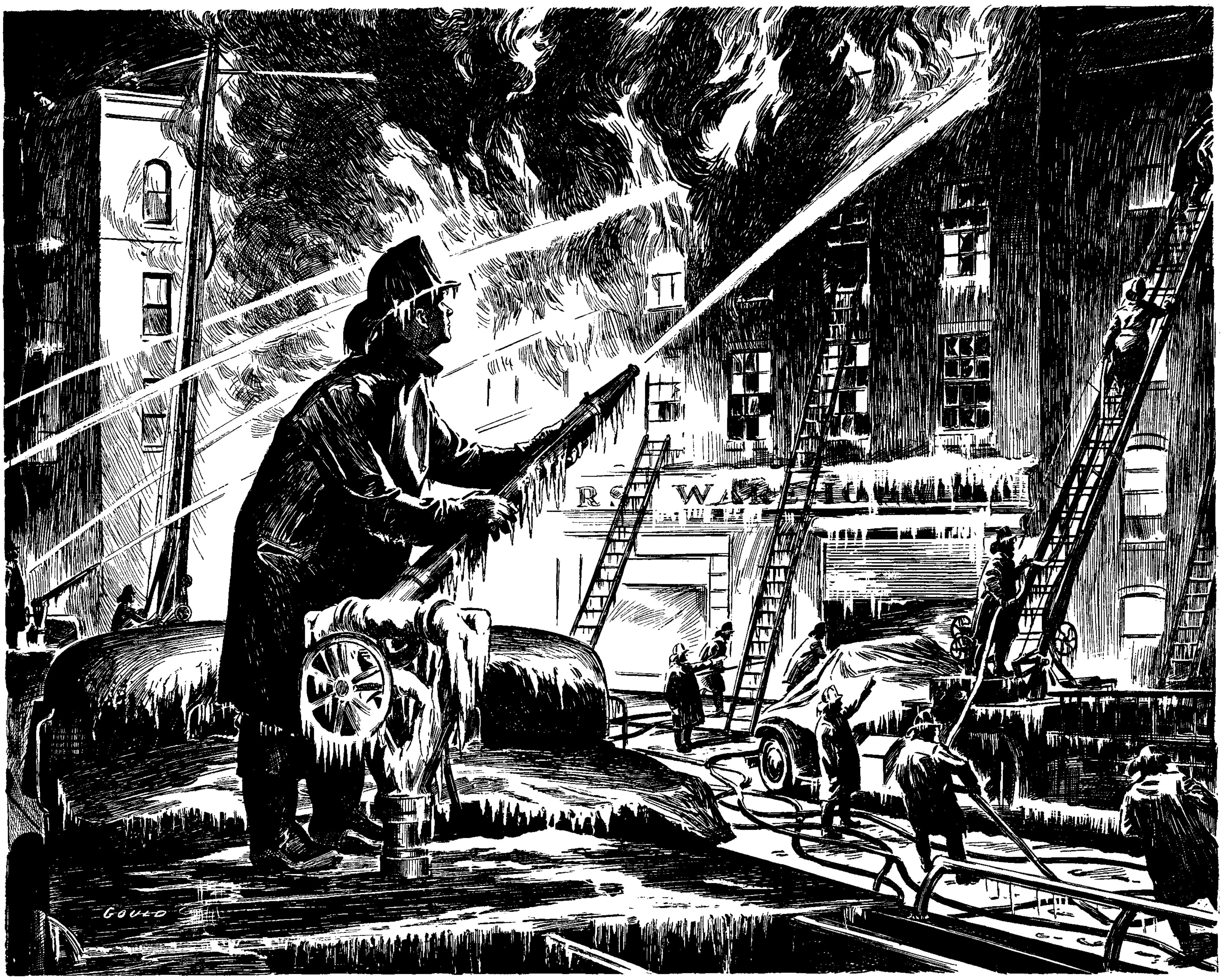
Coming down from St. Louis to Cairo on the U.S. Engineers towboat Del Commune with Captain Pete Antrainer, we asked how he felt about all these postwar possibilities. A man who has spent a lifetime fighting the capricious river, who remembers the years it took to build the cutoffs, push the river back with revetments, channel it with dikes and dredge its bars, he nodded and then, pointing at the leadsman on the barge ahead, said. "But all I want to hear is that fellow yell "No-o-o Bo-t-to-om."

THE END



"Come, come, Mr. Bledsoe—I was just showing them some souvenirs I brought back from the South Pacific!" JEFF KEATE

COLLIER'S



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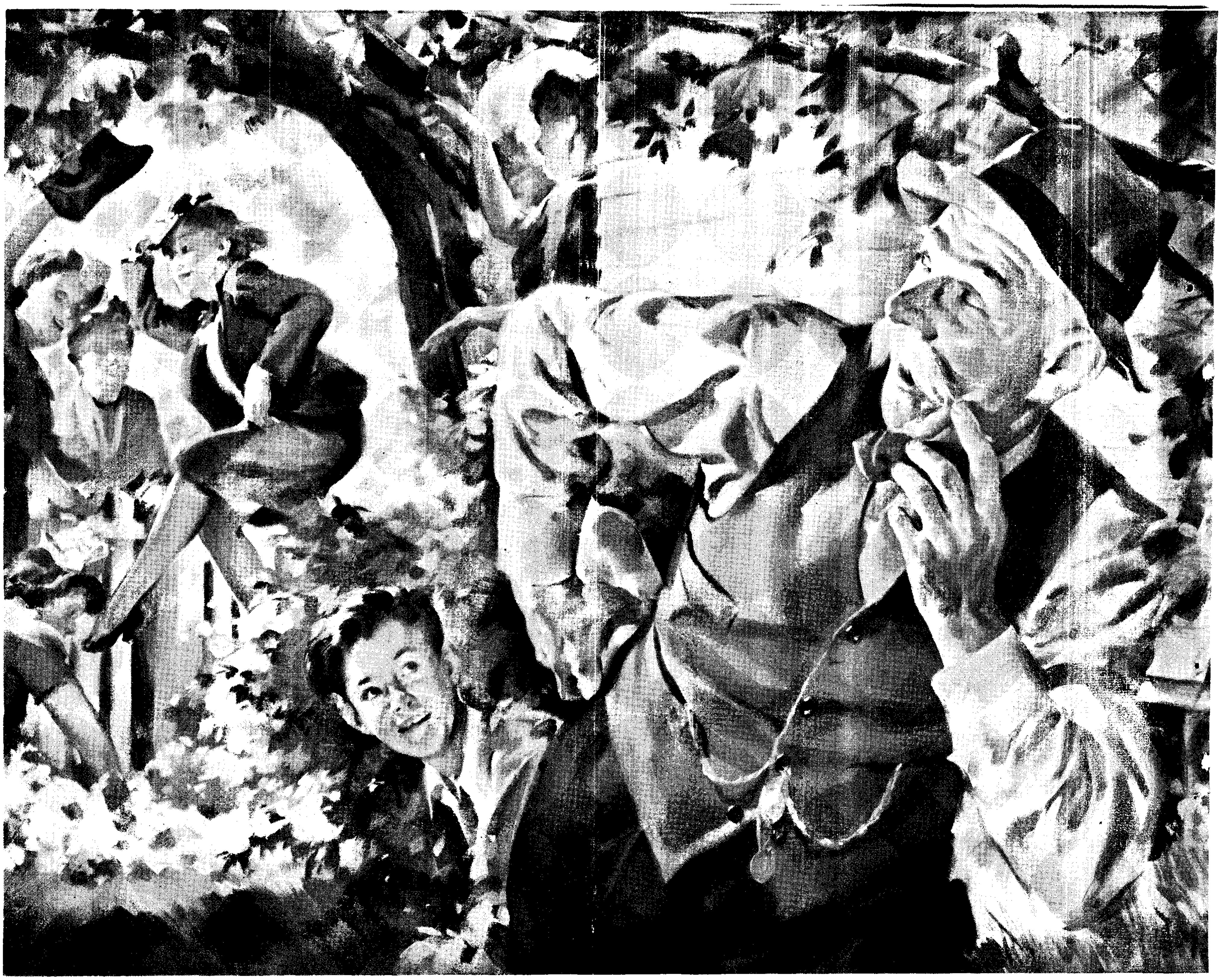
# *Make Way* FOR UNCLE FREEM!

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



When I seen the temperance ladies, I like to fainted. They was playing hopscotch out front and raising a rumpus. Then I seen Uncle Freem high-tailing it to the pasture

### BY DAVID GRUBB

**Mother said Uncle Freem was an old reprobate, but nobody else could make dreams live—dreams running over with happiness for everyone**

EVERYBODY in our family was ashamed of my old lady's Uncle Freem but me. I guess that's the reason my old lady always made Uncle Freem sleep out in the shack at the end of our lot.

My old lady claimed that Uncle Freem was an ornery old reprobate that was a disgrace to the family, particularly since my old man got promoted in the bank. Ma's a funny one. Any show of liveliness about a person and she calls it ornery. Ma couldn't see any use in an old man like Uncle Freem running under the street lamps at night with pretty young girls from Kelly Hill, or drinking whisky up over the Recreation Pool Room, or playing the mouth harp down by the wharf. Uncle Freem always claimed that my old lady's memory was short. He claimed that before she married my old man our family was one of the happiest, orneriest bunch of folks you'd want to know.

That was in the days when Uncle Freem was master of the side-wheeler that ran between Louisville and Pittsburgh on the Ohio. Three boats blowed up under my Uncle Freem and never hurt him none. The third time he got a brand-new pair of corduroy pants blowed clean off but he never got hurt. He said he had a boatload of Pennsylvania whisky on that trip, and when the boilers blowed, the fish were drunk for forty miles downstream and it rained bourbon in West Virginia for two weeks.

Uncle Freem claims they was a five-year guarantee on them corduroy pants that got blowed off, so he crawled up on a piece of drift and floated all the way down the Ohio to Louisville and marched up to the pants store in his red flannel drawers and made them give him a new pair. He claims he didn't live on nothing for them seven days but whisky, catfish and yellow river mud. I call that a man. I don't call a man like that common. But you just try to tell my old lady anything like that when Uncle Freem's out raising a rumpus in his shack.

"It's a disgrace," she used to holler. "It's going to cost your pa his business having that old reprobate carrying on like that!"

But Uncle Freem never let my old lady cramp his style none. There wasn't a night in the week he wasn't shooting pool with the boys up in the Recreation Pool Room, or having a good old time down on the river bank, or off courting a girl somewheres. Everybody liked Uncle Freem except my folks and the people like them in the town. Everybody loved Uncle Freem except the stuck-up ones. He was the choice of the people.

I guess it must have been his money, or my old lady wouldn't have put up with him like she done. I dislike to say such a thing about my folks, but there's no sense in lying about it. They knew Uncle Freem hadn't spent all that big river money on pretty women and bright lights. And being as my old man worked in the bank, he knew it for a fact that Uncle Freem had pretty close to seven thousand dollars salted away. I 'low if it hadn't been for that, Ma wouldn't even have let him sleep in the back-yard shack nor fed him his three meals in the kitchen. Not that staying out there bothered Uncle Freem none. Half the time he was off gallivanting around for weeks on end, and when he was home, I guess the shack was as good as anywhere.

Uncle Freem used to pleasure himself in making stuck-up people feel like a fool. I remember once the Ladies' Temperance Society had a social in our parlor. Ma had put three more boards in the dining-room table and set it with her best lace tablecloth and made cookies and got Aunt Sary's big crystal punch bowl down and made up three gallons of grape punch. There wasn't nothing in it but grape juice and orange juice and lemon juice.

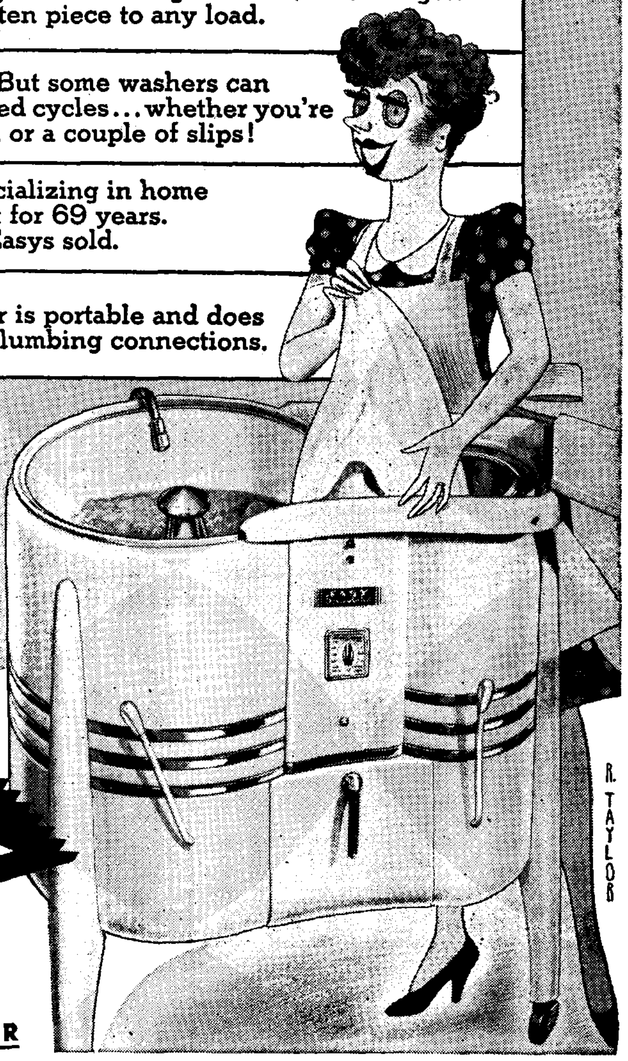
I seen Uncle Freem lurking around the back porch that morning looking awful sly about something, and I wondered what was up. He had on his old blue shirt and his ol

(Continued on page 54)

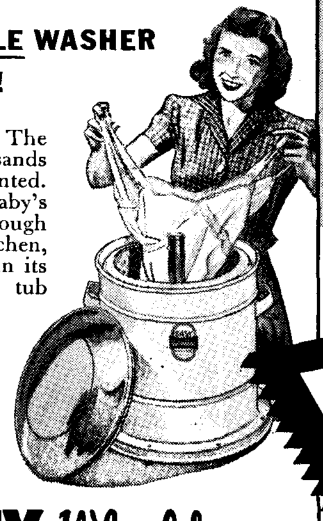
# *Why buy your new washer blindfolded?*

## USE THIS EASY QUIZ CHART FOR A POINT-BY-POINT COMPARISON

| QUESTION | WASHER TYPE "A" | WASHER TYPE "B" | EASY SPINDRIER | COMMENTS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Will it do a full week's wash in less than one hour? | | | *Yes* | The Easy Spindrier has two tubs. One washes a full load while the other spins a full load damp-dry. |
| 2 Will it break buttons or ruin zippers? | | | *No* | The Spindrier whirls out water instead of squeezing it from clothes. No broken buttons. No deep hard-to-iron creases! |
| 3 Can you control washing, rinsing, drying time for different fabrics and degrees of dirtiness? | | | *Yes* | Spindrier operation is completely flexible. You need run it only as long as necessary for safe washing of rayons, blankets, and other things that require quick, gentle handling. |
| 4 Does it speed up drying time by removing most of the water? | | | *Yes* | The Spindrier takes out up to 25% more water than wringing. Clothes dry faster indoors or out, and are lighter to hang up on the line. |
| 5 Will it safely wash drapes, slip covers, pillows, blankets? | | | *Yes* | Thanks to Easy's big-capacity tub . . . its rollover Spiralator action . . . its gentle spindrying . . . it safely washes the "extra" things you want a washer for. |
| 6 Is it economical on soap and hot water? | | | *Yes* | The Spindrier is a miser with soap and hot water. Hot sudsy water can be returned to washer tub for a second load. |
| 7 Can you stop the machine to put in things you've forgotten? | | | *Yes* | You can see what you're washing . . . how it's washing . . . and add any forgotten piece to any load. |
| 8 Does it take as long to wash a handful of clothes as a full load? | | | *No* | Not with an Easy. But some washers can operate only on fixed cycles . . . whether you're washing a full load or a couple of slips! |
| 9 Has it been thoroughly home and time-tested? | | | *Yes* | Easy has been specializing in home laundry equipment for 69 years. Over 2,000,000 Easys sold. |
| 10 Can it easily be moved from room to room? | | | *Yes* | The Easy Spindrier is portable and does not require fixed plumbing connections. |



**THE BIGGEST LITTLE WASHER IN THE WORLD!**



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**NEW PORTABLE EASY *Whirldry***

See the Spindrier in action at your Easy dealer's. There still aren't enough to go around . . . so place your order now! Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 1, N. Y.

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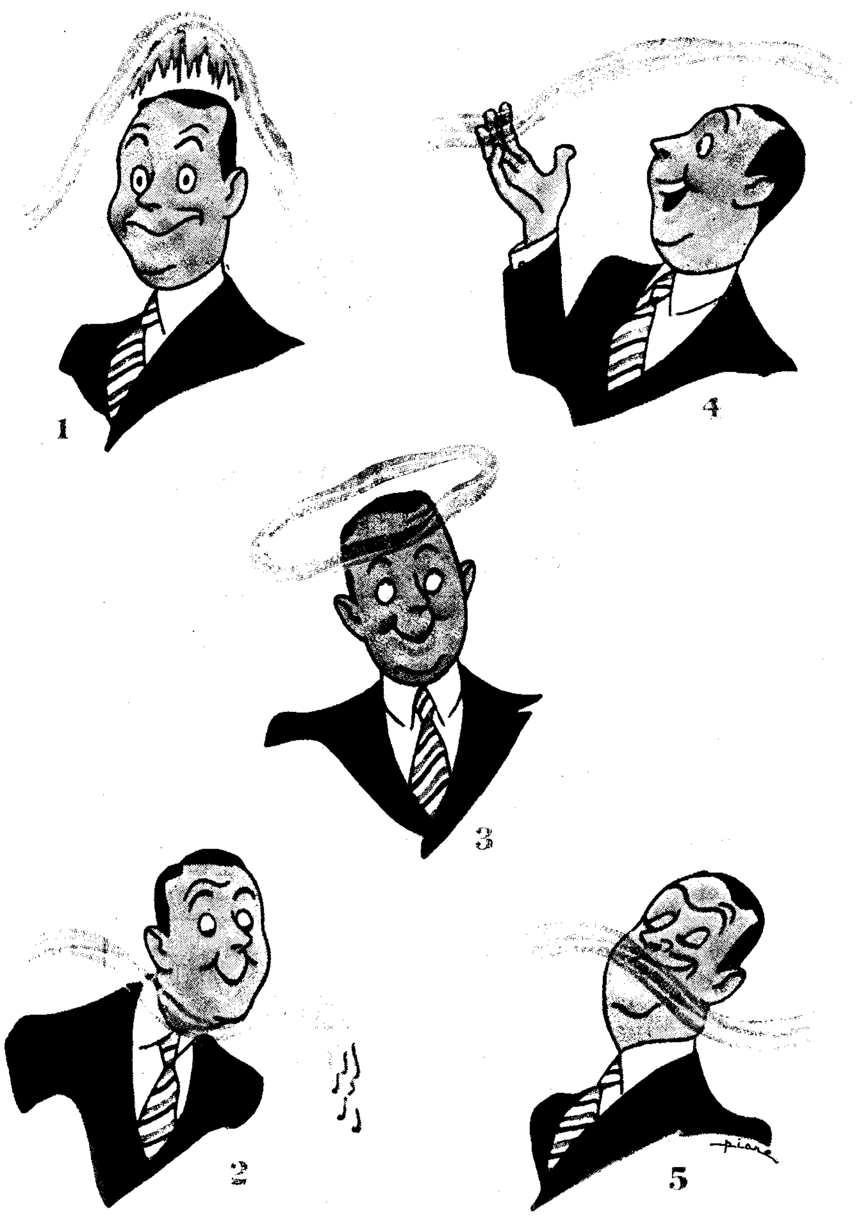

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And it's not Better Air Conditioning unless it does *all five*. Up-to-date G-E Air Conditioning equipment, installed according to G-E engineering standards, will not only bring more comfort to homes, theatres, stores, restaurants, offices, etc., but will also bring savings to business by protecting merchandise and by increasing efficiency of employees.

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5 ***Ventilation***... Introduces plenty of outdoor air... maintains clean, fresh atmosphere outdoors.

*In winter, Better Air Conditioning includes controlled heating and humidification.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

*Better Air Conditioning*

## Challenge to Romance

Continued from page 14

"Viki's well. Not strong, of course. Not really strong enough to travel. But well."

"She wrote to me about you," he said.

"I know."

"You had a stormy voyage?"

"Stormy," the girl said.

Guy Breslay was aware that she only half heard him, that she was studying him with a frank and cool regard; and it seemed to him, for an instant, that her shoulders tightened with a kind of suppressed antagonism. He was disturbed and puzzled. But the moment passed. Certainly he had been mistaken. . . .

The wharf had grown noisy, alive, bustling. Greetings were shouted. Guy Breslay touched the girl's arm. "We have much to talk about," he said. "Will you have a morning coffee to celebrate your arrival? It's the colonial custom, you know." She seemed to hesitate, but then agreed with an almost imperceptible flick of her head. They crossed the little park behind the jetty, where lime trees grew beneath the burnished palm fronds, and in the dim, tiled café, Guy Breslay called for coffee. When it came he proposed one toast to Louisiana and another to the Provincial Touring Company. "And to your first day in the colony," he said. He was suddenly very gay. But Geraldine Cartier did not respond. She seemed wholly occupied with absorbing the details of the room.

GUY BRESLAY was conscious of her preoccupation. She met his eyes and read his face. She said, low, "I'd better tell you now, at the start, that I know what Viki wrote to you—"

He heard the tightness of her voice and was astonished. He nodded quickly, putting into words what he felt there was to say. "She wrote that you were coming out with the company. That they were giving you a trial this season. And that you sang very remarkably well indeed."

She stared at him coldly. He attempted a smile. "And she told me your age—eighteen —if that's meant to be a secret."

"That isn't all," the girl said.

A frown brushed Guy Breslay's forehead.

"That isn't all," the girl repeated, and her voice was brittle now and the curve of her mouth intensified. Guy Breslay was silent for some time. True, as she said, that wasn't all; uneasiness, a rush of embarrassment, touched him. He bitterly hated having been put in this position. He waited. And in his mind raced more of the words Viki had written two months ago: *Because we're old friends, I feel I can speak to you frankly. Geraldine is my well-beloved granddaughter, but I do not close my eyes to her faults. She's headstrong, Guy, and self-willed. I'm afraid there is a wildness in her, springing from youth and beauty and overwhelming ambition. Perhaps I should warn you. . . .*

He flushed. "There isn't anything for you to be angry about. At least, there's no reason for you to be offended with *me.*"

But her antagonism was obvious now. She leaned forward, her small hands clenched on the table. "I read Viki's letter to you," she said. "On her desk in her house in Paris. That was wrong, no doubt. But I saw it, and I read a line of it, and then I read all of it—"

"You must remember," Guy Breslay said quickly, "that I'm not exactly a stranger. Viki and I are old friends. She looks on me, I suppose, almost as a member of her family. I've known her for all of fifteen years; since the year I was ten. She and my aunt—"

The girl lifted her hand in a gesture that halted his words. "I know, M. Breslay. Viki has often told me of you, of your Aunt Tina, of your plantation lands beyond the city. She has a world of affection for you." She said each word separately. She lowered her voice. "But it is unforgivable that she should have written what she did write to you."

"As you like," Guy Breslay said. "But, in truth, what has that to do with me? It wasn't my letter."

The girl's mouth was a firm, angry line. "You're acting," she said. "You don't need to. I'm none of your responsibility. Please believe me—I don't want your sacrifices." She stood up suddenly. "Will you take me back to the wharf? I must arrange for my luggage. And thank you, M. Breslay, for being so fond of Viki—"

She did not wait for him. She walked out of the café and he, shrugging, followed. . . .

The Théâtre Royal stood in the Place d'Armes: a low, oblong building with a rather hideous pseudo-Ionic façade, glintingly white in the intolerant Louisiana sun. Guy Breslay went there at three in the afternoon. The foyer was full of clashing voices. He made his way through, seeking Geraldine Cartier.

She had not said she would see him again. She had not, as they parted on the wharf in the morning, said anything other than "Thank you, M. Breslay" in an even voice, expressionless. So he had left her there and turned back into the town. At noon he went for luncheon to the restaurant of Madame Latouche in the Rue St. Louis, and had been ten minutes at table, alone, when a hand fell on his arm and Jean Hugo was beside him.

"Sit down."

Jean Hugo sat. There were lines of worry on his broad face as he said, "What do you think of the river?"

"It's bad," Guy said. "But it won't touch the city."

"No. I agree. I don't think it will touch the city. But it may be bad for you and me."

Jean Hugo's lands lay north and a little west of the plantation of Guy Breslay. Jean Hugo planted tobacco and cotton, and his fields were closer to the river, lower than Guy Breslay's. "The water's still coming up," he said in an exhausted tone.

"I know." Guy Breslay broke a piece of bread in his hands and dropped the halves on his plate. "Yet it went almost as high last year —you recall?—and fell overnight. You've heard it said that the rains were finished weeks ago in the north?"

"Who knows anything about what happens in the north?" Jean Hugo said. "Someday less of the tax money will go to France and there will be dikes all along the river."

Guy Breslay grunted. He said, "Will you eat? Will you join me?"

The other shook his head and rose. "I'm riding out now. My Negroes are throwing up a new bank against the water. I want to be there."

HE WENT away; and Guy Breslay finished luncheon and called for a bulletin and read the notices of ships and loadings and administrative decrees. But his mind was not on his reading. After a while he left the restaurant and went into the plaza and sat on a bench. A cool breath came up from the grass of the park. The sun laid a glazed white light upon the gravel walks and the city moved very quietly in afternoon hush. Guy Breslay forgot the sun and the city. He thought of Geraldine Cartier, in a mood of uneasiness.

It was, he said inwardly, possible to understand her anger at the letter of old Viki. She was a girl, with a girl's pride; and sensitive. And spirited. She laid too much stress on the matter, of course. She magnified the words of old Viki out of all reason. It was, at the same time, willful and unreasonable of her to transfer blame for the letter to *his* head. *He* had not written the letter. Is one to be held responsible for another's letter? Really, it rather seemed that Viki's phrases—*headstrong, self-willed*—carried a large measure of truth.

He felt a thrust of something more than annoyance. The girl's plain dislike for him was unfair. And yet—she was lovely. He saw her face and her hair like black glass and her eyes deep with shadow. Then, in that instant, he knew with certainty that he must see Geraldine Cartier again and talk with her.

He went by narrow streets to the Place d'Armes and into the Théâtre Royal. He found Geraldine Cartier there, in a wing of the foyer, talking wih Roget, the musical director. He stood by until Roget moved along.

"I'd like you to have dinner with me tonight," he said. "At my house. Seven miles in the country on the northern road. My Aunt Tina, because she has for years been among Viki's dearest friends, wants very much to meet you—"

For a moment the girl did not answer. Guy held his eyes on her. Awareness of her bright presence was like a fire within him. He said recklessly, "You'll have to come! It isn't reasonable—"

She looked up at him slowly. "Viki gave me a message of greeting for your aunt."

"Good. Then you must deliver it. You'll be at the Hotel de la Reine? I'll send a carriage at seven.". . .

Guy Breslay realized he was in love with her that night—and told her so.

The thought of her filled his mind as he rode homeward out of the city under the tempered afternoon sun. But then, in the afternoon, he did not consider love, the word did not occur to him. He only knew that something that had not happened to him before had happened now. He was excited, exalted even; yet he could not phrase the reason.

And he was not happy. And it was also in his mind that Viki had written: *I do not close my eyes to her faults. . . . Perhaps I should warn you. . . .* Warn him of what? What had Viki foreseen?

She came at eight o'clock in the high-wheeled carriage. The night was luminous with a suggestion of moonlight behind cloud; the air, softly warm, carried the scent of the river. Aunt Tina took the girl's hand and spoke to her of Madame Viki and of Paris. They sat on the wide arcaded gallery and drank Madeira. Later they dined.

In the clear candlelight Guy Breslay watched the girl. Her low white dress emphasized the delicacy of her shoulders, the sweet oval of her face. She spoke little. Aunt Tina babbled amusingly—of long past seasons of the opera in New Orleans, of Bienville and the founders, of the colony in earlier times.

They went again to the gallery after dinner; a servant brought black West Indian coffee. They did not talk much then. They listened to the hushed night sounds and felt the ponderable closeness of the river. Guy Breslay, tilted back in his chair, was, for a while, alone with his thoughts. He was vividly conscious of the unfamiliar tumult within himself, and he fought with it and emerged in time with one clear, vaguely alarming truth. This discovery—he had fallen in love with Geraldine Cartier. With unaccustomed violence of thought, he damned the letter from Paris. The girl sat coldly—nursing, he supposed, her absurd hostility. Yes; he could see it. *Self-willed,* Viki had written. His mind grasped angrily upon the word.

THE moonlight came through cloud and laid a white path across the gallery. Guy Breslay rose. "Aunt Tina," he said. "Shall we walk in the garden—"

"Go with Mademoiselle Geraldine," she said. "Show her your grove of oranges. I'm an old woman, and weary."

They went down the path to the garden, where orange trees clustered about a rude stone pool. He gave the girl his arm, and she took it hesitantly, silently. They watched the moon in the pool—a silver coin—and then sat on the low wooden bench. The girl breathed deeply of the perfume of the trees.

"It's lovely here," she murmured.

Guy Breslay clasped his hands until the nails hurt his flesh. He did not dare lift his eyes to look at her. He only sat: but there was something disturbingly emotional even in his tense posture. The girl sensed it, of course. He felt that she was watching him.

He turned toward her. "Please listen to me. I'm a colonial; I never learned the polished phrases. I have no choice but to be direct. I have fallen in love with you—"

She made as if to speak.

"It happened this morning," he went on quickly. "It happened to me this morning. On the wharf or in the café, I don't know. But the realization tonight was like a flash of light. I put faith in a thing like that—I believe it happens only once."

He paused, and stared for a space at the radiant water of the pool. Her breath came rapidly. "Why should I believe you?"

"Believe me? But of course you must believe me—"

She clenched her small fist. "Why must I?" she cried.

He was astonished by the bitterness of her voice, and he read into it all her resentment of him and of the letter. He struggled for a phrase that would be so indisputably revealing that she would be forced to believe.

But he did not find the phrase.

Then Geraldine Cartier said stiffly, "It's late. I must return to the city."

"If that's the way you want it to be," he said, and the words were flat and heavy.

THEY stood together on the gallery—Aunt Tina and Guy Breslay—after she had gone in the carriage down the drive toward the road to the city; and Aunt Tina said, "She's sweet. She's refreshing."

"Yes," Guy Breslay said sharply. "Yes. And she is also capricious."

"So?" Aunt Tina said, on a rising note. "Well, no doubt. Any girl worth a fig is capricious, if I may make an observation out of experience."

"You may," Guy said. He murmured good night and left his aunt and started across the gallery toward the high door. Then he heard the pounding footfalls of a running horse far down the drive. He swung about.

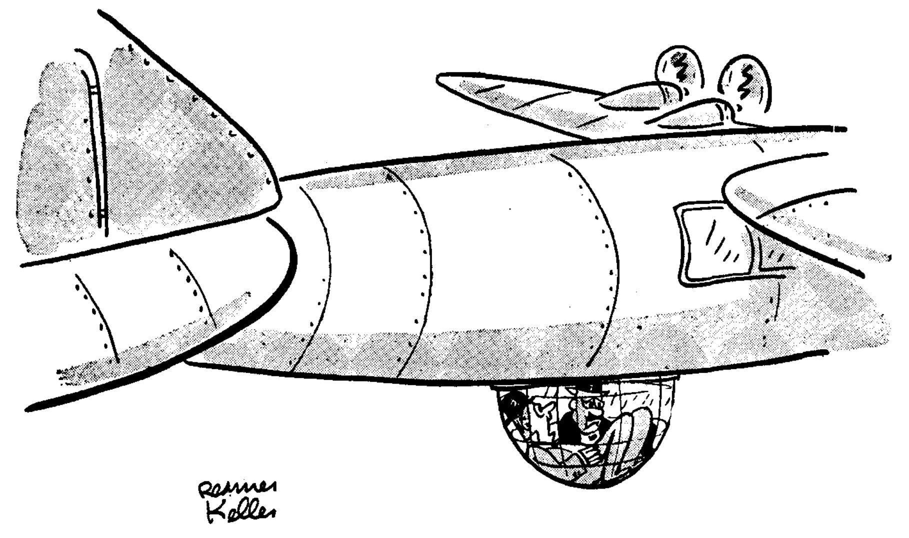
He was on the lower step when the rider galloped up. Guy Breslay recognized him—a Negro youth, one of Jean Hugo's boys. "What is it?" Guy shouted. The boy's words, when they came, were pierced by fright.

"River's smashing M'sieu Jean's dikes. He wants you to come, with men—"

The boy's face looked shrunken. "Call up my men," Guy Breslay directed. "You know their quarters. But tell me—what about the road?"

Out of the half-darkness at the foot of the steps the boy cried, "There's water on the road. Not deep now but it will be deep—"

To saddle his horse took intolerable minutes, and when Guy Breslay was beyond the drive and down the sloping lane that led to the road he smelled the river strongly, and when he came to the road there was water swirling on it. The horse winced and reared but Guy Breslay's hand was iron. They went south along the road between the walls of high dark trees, and the water curled about them, strangely without sound, black and treacherous. Then—there was no way to know what time had passed—the horse



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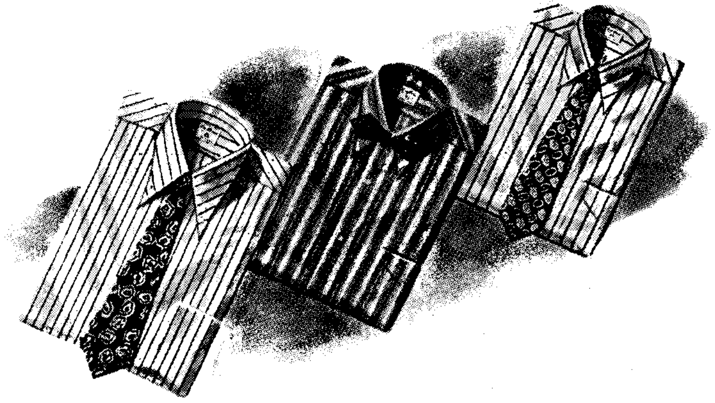

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slipped and went down hard. Guy Breslay came to his feet trembling with rage and jerked savagely at the reins.

The water mounted to Guy Breslay's knees. Into his mind burned a picture of the fragile carriage; aloud he cursed himself that he had not ridden with her—but he had made the offer and she had rejected it. He cursed, too, the coachman who had not turned back when first the water had reached him. But perhaps the coachman had turned back?

Guy Breslay found the stirrup and swung himself upon the horse. The creature lunged madly, stumbling, but they kept to the road, and after a while—he did not, then or ever, know how long—Guy Breslay saw the carriage, and it was motionless in the road, the horses gone from the traces.

The river slapped above the footboards. The coachman was in the road, tugging at the door, with the water at his hips and the pressure of it difficult to stand against.

Guy Breslay shouldered against him. Together they wrenched open the door. "Take care of yourself," Guy Breslay cried.

The coachman shouted, "What will you do? The ridge—"

Guy Breslay had thought of the ridge. It ran to the east of the road, high enough to escape all but the most extreme flood. High enough, certainly, to escape the water of the moment. But between the road and the ridge lay a depression, low ground, wider than three hundred meters. There the water would be deeper, swifter. Perhaps impossible to cross.

Yet the alternative was to turn back and breast the coming water. No, Guy Breslay said in his mind; no! To turn back now would be madness. If Jean Hugo's dikes should be swept away, releasing the full flood—

Then he was in the swaying carriage.

"You're not hurt?" he said in darkness.

The girl's voice was remote, faint. "No."

"Come," he said. He caught Geraldine Cartier's shoulders with his hands, strongly. He dropped into the water. She clung to him and he lifted her. There was enough moonlight for him to see the dark bulk of the ridge to the east. They went forward.

He was pushing, then, across the current, the flow. He realized the pitiful insecurity of his footing; and he said: I must not fall. I must not fall. Terror leaped up in him, but not for himself. He was, perhaps for the first time in his life, altogether unconscious of himself. His terror was for the girl—if she were torn away from him, pulled under by the suction—if a log, a tree, should race down upon them. The images rushed into his mind. He pressed her to him with his full strength.

And then by conscious effort he emptied his mind of fear and concentrated on his balance, and the burden in his arms. She did not speak to him. She did not cry out when, buffeted by a sudden increased chaotic force too immense to hold against, he went down.

But his hand closed in the water on the girl's hand and his grip was a vise.

AUNT TINA held the brandy decanter and when the servant brought the little glasses she filled them and gave one to Geraldine and one to Guy. "You're warmer now?" she asked. Her old face was wrinkled with a poignant anxiety. "Is there anything—"

"We're all right," Guy Breslay said. "Don't distress yourself. It's all over."

He turned his head and looked at the girl. She was deep in a chair, in dry clothing, with a thick blue blanket tight about her shoulders. Her face was pale and there was a tremulous unquiet in the line of her mouth, unquiet in her eyes. She said, "You might so easily have been drowned."

"I?" he said. "Say *we*. Yes; it was bad. But you behaved splendidly."

"Did I?"

Their voices died away, as if there was nothing more to be said, as if they had said everything there was to say on an unprofitable subject. They were not aware that Aunt Tina had left the room until minutes after she had silently withdrawn. Then Guy Breslay said, calmly, "The house is safe. The water will come no higher. There was a message to Aunt Tina—the Negroes are holding the dikes at Jean Hugo's place."

"You won't have to go there?"

"I'm not needed."

"I'm glad." Her voice sank to a whisper.

Guy Breslay leaned in his chair and touched her hand. "You've changed," he said. "Your voice is different—all your manner is different." He felt the frailness of his words, but went on quickly, "This difference—the hostility has gone out of you, as if the river had swept the anger and hostility out of you."

Her eyes met his; she was mutely asking him—what? He could not read her eyes. He said urgently, "Tell me—why did you, without knowing me at all, dislike me? Was it because you felt I'd intruded—somehow—by having read the words Viki had written me?"

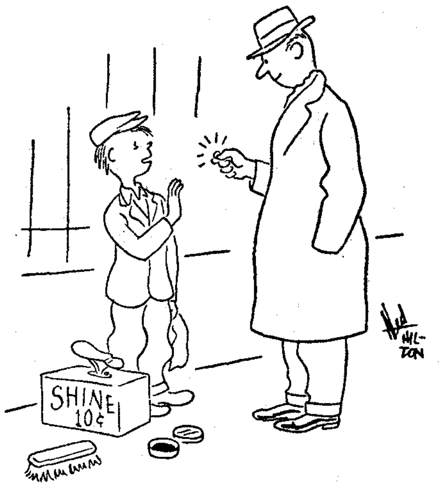
"It isn't easy," Geraldine Cartier said softly. "I thought—" She hesitated, trying for expression. "I know how very dear Viki is to you. And I thought that because she had pleaded with you to marry me—"

GUY BRESLAY was beside her chair, standing, looking down, not touching her. "What are you saying? Marry you! Viki wrote nothing about marrying you!"

"I saw the letter."

"But there was nothing—"

"I saw the letter! On her desk in her house in Paris—I've told you that. I haven't forgotten what she wrote. I know her words: *Let me be honest with you, Guy. I've made a plan in my heart for Geraldine. Paris is insecure in these times, the flame of revolution is growing. I have fears for the girl's future here. I want you to like her. I shall confess the truth: I hope you'll want to marry her—*"



"Give it to the March of Dimes!"

"No," Guy Breslay said. He was passionately in earnest. "You say you saw this letter—very well, you saw it. But I haven't seen it! The letter I had was very different. Viki actually *warned* me against you—"

"How?"

He shrugged. "She said you were headstrong."

"What else?"

"She said, 'There's a wildness in her, springing from youth and beauty and overwhelming ambition.' "

"So. . . ." Very slowly Geraldine Cartier turned her head away and nodded. "That's so much more subtle, isn't it?"

"I don't understand."

For the first time the girl smiled warmly. "Because you know nothing about the dark, devious hearts of women, Guy Breslay! Viki substituted another letter, discarding the first letter, thinking to herself—surely—that for a plain and honest man like Guy Breslay there is no challenge like a warning—"

"Come! I don't believe it."

"Because it's theatrical? Viki's world has always been the theater. But it doesn't matter—now—what we believe about the letter." She broke off. "Does it?" she said. The words seemed to hang in the quiet air.

Then, looking at her steadily, Guy Breslay knew. The uncertainty faded. The sense of loss and unfamiliar things drained away from him. "Stand up," he said abruptly. His voice was firm. "And the blanket—I can't kiss you if you keep that blanket clutched about you."

She shrugged the blanket from her shoulders and stood up to him.

THE END

But she was to marry Mickey, she told herself bleakly. And even if she had tried to take back the words she had spoken—those hasty words, too final—she could not, for Josh, sealing that finality, said abruptly, "All right. That's that. We'll get onto another subject . . . and God knows," said Josh wryly, "there are several other subjects at hand. You've heard about Urdiola? What do you think of it? Seems reasonable, doesn't it, that he did it?"

She nodded and Josh smoked and looked with narrow eyes out into the fog and said suddenly, "Too damned reasonable. A quarrel between the three Portuguese over a diamond, two murders because of it—oh, yes, it's reasonable. I was there when Luther identified the diamond; he did so right away, took one look at it and got very red and told the captain he'd got it from his wife to give to Castiogne for arranging their passage. Did you bribe Castiogne for a passage?"

"No. That is—if André had done so he'd have told me. He arranged everything."

"You supplied the money?"

"Yes, but no more than enough for our passage and a—a loan to André. Naturally he hadn't a cent. He was lucky to be alive."

"You called it a loan, I suppose, to save his feelings."

"Why not?" Again for an instant, anger caught at her but it subsided almost at once.

"But isn't fifty thousand quite a bit to sue for? After all, I don't want to hurt his feelings"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

She said wearily, "It wasn't much; only a little over our passage money—which wasn't much either. Oh, that isn't important."

"Are you sure," said Josh, "that you aren't rich?"

"I'm sure. My father died while I was in France. After the war was over, his lawyer got in touch with me and sent me some cash. He told me that I'd have enough money if I left the investments he had made as they are; but I'm not rich."

"Not like the Cateses?"

"Heavens, no!"

HE SAID reflectively, "Luther said they had nothing with them now but Daisy Belle's jewelry; they've been selling it, he said, piece by piece. He said he'd wondered why the diamond was not found on Castiogne but supposed he had sold it and banked the money in Lisbon or something of the kind; naturally he wasn't anxious to tell it—so he didn't volunteer the information. But then when he saw the diamond there on the table in the captain's cabin he didn't hesitate. I'll say that for him. And the fact of its turning up in Urdiola's possession right after Para's murder does sound bad. I've been thinking—suppose Para murdered Castiogne in the lifeboat—would that have been possible?"

She thought back again, as she had so irresistibly, so many times, to the black, nightmare hours on the Lerida lifeboat. "Yes. Yes, I remember that he bent over Castiogne; I thought he was trying to revive him."

Josh was looking at her quietly and thoughtfully. "Para then could have killed him and removed the diamond—if he knew that Castiogne had it. Or he could merely have removed the diamond after somebody else murdered him. Is that right?"

She shivered and pulled her coat more closely about her throat. "Anything could have happened that night, in that boat—anything."

"I believe you," said Josh. "And I think that was when either Para or Urdiola took the diamond. Urdiola's story could be perfectly true or it could be the unimaginative lie of a very stupid man." He paused and smoked and said suddenly, "Marcia, was it Urdiola that night? Who tried to murder you, I mean?"

"I don't know. It was dark and so sudden and dreadful—I don't know."

"I've got to ask you this, Marcia. Please answer me quite honestly. Have there been any other attempts? Besides, possibly, the man in the red bathrobe yesterday?"

SHE hesitated, not wanting to acknowledge it and thus somehow mark its authenticity. But she told him, "Someone tried the handle of the cabin door—the same night; perhaps fifteen minutes before I went to André's cabin and met you on the way, and he and Gili were there. That was all that happened," she added quickly. "I opened the door to the corridor as soon as I could make myself do it. Nobody was there. It probably was nothing."

He thought for a moment, turning again so she could see only his straight, uncommunicative profile. "Yes," he said finally, "probably it was nothing. And probably whoever was on the stairway yesterday merely wanted to be seen in that disguise. They've questioned the real patient, Jacob Heinzer, as exhaustively as they can, and he seems to be definitely out of it." He paused for an instant and continued in a rather odd and tight voice: "Does your—André believe that it was Urdiola who attacked him?"

"He said he didn't know why Urdiola would attack him or me unless because he thought we knew something of Castiogne's murder."

"What do you think about it?"

"It's the only motive he could possibly have had; but I don't know what he thought I had seen. And in any case, we are safe now, all of us."

"Yes," said Josh. "Well—I shouldn't count too much on that."

"But Urdiola is locked up!"

"In spite of that. In spite of everything. I think," said Josh Morgan his voice suddenly rough, "that you have been in danger ever since an American ship came into view from the lifeboat."

*"Josh—"* But the foghorn began again, suddenly and harshly checking her question. She waited and Josh still would not look at her; still stood with his arm against the railing, looking into the fog, looking into nothing as if he were seeing there something clear and definite, something frightening, something that had power. And something she could not see.

The foghorn stopped, and he turned to her. "Now then—we'd better go inside. You're getting cold." He put up his hand and touched her hair—very gently, very lightly, with a deeply thoughtful look in his dark eyes. "Your hair's all misted," he said.

"You must explain. There's something you know or—or guess—"

"Marcia," he said abruptly, "is there anything *you* guess or know that you've not told me?"

His tone was so direct and so grave that she answered almost without knowing she was replying: "There's nothing I know. But I—" She hesitated, trying to put a very nebulous impression into words.

"What, Marcia? Tell me."

"Twice—I'm not sure I can make you understand, but twice I've had an odd sort of feeling that something was—was wrong somehow. I mean, not what I'd have expected it to be. So it didn't fit."

"Such as what?"

"Well, one time it was with Gili. When she was talking to the captain; somehow I'd have expected her to tell the captain the same story about the Cateses being Nazis that she told us."

"And didn't she?"

"No—no. She looked very quiet and—and secretive somehow. And didn't mention it."

He thought for a long moment, watching her and finally said, "It's just as well. I didn't believe it. It sounded too—I don't know; too much as if she enjoyed the interest she was creating by the story. Too much Gili," he said dryly. "But what else was it, Marcia?"

"It happened just after you had talked to me on deck and then gone inside. I remember that. I was lying back in the chair, thinking—about the whole thing really; about nothing in particular except perhaps Gili and—the things she had said to me about André. But I can't think of any special thing; it was only that all at once I felt as if I—well, as if I'd missed some turning in a road that I ought to have recognized. As if—" she used the simile that had entered her own thoughts, "as if I knew a picture, but that something in the picture was suddenly crooked and wrong. Oh, I know that makes no sense," she broke off, annoyed at her own clumsiness and ineptness.

But Josh's face was very thoughtful. He repeated, "Something wrong in the picture. Something—" He stopped.

FOR a long time, minutes it seemed to her, he just stood there motionless, as if he'd forgotten her existence. And then quite suddenly he moved and looked at her with bright, intent eyes that still did not seem to see her, and took her arm. "I think I see what you mean," he said and whirled her around and toward the ship. "You'll have to go inside. You're cold. Your hair's all wet. Now—" They reached the lobby and everywhere was warmth and cheer and people, and he said, quite cheerfully himself, "Now mind what I told you, Marcia. I'll see you later—"

He vanished abruptly toward the stairway; so abruptly that she stared after him, puzzled. Then she turned again toward the cabin, slowly, thinking over the long conversation she'd had with him. The long—and somehow very final—conversation. For he had accepted her decision about Mickey completely; there was no doubt of that. It was in his manner, in his impersonally friendly tone, in everything about him.

So that was in the past.

She reached the little cabin, which was empty with the bunks neatly made up. She went to the port and gazed out for a long time into the fleecy gray; it was as if the ship made no progress, as if life itself had stopped.

Only it hadn't, she thought after a long time; it would go on and on and on. But forever without Josh. Forever without another moment of the real kind of life she had touched for an instant, there on the deserted deck in Josh's embrace. And had failed to grasp. The rest of it would be forever unreal—a sequence of shadows.

She did not know exactly when she realized that someone had entered the shadowy cabin behind her. Quite gradually, however, the fact telegraphed itself to her senses. Someone was in the cabin; someone stood between her and the door; someone who had entered very softly, very stealthily, without her knowledge.

*(To be concluded next week)*

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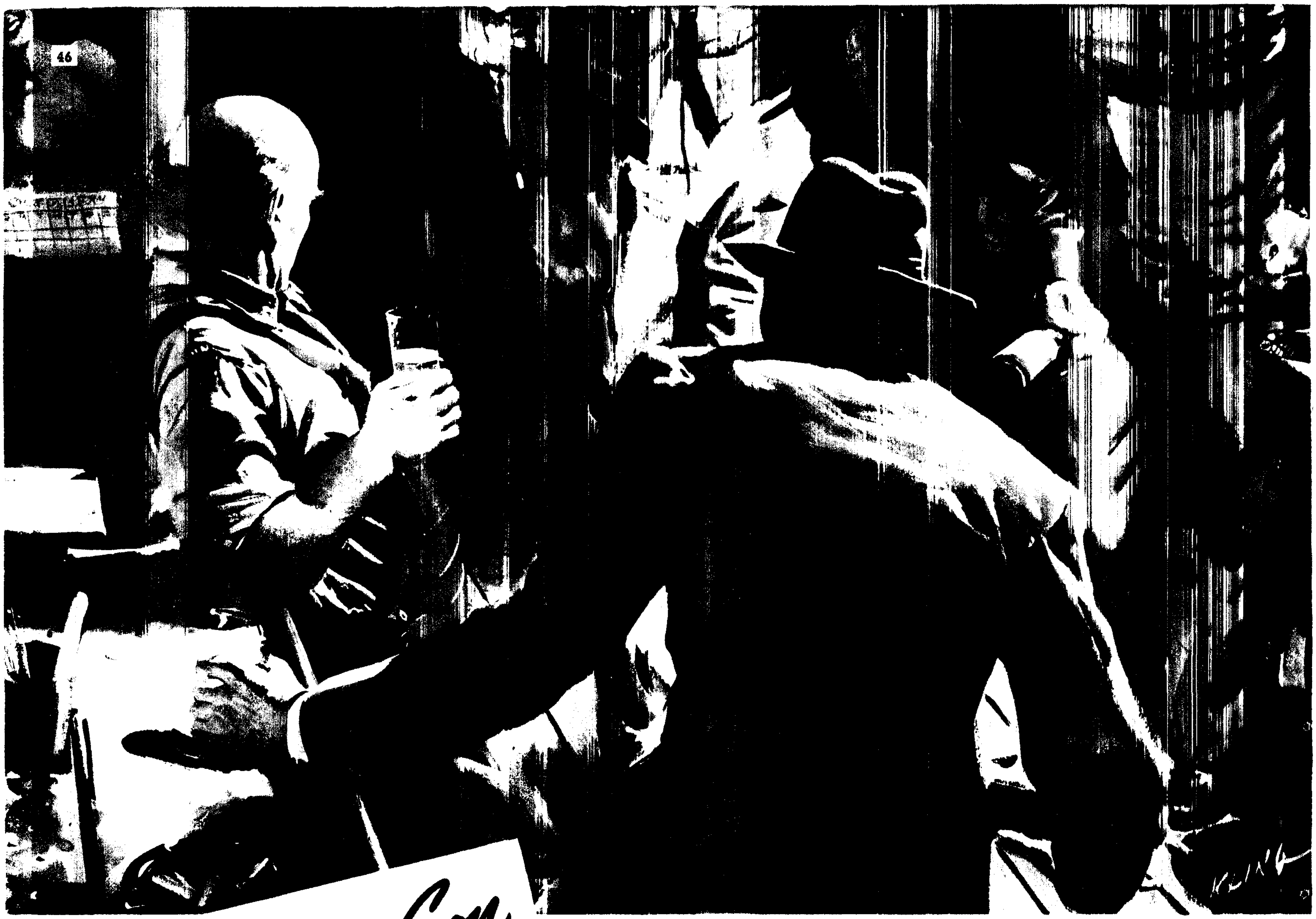

The boy saw the group move down the room toward the bar. They moved purposefully. He forced himself to empty his glass and set it down carefully on the bar top

# You First, Son

## BY RICHARD STERN

**It's a wise man who knows himself—and Big John was remembering his youth when he sent his son out to face a crucial test of his self-respect**

IT WAS night. Outside the small house the air was cold, crisp in the autumn moonlight, and the fields of the farm slept quietly and in peace. From the chicken house there came no sound, and the trees of the tiny orchard were silent, sleeping.

Big John sat in his old chair by the table lamp; his spectacles gleamed on the end of his nose and his great feet held the floor firmly, and in his huge hands the Molino Evening News wavered as it always did toward the end of the evening.

Emma sat in her rocker beyond the lamp. Her plump body was upright and her short legs reached for the floor and, touching it, pushed it strongly and the rocker swung back and forth. In her hands she held one of Young John's shirts and her small hands moved deftly, almost automatically, the needle darting in and out, carrying the thread around the patch. Her eyes, set wide in her smooth, troubled face, moved restlessly from the sewing to the clock on the mantel and through the lamp's gleam to the top of Big John's bald head and back to her sewing again.

The hour hand of the clock reached ten and Emma tied her thread and bit it off and laid the shirt in her lap. She said quietly: "It's bedtime, John."

Big John stirred in his chair and Emma knew that he was awakening. He cleared his throat and folded the paper carefully and laid it on the table at his side. He looked at the clock. "Time for old folks to be in bed," he said, as he had said every night for fifteen years. "Time was when ten was the beginning of the evening for me, not the end."

Emma said tartly: "So you've said so often that Young John believes it now. He's still down in town where he has no reason to be."

Big John took off his spectacles and laid them beside the folded paper. "He's young, that boy. He'll have his fling. Then one day he'll find that there's more to livin' than flingin'."

"So I've heard you tell," said Emma. "I'm still waiting for it to happen. I'm commencin' to doubt, I've waited so long."

Big John hoisted his huge body out of the chair. He stretched his arms and the barrel of his chest swelled mountainously beneath his shirt. He yawned. "Could be," he said slowly, "that he'll need showin', like my daddy did for me." He looked at Emma. "My daddy give me rope, an' let me hell around—"

"I've heard you say so," Emma said sharply, "more times than there are hairs left on your head, John Andrews. So many times that almost I misbelieve."

"Now, Emma," Big John's voice did not rise. "Bedtime, Emma. For us old folks. The boy will be along shortly."

It was half past two before Young John came home. Emma, awake in the darkness and clinging with automatic tenacity to the slope of the bed uphill from Big John's great bulk, heard the coughing roar of Young John's hopped-up car as it wheeled into the yard. She closed her eyes thankfully and then opened them again at the sound of another car. She raised herself on one elbow and listened, and plain above the motor came talk and laughter. She nudged Big John and felt him stir and nudged him again. "John," she whispered. "Wake up. Wake up."

"I'm awake, Emma," Big John said quietly and she knew that he, too, was listening. She felt the bed heave as he rolled over and found the floor with his feet. "Rest easy, Emma," Big John said softly. "I'll go see."

Big John found his slippers and put them on and shuffled across the dark room out into the hall to the back door. He opened the door and stepped out into the small yard that was brilliant in the gleam of headlights. He heard the sudden burst of laughter from the cars and knew that it came from the sight of his nightshirt and his great hairy legs. He said imperturbably: "Son? You there?"

A voice came to him from behind the headlights, a voice thick with liquor and laughter. "He's here, all right, Mr. Andrews."

Big John walked ponderously across the lighted yard and beyond the headlights' gleam into the quiet darkness. He looked at the boys sitting in the two cars and the laughter died down. He saw Young John slumped in the seat of his own car and he looked steadily at the boy who sat beneath the wheel.

The boy said: "I'm Bill Gates, Mr. Andrews. John had a little trouble and we thought we'd better bring him home." He opened the car door and slid out awkwardly.

Big John said: "Much obliged. I'll take care of him now." He stood quietly, his great legs widespread, and watched Bill Gates get into the second car with the other two boys and he waited until the car had turned around in the yard and bumped through the gate out to the road. Then he walked around Young John's car and opened the door and lifted the boy's big body out as he might have lifted a feather bolster. Turning, he walked ponderously back into the house and, still holding Young John, closed the back door carefully behind him.

He heard Emma stirring in the bedroom, and then the lights came on and Emma appeared, short and wide in her nightgown, with her graying hair in its net and her eyes round and worried in her smooth face. He heard her gasp: "John! John! He's hurt!"

"Now, Emma," he said quietly. "'Tain't nothing. 'Tain't nothing at all." He looked down at the blood on Young John's white face. "The boy's been fightin', that's all."

"All? All?" Emma's voice rose shrilly. "You say that's all!"

"Emma," said Big John softly. He looked

(Continued on page 53)

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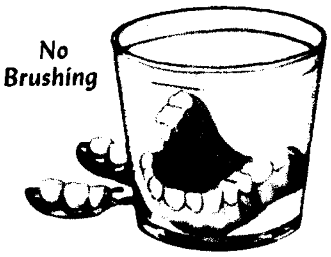

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## The Way to the Heart

Continued from page 12

"I'm from the Movie Times," she told him. "Jerry said I could have an interview."

"I think the world is coming along fine," said Morg. "I think Russia is swell; she knows what she wants and goes out to get it. And I don't believe in being too huffy with the English; they can't help talking the way they do. I believe in feeding the starving babies and in chopping off every Nazi head aboveground. That is your interview. Thank you, and good day."

"I don't think you understand," said the interviewer. "I am Eudora Perkins." She said this with pardonable pride, for she had made hers the most powerful and hated name in motion picture publicity. "I could kill you if I wanted to. You might co-operate, I think."

Morg sat down at his dressing table and stared at the unfamiliar face in the mirror. He ticked, disgusted.

"All right, I co-operate. Only I can tell you that I was getting along swell, playing slimy roles, and I hate this goo I am doing now. I hate having to make myself up as twenty-eight, when I am forty-eight, and such movies as Passion's Embers or Stinky Strobolov's Embers are my idea of how to tear down civilization."

"What do you think of Cherry Lamartine?" asked Eudora, with a leer.

"She's a cute kid," said Morg. "I wish her success. Too bad she is handicapped with me."

"I'll need some pictures," said Eudora.

Morg gave her one of his old standard glossies, in which he was made up as a dopey gangster.

"Oh dear, no. Glamorized, please," said Eudora, giving it back. "Tell Jerry to get you an early sitting. I'll need the pictures by Monday."

She went away at last, and Morg sent out for a bowl of beef stew, which he ate in solitary and cheerless quiet in the star bungalow.

So the days went by. Work. Interviews. Glamor photographs. No drinking. No horseshoe pitching. No poker. Life was horrible and also dull.

THEN, two weeks later, the Movie Times hit the stands with a cover picture of Morg, looking very sardonic and fascinating, and inside there was a story to the effect that he was madly in love with Miss Cherry Lamartine. A few choice anatomical studies of Miss Lamartine accompanied the article.

As Morg was sitting stunned and petrified in his bungalow, having just read the thing, Jerry came in, triumphant. "Isn't it a wow!" he exulted. "Man, we're made. Cherry is the hottest thing in pictures right now, and the tie-up is terrific. They want to see you in the front office."

Morg had been a stock player so long that he had a wage slave's humble appreciation of the front office.

"Gee, what for?" he moaned, and he smoothed his toupee, fixed his tie, and straightened out the knife-edge of the press in his trousers.

Jerry accompanied him to the sanctum. Harry Harris, owner of the outfit, was lying on a couch, listening respectfully to the words of Tim Conover, his general publicity manager. To Morg's surprise, Cherry was there, sitting very straight on an office chair, looking nervous.

"Here they are," said Conover. "Now we can get down to business. No, wait. Where's Stinky?"

"In the commissary, having a double-decker cheese-and-tomato with coffee," said Cherry.

"Get him," ordered Harris. "Tell him to bring his sandwich if he wants to."

Stinky arrived. He didn't bring his sandwich, but he had a bag of potato chips.

Conover took the floor. "The thing is this," he said. "Perkins gave out with a story that Cherry and Beauregard are simmering. You saw it?"

Cherry and Morg nodded assent, looking at each other warily.

"Cherry is just beginning; this is only her second picture," said Conover, "and the public is keenly interested. Beauregard has been around, but the public has only just waked up to him as an idol."

Morg fidgeted and ticked.

"Now Perkins' having paired you off, with Passion's Embers due for release in November, is a natural break. We want to ask that you begin to go out together, be seen together, sort of build the thing up. It will take, because the studio didn't start it. Eudora did."

"So when they pay their seventy-five cents, they'll think the kisses are the real McCoy. Rather like the old-fashioned peep show, isn't it?" questioned Morg.

"Putting it crudely," said Conover, "that is the idea."

Harris spoke: "Putting it crudely, that's the idea of the whole movie business. So there is no point in making faces like potatoes burning. We all earn our money in this racket."

Morg was silent, mute under the revelation of the horrors to which his emergence as a star had brought him.

"As for me, if anybody cares for my humble opinion," said Cherry, shaking the chandeliers with her voice, "I would be delighted and honored to be seen in a few night spots with Morgan Beauregard."

"She's a good kid, solid—like a pound of butter," said Stinky, approvingly.

"You can count on Morg," said Jerry firmly. "I am his manager and I have him under ironclad contract for ten years. He can't even buy a package of chewing gum without my approval. He will take Miss Lamartine any place you say."

Morg rose to his feet. "Come, my dove, my fair one," he said to Cherry. "Good afternoon to you heels, to coin a phrase."

ON SATURDAY night, having received full and explicit directions from Jerry, Morg put on his toupee, a dark coat and white trousers, purchased a dozen red roses and a box of chocolates, got into Jerry's coupé (loaned for the occasion) and glumly drove to Cherry's house. The address was somewhere in Santa Monica.

To Morg's surprise, he found a small bungalow of the five-room type, with a white wooden fence around almost obscured by blooming hollyhocks. The door was opened by a lady in a flowered print dress. She had merry brown eyes, and her dark, upswept hair had silver streaks in it; her gentle curves flowed into one another with careless freedom and she revealed beautiful teeth when she smiled. Morg said, "Are you a real mother, or just a prop?"

"Want to see my marriage lines? Cherry is my baby, all legitimate and everything."

"I ask for your marriage lines in the second act," said Morg. "After we hide the body."

"I never had anything to do with bodies," said Mrs. Lamartine. "I used to be in musical comedy. I was in the first Americana."

She took the roses and candy, led him to a deep chair, pushed him in, and placed a tall iced glass in his hand.

Cherry came in, looking like the cover of a fashion magazine. She was wearing a long, figure-fitting white dress, but when she walked the skirt opened into a million infinitesimal pleats, falling back into place the moment she was still. Her hair was bound back with a silver ribbon, and she had wound a shawl, made of links of silvery stuff, around her shoulders.

"Better let me finish this excellent highball, baby," said Morg, "because I'll need my strength. Looks as if I'll have to fight for your honor two or three times tonight."

At their first stop, Cherry stopped the orchestra and was given the tribute of silence as she walked to their table. On their way out, after two or three dances around the room, she was barricaded by people with autograph books. Then there was the ominous flash which meant a candid-camera shot. At their next stop Cherry and Morg were the center of attention instantly, and before he knew it Morg had three separate colors and designs of lipstick on his cheek and chin. When at last they drew up before the cottage with hollyhocks in Santa Monica, he said, "Well, that was an eminently successful night out. I feel exactly like a cradle snatcher. Shall I sing you a lullaby, baby, and or will

# The Great Landlord Racket

Continued from page 11

all right with the present and impending owner. As long as the place is filled to the eaves with discouraged tenants and is likely to remain so, it's a good buy. One day the boom is going to burst and the fellow who owns the place that day is going to blow up with it, and most of the noise you'll hear will be the hearty cheers of the tenants.

However let us be solemn no longer. From the files of OPA and from this energetic magazine's observations throughout the land we have reaped a large crop of landlord racketeering. Of course you know why it's going on. There has been almost no housing construction since Pearl Harbor. Since then, too, our population has increased to about 140,000,000.

More to the point, however, is the fact that since we were blasted into the war, about three and a half million new families have come into existence, about three million of which are servicemen's families. At least a million and a half discharged servicemen and their young families have not been able to find homes and we do hope that nobody is so naïve as to think that this is what the lads were fighting for. Even the National Housing Agency, which is not given to hysteria, predicts that this year many more than a million G.I.s and their families will be homeless.

Neither have we any desire to let our emotions gallop off with us, but something tells us that these simple facts are the seeds of veteran demonstrations which will make their fathers' bonus marches resemble strawberry festivals. Mr. Chester Bowles, the courageous director of OPA and our somewhat timorous postwar government's top apostle of understatement, says solemnly that all this "calls for a serious, sober and farsighted approach to the housing problem." And having said that without batting an eye, Mr. Bowles rejected a proposal by the National Association of Real Estate Boards that the OPA drop rental controls on all dwellings renting for seventy-five dollars a month and more.

If Mr. Bowles had said yes and the landlords had, as he predicts, boosted rents by twenty, thirty and forty dollars monthly, there might have been a falling off of racketeering. But he didn't, and the Stuffed Apartment Pitch flourishes.

The apartment is advertised for rent unfurnished. But when the early bird gets there she beholds a bed, a few chairs and perhaps a table or two. The landlord explains that actually the furniture doesn't belong there. You see, says he with melting dolor, the war widow who just moved out simply couldn't stand the sight of the stuff. Reminded her too much of her serviceman husband who had died a hero's death. So she had left the furniture with instructions to him to sell it to the next tenant—and heaven knew she needed the money.

Now he didn't ask the apartment hunter to buy the stuff outright, but only to pay for it in installments—fifteen dollars a month. Thus the rent would be ninety-five dollars instead of OPA ceiling for the unfurnished flat, eighty dollars. Of course if the applicant won't take the furniture she doesn't get the apartment. There are plenty who will. Naturally the landlord does not tell the applicant that three or four of these fifteen-dollar installments will pay the secondhand furniture merchant. Of course, too, the landlord is taking a chance.

### Plan Fails to Pay Off

In Durham, North Carolina, for example, the owners of a thirty-unit apartment house are taking time out to rue the day that they decided that the stuffed apartment racket was worth playing. They had advertised unfurnished apartments which were furnished. Almost all their tenants were servicemen. Presently one of the tenants went to the OPA with the story of all of them—that they were paying rent for the apartments and rent for the furniture. It cost the owners $4,270.50 in fines and refunds to the tenants.

The Club Clip is usually operated by a lady. Usually, too, she's either a sweet-faced old dame with "Mother" stamped plainly all over her or she's a youngish person with a much-too-eloquent eye. She may be a momma but certainly no Mother. Whichever she is, she wishes it distinctly understood that her establishment is by no means a rooming house but rather a club for gentlemen. It's a stag racket. The fellow doesn't rent a room; he is made a member of the club. For weekly dues—anywhere from ten to twenty-five dollars—he is given a room.

He's not a member long before he finds out that it is one of the club's rules that he shall purchase so many greeting cards every month. A dollar a card. Also he is likely to be asked by Mother or the momma to buy chances on government bonds which always seem to be won by someone who used to be a member. And the sum total of chances sold is invariably twice the cost of the bond. Also there are frequent assessments for redecoration and donations to Mother's or the momma's pet charity. This racket seldom fails to fall into OPA's lap or even the court's. But it keeps right on flourishing.

The Phony Deposit thing is not what it used to be but it still thrives on the desperation of home-seekers. You pay a month's rent in advance, congratulate yourself that at last you and your family are in out of the unpredictable elements. Then the landlord tells you that it will be necessary for you to put up $500 to cover damage or breakage. You protest that you have no intention of breaking anything, that you'll be very pleased to pay for anything that you do break. But the rocky expression on the racketeer's face tells you that you had better put up the five hundred if you want the apartment. In cash, too.

There are of course variants. There is a landlord in Jackson, Mississippi, who loves children. He loves the little ones so much that he will let them live in his apartment house provided their parents post a cash bond of $240 to cover damage that the children may do. At the end of the year, our scout reports, the damage always amounts to exactly $240. If the applicant has no children he puts up the $240 anyway because, who knows, he may become a father before the year's end. It just doesn't pay to take chances.

This is merely another phase of the building superintendent or bonus squeeze. The owner of a high-rent apartment might be much too dignified, if by chance he ever did appear on the scene, to accept a bribe. But his superintendent suffers from no such affliction. You pay the super or you don't get in, that's all. Sometimes he splits with the owner. Sometimes the bribes are agreed upon as part of his wage. But in the phony deposit racket—paid in cash, remember—the inference is that you get your money back, minus breakage charges, when you leave. Try and get it.

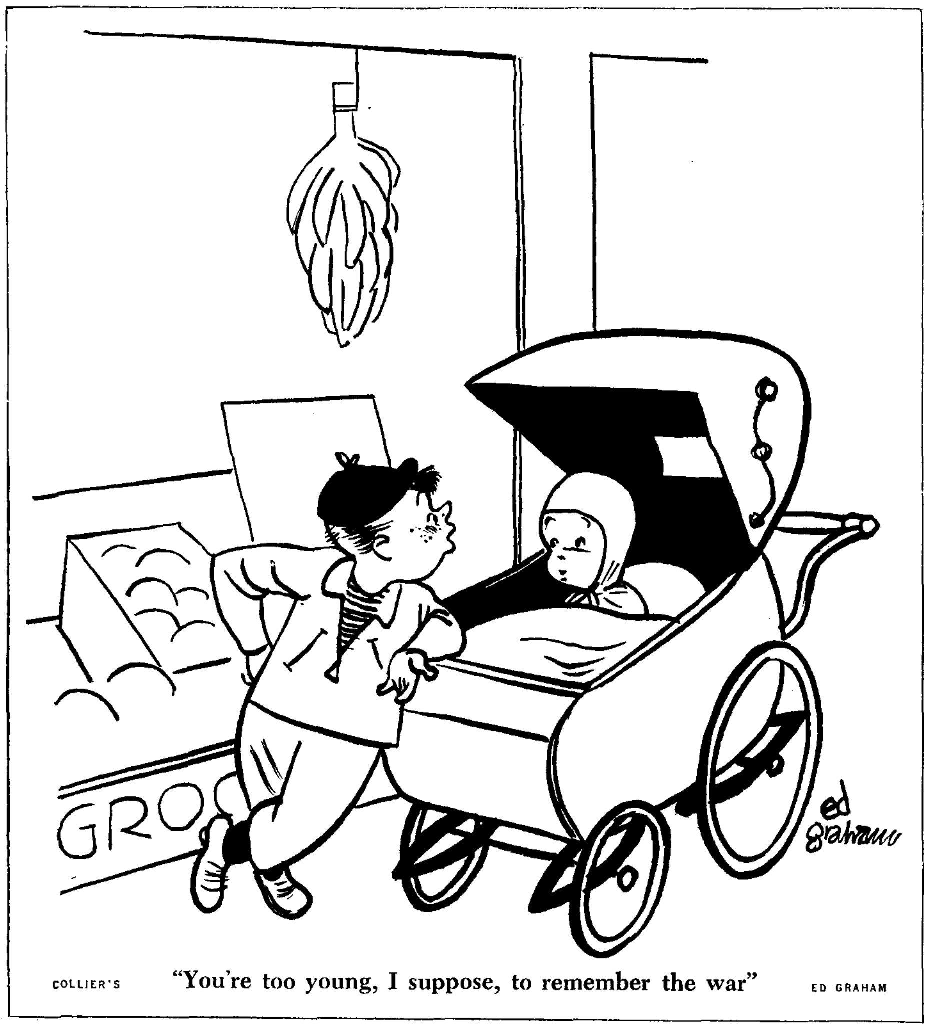
### Take It as Is—or Else!

The Tie-In is a hungry cousin of the stuffed apartment pitch. The apartment is advertised as unfurnished. However, the rooms are clearly furnished, perhaps even tastefully. You mention this to the landlord and he, with what is designed to be a friendly laugh, tells you that he is indeed renting you an unfurnished apartment. The furniture belongs to Mr. Amos Pinklick who will, he feels sure, be here in a moment.

And sure enough Mr. Pinklick appears with the news that the rental of his furniture will cost you so much. There are no ceilings on furniture rental. Therefore Mr. Pinklick can charge all that he thinks he can get. Well, you're pretty desperate. You sign up for the apartment and again for the furniture. But unless you lack the courage of a tuberculous moth, you'll take both leases to the nearest office of the OPA and both the landlord and Mr. Pinklick are in for a lot of costly trouble.

It is all very well for you who haven't been up against it to hoist skeptical eyebrows. Of course these rackets are crude. And of course one has to be spectacularly dumb not to recognize them. But even the Double Snatch is preferable to living two families to a room or spending another night in an unheated garage—not that you'll get much heat in any case. The double snatch is worked best by a landlady and it is the first conviction of many OPA rent control officers that if there is anybody tougher than a racketeering landlord it's a landlady.

The landlady tells you that a garden goes with the apartment—for a price of course. She addresses herself to your wife, who may not be overenthusiastic but still thinks it



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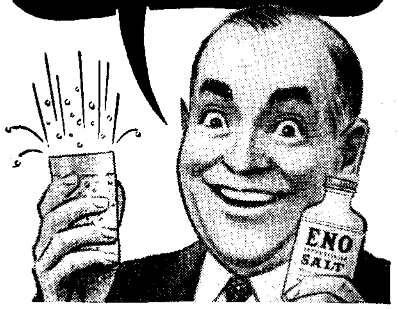

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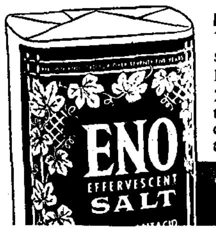

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would be rather nice to raise a few flowers and even a tomato or two. Anyway she'd better like the idea, because you take the garden too or no apartment. The garden may be a mile away, a vacant lot smothered in rubbish. But that's that. A variant of this is extra rental for use of the yard back of the apartment house.

These, then, seem to be the basic landlord rackets. From our correspondents across the country we have received variations thereof which show you what a wonderful place this world would be if all the ingenuity expended on racketeering were devoted to getting along in unity, peace and concord. Detroit reports an old one, one which we almost forgot. The landlord advertises a two-room apartment but you discover there are four—a living room, a kitchen, two bedrooms. And a bathroom of course. It's all one apartment but for the ceiling rental, all the ruffian offers you are the living room and the kitchen. If you are a fussy and think bedrooms necessary you can have them at so much per room per week. Otherwise he'll rent them out to another family.

From the same apprehensive city we learn of a dilapidated double house which was on the OPA's books as "two apartments and seventeen sleeping rooms." But one day the sanitation inspectors looked in. The ancient hutch was not only a disease incubator but had been converted into twenty-four apartments. This warren was bringing its owner more than $800 a month. Nearby an ex-serviceman, his wife and two children were living in a cellar which never had less than half an inch of water on the floor. Seventy-five dollars a month, too.

We're merely skipping along. Here are landlords who demand cash payments for turning on the water. And yonder is another who, two days after one of his tenants became a mother, raised the rent ten dollars because, said he, that made three people occupying the flat instead of the original two.

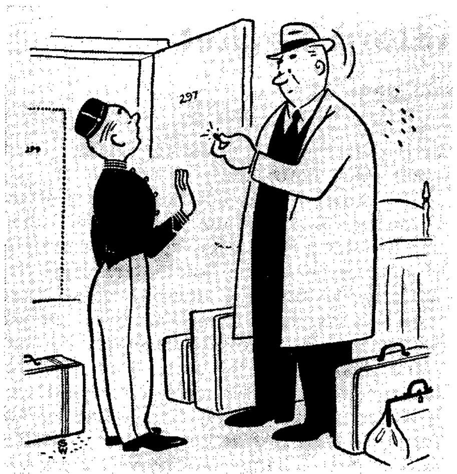
### Reward for Services Rendered

From a dozen states we hear of another racket—the reward pitch. A discharged G.I., oddly enough, wants a place to live with his wife and children. The wife and kids have been doubling up with her parents. He troupes the agencies, getting nowhere in particular, leaving his address. Suddenly and mysteriously an agent's tout calls on him. This tout can get him an apartment—for a reward. The reward will be whatever the tout can gouge out of the disillusioned G.I. We have at least one instance of $200. The G.I. gets an apartment. The tout splits the reward with his pal in the agent's office. Nice work and not hard to get.

Our Kansas City scout reports a racket so simple that it seems almost legal. The landlord says that yes, he'll have an apartment to rent next month and it's yours by simply paying immediately one or perhaps two months rent in advance. Of course he is thereby collecting double rent on that apartment for at least one month and, if he can't get rid of the present occupant of the rooms, for two months. How to get rid of the current tenant is up to him. There are, as we've already intimated, a variety of procedures to that end. Occasionally methods seem a trifle on the bizarre side but, as we say, there's no end to racketeering ingenuity.

To get rid of tenants, a dear old lady in St. Paul made herself as comfortable as possible in the basement at nights and beat on the pipes with a hammer. When loss of sleep threatened to undo her, she turned the job over to her son. And he in turn gave over to his two darling little children, who had a perfectly lovely time beating on the pipes after school. Some of the tenants quit just before going mad and new tenants who paid a nice bonus for the privilege of moving in took their places. But a hardier victim took the old lady to the OPA and thence into court and it cost her $500. She had several things to say about this, amongst them being a vow to vote against President Truman in 1948, although there was no evidence that Mr. Truman was in any manner responsible.

Then, too, there was the landlord in Dallas, Texas, who, to get rid of a tenant who had complained of mysterious noises at night, told her that actually the flat was haunted, that a nasty murder had occurred there in 1944. But he seems to have overdone it. The tale spread to his other six tenants and they all moved. The happy ending to this story is that this ingenious landlord had to cut rents in half to entice new tenants into his building.



"Give it to the March of Dimes!"

Under OPA regulations a landlord must give a tenant six months notice of eviction and even then must satisfy the rent-control officers that he has a sound reason for dispossessing him. But the landlord usually thinks six months much too long, particularly when he has a bonus from a new tenant in mind.

Getting rid of a tenant is a science filled with surprises. From Indiana comes the pious story of a lady who requires inmates of her apartment house to sign separate agreements binding them to fanatically moral living habits. She started doing this two years ago when the housing shortage began to be one of the country's major disasters. The agreement stipulates that the tenant agrees to "vacate the premises without notice" if there is any violation.

For example, the agreement forbids the use of any alcoholic drink on the premises. The tenant must attend church regularly and must be in bed, all lights out, by eleven. Incidentally tenants had to pay her a hundred dollars before she'd even let them sign the morals code. If anyone came along offering a bit more than a hundred, an empty whisky bottle was sure to be found in some tenant's trash box and out he went.

But one night ten of the tenants convened in one apartment. Our reporter tells us that they threw a party that is still the talk of the applauding neighborhood. There was wassail throughout the long night, a towering carousal in which almost everybody got melodiously drunk with all lights blazing. They danced. They got acrobatic. They sang songs which would be frowned upon in the most liberal of churches. On the following morning the landlady informed each of the then somewhat depressed participants that he or she no longer lived in her house. So they went to the OPA, which office decreed that while it could not officially condone excessive drinking, the personal morals agreement was not binding as far as tenancy was concerned.

We dismiss with a figurative word such cunning landlord dodges as selling baths for a dollar or two. You see, when you got to the point where you simply had to take a bath you notified the landlord or building superintendent. He collected the fee and turned on the hot water for five minutes. Lightly, dismissed, too, is the case of the landlord who charged tenants a dollar a month for the use of mailboxes. The past tense is used for some reason we can't explain. Little grifts like this still go on. Like the Pittsburgh landlord who charged tenants five dollars a month for the use of the kitchen for which tenants were already paying rent.

That one we'll have to expand just long enough to tell you about the vigorous affair of the Marine and his landlord. The former, just demobilized, told his wife that paying for the use of their own kitchen was a thing of the past. So the stew was just about done when the landlord arrived, demanded five dollars, and when refused walked off with the stew. He got as far as the door when the Marine landed.

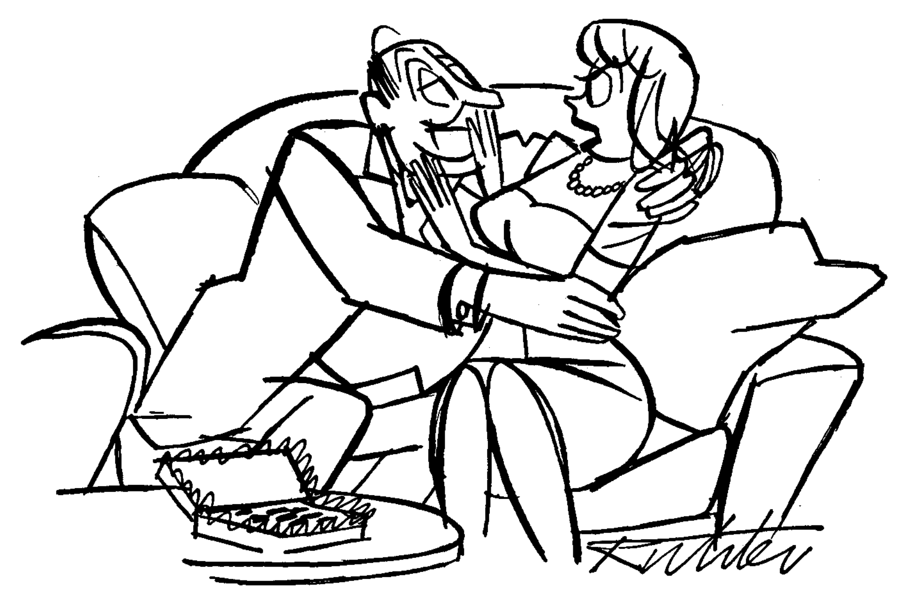
### A Good Stew Wasted

Then, sitting on the landlord's chest, he forced a lot of the spilled but still steaming stew into the fellow's open mouth and smeared the rest in his hair. The landlord made the additional mistake of summoning the cops, who gladly turned the whole matter over to OPA with expensive consequences to the landlord.

We might go on like this for days. These and similar aspects of landlord racketeering flourish wherever there are people who pay rent. In Los Angeles and elsewhere we find the sublease racket. The home-hunter is told that there are no apartments to rent in that building but, says the superintendent, Mr. Soandso in 7-A is thinking of going away and might consider subletting his apartment.

That evening Mr. Soandso tells you that yes he's going away, that he'll be away for six or eight months, and that he'll be glad to sublet his apartment for, say, $200 a month. Alas, Mr. Soandso is merely the landlord's stooge. He never lived in the place. The OPA ceiling for that apartment is $125 a month. But you mail a check every month and he splits the seventy-five overcharge with the landlord. Eight or ten suckers are sending him similar checks.

During the first nine months of 1945 the OPA settled more than 66,000 rent ceiling violations. These settlements reclaimed more than three and a half million dollars from racketeering landlords, nearly three million of which was refunded to bilked tenants. The rest went into the United States Treasury—fines. And if the landlord is a repeater, a willful and persistent violator or has been



COLLIER'S "Mr. Perchmen! I'll see you in church first" MISCHA RICHTER

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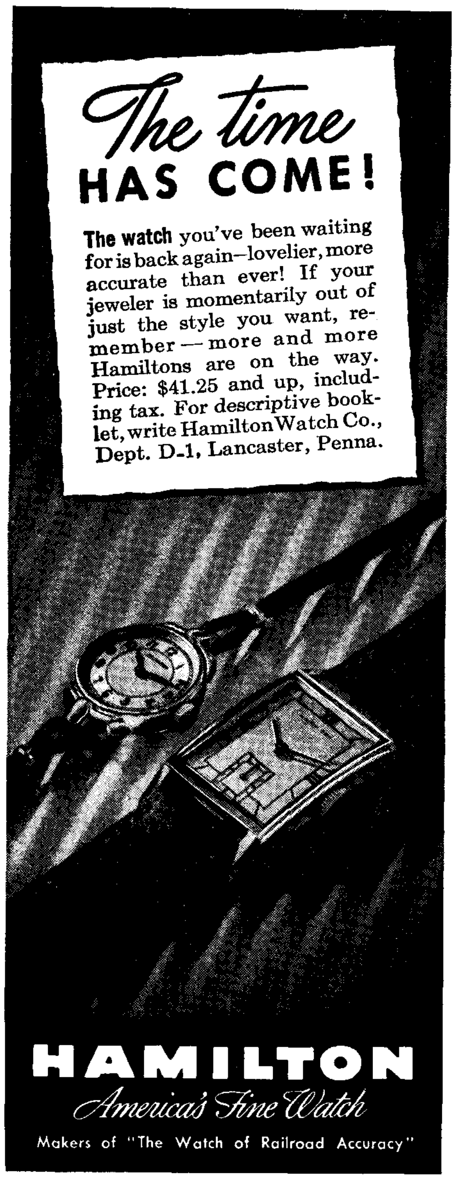

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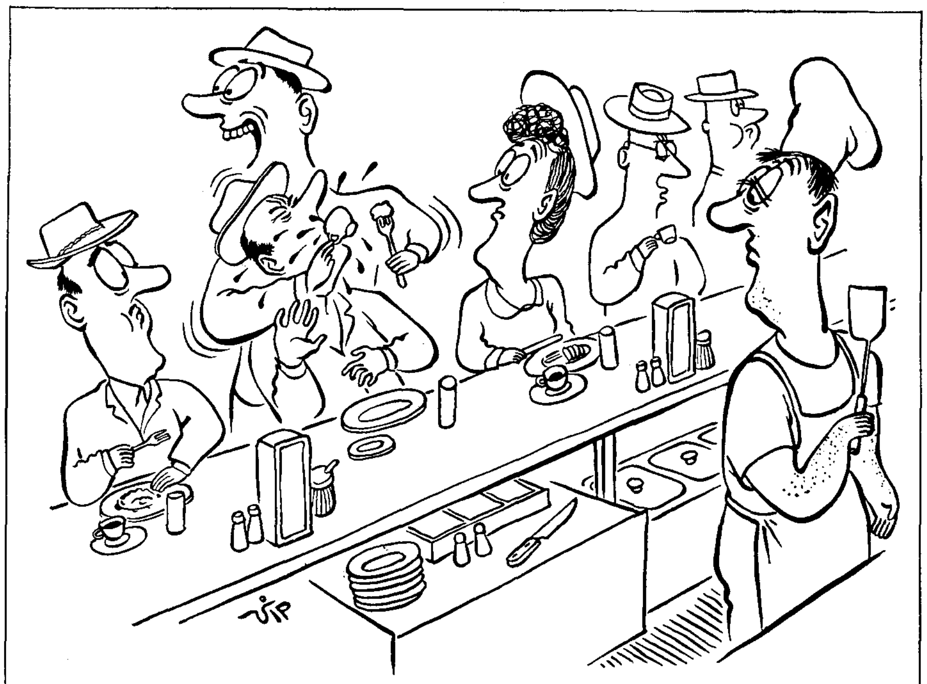


COLLIER'S "Hey, Barney! Here's a guy who's just about finished" VIRGIL PARTCH

particularly outrageous, he may be fined up to three times the amount of the overcharge in addition to making restitution to the tenant. In the same period OPA has handled 300,000 compliance actions which resulted in restoration of services discontinued by the landlord.

The customary procedure in all cases follows this line: The tenant makes his protest to the landlord. If the landlord refuses to listen, the tenant appeals to the Area Rent Office of OPA. If the landlord wants a fight he is taken to the Enforcement Section of the District Office, and that usually means legal action—treble damage suits, injunctions, contempt proceedings or criminal referral to the United States Attorney.

Try to remember this: No tenant can be evicted for refusing to pay more than ceiling rent. Many tenants believe that they are obliged to move simply because they have received a letter from the landlord that he has notified OPA that he is about to evict them. Keep this in mind: OPA does not have the authority to order evictions, it is merely empowered to restrain them under specified conditions. Evictions may be ordered only by the court.

### Landlord Can't Throw You Out

It is this unwarranted fear of eviction that prompts tenants to conceal illegal payments to the landlord. Of course, the landlord may evict you if you don't pay your rent or if you become a scrofulous nuisance to the other tenants. Even so, he has to have the court's permission to throw you out. But he can't establish his contention that you haven't paid your rent promptly simply if he is not available to receive payment or refuses to receive payment. However many a landlord has resorted to just such a dodge.

For example, here's a man in Cleveland, Ohio, who for ten years had not failed to pay his rent sometime during the first week of the month—as specified in his lease. Recently, pursuing his monthly custom, he went to his landlord's suite with money in hand. The latter refused to accept it, waving the tenant away with: "I'm sick. Come in next week." It doesn't seem to make much sense. Apparently it wasn't supposed to. On the first day of the following week the tenant tried again. Again he was waved away, the landlord saying this time that his attorney had advised him not to accept the money.

A couple of days later the tenant was notified by a real-estate brokerage office to vacate the premises forthwith "for nonpayment of rent." The tenant is still there. The OPA had a few firm corrective words with that landlord.

The OPA advises you to keep as calm as other conditions permit if you are notified by your landlord that he has sold the house and that, consequently, you'll have to get out. No matter who your landlord is, the law and the regulations remain where and what they are. If the new purchaser asks you to leave, saying that he wants to occupy the place himself, you have six months to find new shelter. If, however, after this half-year grace the owner doesn't move in but leases the place to a new tenant, he may be dragged before the OPA to do a lot of first-class explaining and probably will be taken to court for fraud.

Our reports reek with tales of phony sales rigged up to scare uninformed tenants out of their nests. And there are instances where a dwelling has purportedly been sold to a war veteran in which case the six-months-grace regulation is not in force. The tenant moves only to find that the sale was never completed or, indeed, was never in negotiation.

It is with an almost bowed head that we report that in various parts of our country apartment-house owners have found the returning serviceman a sale pushover. While out yonder destroying his country's enemies (or willing to at any rate) the G.I. has accumulated a neat sum of money in one way and another. That part is really none of our business. Anyway he has a couple of thousand dollars or more and is looking for a nice investment. Take this Los Angeles case for example.

The current owner shows Joe his books. Nice. They're not the books he shows the OPA on demand but sweetly rigged records showing the house's income—legal rents plus overcharges, bonuses, penalties, breakage bonds and other illegal income. The G.I. has been overseas and is not at all familiar with OPA regulations. He can even be a trifle on the dumb side anyway—a scintillating sucker. Or he may be just another landlord at heart, because there are war veterans who are not saintly—the speeches of office-seekers to the contrary.

Anyway he buys the property, mortgaging himself up to his eyes. He discovers that he must register with OPA as the new owner. And he discovers too that the income he expected or was told to expect is largely phony. His tenants have got together to vow that they'd pay no such illegal overcharges to the new owner. The value of the property declines overnight to something like its real worth and it is entirely possible, as in this Los Angeles case, that the poor Joe is financially undone.

### Advised to Keep Calm

However, it is nothing at all for an apartment house to have changed ownership three or four times during the past three years, each time at an advanced price. In that time, rents have remained frozen. Few such speculators cherish the idea of becoming permanent landlords. Their only aim is to get rid of the property before the boom breaks. In the meantime the tenants remain cold but, OPA advises, calm.

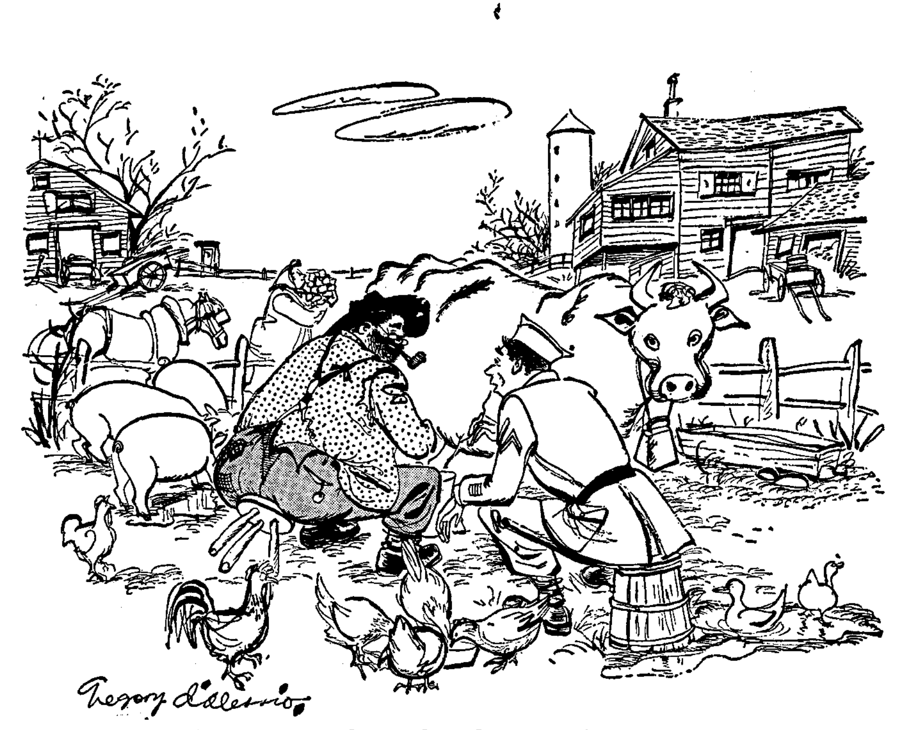
All articles, even articles like this one, must come to an end. But something tells us that it would be unfair to you to quit without telling the dire consequences of a hotel racket reported from Chicago. It was an apartment hotel, doing a transient trade business—so much per night per apartment. If only one person occupied the suite the ceiling price was so much. If two persons occupied it the rate was doubled. All perfectly legal. The lone gentleman signing in is so glad to get off the streets that he doesn't bother about rates. When he has gone to his room the clerk adds "and wife" to his name and he is charged the double rate, which is not legal.

But the dreadful part of it came later. At Christmas, notes of patronage appreciation were sent to the gentleman's home. And these notes, addressed to the wife, told "Mr. and Mrs." how much the hotel enjoyed serving them. The unhappy fellow's wife demands an explanation of that "Mrs." business and becomes very difficult indeed.

But by this time you probably have the idea. The situation is by no means pretty. But it could be worse. Just suppose that the landlords had their heart's desire and rent controls were abolished.

THE END

**WELCOME HOME!** by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



COLLIER'S "... and in Chateaubrioche, I ran into a Jacqueline Duval. She still loves you, Uncle Josh"

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Whee--ee! An icy slide on your sidewalk is great fun—for the kids. Not so funny, though, if a passerby slips, gets a nasty fall and a serious injury. You may get sued for plenty!

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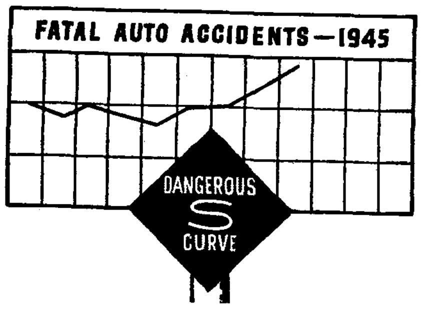

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# Make Way for Uncle Freem!

Continued from page 40

gray pants, and his eyes was shining in his red face like black cranberries. Ma got him out of the house before the ladies come rustling and jabbering up the front walk.

When the social got going, everybody had the best time in their lives. I don't reckon there was ever a temperance social like this one.

"My, oh, my!" I heard little old Miss Hackett, the town librarian, yell out kind of shrill. "This is the most delicious punch I ever did taste, Mary."

"I'm so glad you like it, Miss Hackett," I heard my old lady holler back, and right then when I heard her voice, I knowed something was wrong.

You never heard such a gay old time as them temperance ladies was having. You could hear the rocking chairs screeching and the temperance ladies jabbering and whooping for two blocks. Directly my old lady come out in the kitchen after more cookies, and I swear I never seen a woman change so.

Ma danced around the kitchen like a young girl of twelve. Directly she hauled off and give me a big kiss on top of the head and give me four bits for a movie and a chocolate soda. Now I knowed something was awful the matter. Ma considers movies sinful and common. I stood there trying to figure it all out, while Ma danced around the kitchen with a plateful of cookies, like she felt forty years younger. Her face was nice and pink, and her breath smelled like an apple cellar.

Directly there come a great crash in the dining room, and the temperance ladies stopped hollering and rocking, and you could hear them giggling and stuffing their hands over their mouths while Ma came in to see what had happened. I peered through the dining-room door at all the temperance ladies and my old lady and a great mess of glass and punch all over the floor where somebody'd knocked it off the table.

WHEN Ma went to get the broom and the dustpan, the temperance ladies all started getting their things, and when Ma'd cleaned up the glass and sopped up the punch with the mop, she saw them all to the door. Ma stood there in the doorway laughing and waving the dustpan at the ladies as they went down the brick walk under the trees.

Lord, that's sure a new one, I thought to myself. I never seen my old lady stand in the front door and wave a dustpan at nobody and laugh till her face was the color of plum butter.

And then when I seen the temperance ladies, I like to fainted. They was playing hopscotch way out front on the brick walk and singing and raising a rumpus like a bunch of Holy Rollers at a tent revival. Old Miss Thornbush, my third-grade teacher, was drawing pictures on the brick sidewalk with a piece of yellow chalk.

I walked around the house in a kind of daze trying to figure it all out, and when I seen Uncle Freem high-tailing it down through McFadden's pasture like a yellowjacket was after him, I was pretty sure that he had a hand in the mischief somewhere. And then I knowed for sure. Because I found a big empty quart bottle of applejack down in the tall grass behind his shack.

I never even waited for my baked apple when I was done eating supper. I just lit out for the river and Uncle Freem. I figured he'd be down at his old hangout on the bank below the wharf boat, having a good time under the low-hanging willows, sitting in the tall sour grass with his friends. Sure enough I seen his fire through the sycamores long before I got there, and when I come up to where it was burning, I seen Uncle Freem and a bunch of girls and fellers all setting around eating catfish and roasting ears.

When Uncle Freem seen me, he let out a whoop and a holler and jumps up.

"Look out thar!" shouts Uncle Freem. That's what he always hollered when he seen someone that looked good to him—no matter who.

"Look out thar!" shouts Uncle Freem, and grabs me up and sets me down beside one of them pretty girls and stands there, grinning down at me with the red fire lighting his old face the color of a ripe October pawpaw.

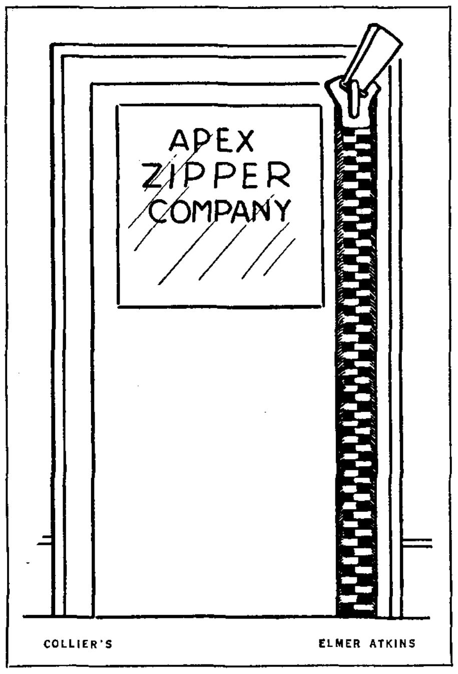
"Lord save us if it ain't my boy!" shouts Uncle Freem. "Come all the way down here from tarnation to see his old Uncle Freem!"

Everybody had commenced to making over me, and one of them pretty black-haired girls planted a big kiss square, smack-dab on my mouth, and that made me sore, but then she started tickling me when she seen the mad tears start, and the first I knowed I was having the best old time that ever was with Uncle Freem and the girls and fellers.

Everybody was eating and talking with their mouth full and they had butter all over their faces and they was drinking hard apple cider and cracking jokes and warming their eyes in the big red feather of the fire that was shaking stars up into the wet trees. I reckon you could hear us all the way to the Ohio side and maybe even down past the Devil's Elbow where the old river makes a sharp twist and then heads for Louisville.

Uncle Freem was a big man and he looked young and tough as any man I ever knowed, standing there in the firelight winking at me and the girls and talking a big blue streak.

After a while, when the fire was just a crumbling bed of red clinkers, Uncle Freem played his mouth harp, and the people hummed the tune, and the lonesome sound seemed to get caught in the yellow river and the waters that ran under the roots and the willow trees on the crumbling mudbanks.



COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

I sneaked up when they'd all dozed off and headed up through McFadden's pasture for home. Lucky my old man was down at the Elks Club or I'd have gotten a licking. Lucky my old lady was at the Thimble Club or she'd have given me the same. When they come in the front door I laid still in my bed pretending I was asleep. But I couldn't sleep for hoping that when I growed up, the people would all love me like they loved Uncle Freem.

I don't think my old lady ever caught on that Uncle Freem had spiked the grape punch that afternoon. Just the same, Uncle Freem played it safe and didn't show up around home for nearly a week. I don't think my old lady ever caught on, though. If she had, life wouldn't have been worth living for Uncle Freem. As it was, things was bad enough for him the day he come home.

RIGHT after supper Harley Blankensop come storming up on the front porch where my old man was reading the paper, and claimed Uncle Freem had got his daughter Jennie in trouble, and nothing would do but he go and rouse Uncle Freem out of bed.

Ma ran around all over the house hunting for her smelling salts, crying and screaming that my old man would lose his job at the bank for sure now, and we'd all have to pack up and leave town, and my old man was hollering at her to shut up that kind of shouting, or the neighbors would think he was the one responsible, and not Uncle Freem.

Uncle Freem must have heard the rumpus, because directly, I seen him light out down through McFadden's pasture for the river with his old straw hat on the back of his head and his white mustache flying and a bottle of Shawnee Chief sticking out of his pocket.

He stayed away for nearly two months this time, and by then, Jennie Blankensop had been shoved off on the postmaster's son Jenks Resseger, and everybody was happy including Jenks' old man because Jenks had taken to drinking and running the streets that summer, and his father was glad to see him settle down. When Jennie's baby was born, it was the spitting image of Jenks but that didn't prove nothing to my old lady.

"I hope the old reprobate never shows his face around here again," she snaps out one morning at breakfast, and she hadn't hardly shut her mouth till the back door flies open, and in walks Uncle Freem looking like a million dollars in a brand-new sheepskin coat and a ten-dollar straw hat on his head.

"Look out thar!" hollers Uncle Freem. "If that ain't my boy sitting there eating his mush and milk!"

He runs over to me and throws me up in the air and plants a big kiss on my cheek. His mustache tickled, and his face was cold as an apple from the sharp fall wind that was cutting up from the river in the morning sunlight. He never looked better! Lord, I never seen a man that could pick out such lively-looking clothes as my Uncle Freem!

"Put that child down!" shouts Ma, with her mouth full of toast and coffee. When she let up choking, she jumped up and run around the table.

Uncle Freem stared at my old lady like he can't figure out if she's crazy or what. But when she gets done shouting at him about Jennie Blankensop, Uncle Freem jumps in the air like somebody'd struck him with a red-hot poker, and looks as indignant as a red rooster when somebody's splashed a bucket of water on it.

"What's that?" he shouted. "What's that? A man don't dare turn his back five minutes in this cursed house!" roared Uncle Freem, his face as red as a cockscomb.

Ma tried to shush him up, but it was too late. You never seen a human being as indignant as Uncle Freem. You never seen a man so insulted.

"Slander and lies!" shouts Uncle Freem, running out the back door and hurdling the shrubbery into Ma's prize onion bed.

"Slander and lies!" he shouts, standing there with his head throwed back, tall and straight in his new sheepskin coat and his ten-dollar straw, waving his hands over his head like a preacher.

"Lord! Lord!" shouts Uncle Freem. "Preserve me from these slanderers! Jennie Blankensop! Face that'd scare the handle off an iron pump. Ugliest female between Pittsburgh and Cairo! I've seen catfish I'd sooner love. Lord! Lord!"

WITH that, Uncle Freem headed down toward his shack, cussing and swearing something wonderful. Ma ran upstairs after her smelling salts, and my old man got up and hurried off to the bank, glad to get shut of the whole pack and parcel of us, I reckon.

I sneaked down the lot and peeked in the door crack at Uncle Freem. He was setting on the edge of his cot reading an old mechanics magazine and chewing the end of his thumb. He still had on his new sheepskin coat and his ten-dollar straw. There was sly peace and quiet oozing out all over his face and he looked like he'd just waked up from a quiet doze down on the riverbank. Directly he starts to wheezing and laughing to himself.

He must have heard a board squeak outside because he glanced up and seen me peeking in the doorway at him, and he jumped up all grins and smiles.

"Look out thar, now!" shouts Uncle Freem. "Hit's my boy now, sure enough!"

And he pulled me in the shack and sets down in the old rocker and puts me on his knee. A sly smile comes over his face and he dips his big leathery hand in the pocket of his new sheepskin coat and fetches out a package and holds it up for me.

"What's that?" I said, my heart beating fast. "What's in that package, Uncle Freem?"

"Look out thar, now!" shouts Uncle Freem. "Hit's a present Uncle Freem brought his boy all the way from Cincinnati."

I tore off the paper and opened up the little cardboard box and inside it all wrapped in cotton was a genuine bone-handle knife just like Uncle Freem's with a sawblade and a can opener and a special blade for gutting catfishes.

I couldn't say a word for the longest while. I never got no present in my whole life that I liked so well. Uncle Freem sat there looking down at me with his big face all shining and beautiful with smiles and happiness and his big freckled leather hands resting on the arms of his rocking chair.

"Thanks" I whispered. And Uncle Freem's hands trembled a little when he set me down, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Boy," he says, real sternlike now. "You're the only one left in the family with any sense in his head and I hope them fools up to the house don't ruin you afore you're big enough to run off from them."

I didn't know what he meant then, but I know now and I reckon any good sense I ever had I got from Uncle Freem's side of the graveyard.

WHEN autumn came that year, Uncle Freem took to staying in his shack more of evenings and he didn't carouse much no more nor shoot pool nor play his mouth harp nor run with pretty women. I used to go down to his shack in the evening and Uncle Freem would tell me stories about the old days on the river, and his voice was old like the sound of hollow trees when the wind hones its sharp knife against them on winter nights. There were lots of stories, but the one I remember best was Uncle Freem's favorite, the one about the time he run off with a circus and fell in love with a blonde who wore a red silk dress and rode a white horse. He told that story again and again, and when he talked about the blonde his voice was sad, like the sound of a river running down fast in the spring dark.

His old friends used to come to see him pretty regular and sometimes they would spend a warm night with him fishing for cats down on the Devil's Elbow but beyond that Uncle Freem didn't care to stir himself like in the old times. Sometimes the girls brought him cakes or candy or something, and I can still see my old lady standing at the back door, glaring out through the window whenever one of the girls showed up.

"I don't think the old fool's got a cent!" Ma used to say to my old man. "I think he's spent it all on those—those trollops! And liquor!"

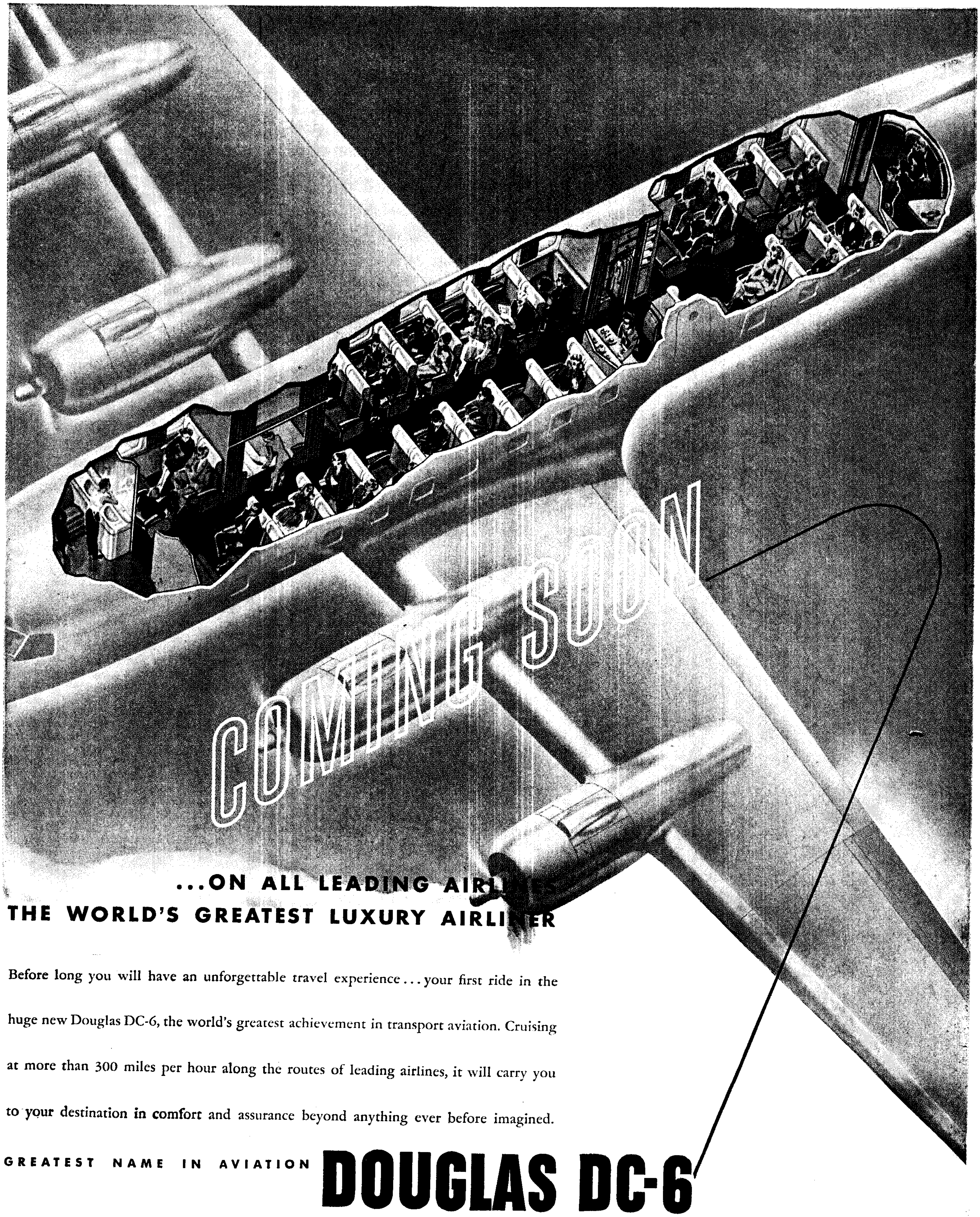
But she knowed better, and my old man did, too, and they never said much more than that.

When the leaves fell in October and the wind from the river was cool at night, Uncle Freem knew it was his last autumn. Ma knew it, I reckon. And Pa knew it, too. Because they both started being real nice to Uncle Freem and give him two eggs instead of one when we all ate breakfast together.

One night Uncle Freem called me down to the shack and pulled me inside and shut the door. It was sharp outside and he had a little coal burning in the potbelly stove. I looked up at the picture of the *Sherrill T. Whitaker*—the beautiful white packet steamer hanging on the wall in a black oak frame. I looked at Uncle Freem's sheepskin coat hanging on a nail and his brand-new ten-dollar straw and his little whisky-shot glass and his mouth harp and the red leather boots he won at the carnival. I seen his black-eyed bone dice on his little table and his fishing tackle and his old horsehair trunk, and I seen the black silk garter he claims he swiped off the leg of the wife of a Saint Louis policeman.

The room was full of shadows, and the shadows was long memories stretching back through times and people and places like a long, good dream. The shadows jumped in red fire glow, like colors deep under the swift, green stream of the warm autumn river running like Uncle Freem's long life to the sea.

"I'm going on a long trip tomorrow, boy,"



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said Uncle Freem. "And since I don't aim to come back, I went down to the bank this morning and fixed you up with enough money to get you started in a trade. It's all the money you'll need if you've got the sense I think you have." He patted me on the head with his big gentle hand. "And anything you want in this here room—you can have it, too," Uncle Freem added.

I could feel my lip trembling and I could see the red stove fire go blurred and run crazy through my tears when I heard Uncle Freem's words. I didn't want no money for setting up a trade. I could feel a lump in my throat as big as a horse just thinking about carting all his things away and seeing them there like that without seeing Uncle Freem along with them. It didn't make no sense. It was the hatefullest thing I knowed of. I blowed my nose on Uncle Freem's big red and white bandanna handkerchief and then he give me a run-along pat and shoved me off toward the door.

"Uncle Freem," I said, "please don't go nowheres."

But Uncle Freem just give me another little pat and then he bent over and kissed me on top of the head and opened the door and give me a little shove out into the winey, cold autumn air.

The stars was out like a million bright pinholes in a black window blind. The cold wind blew Uncle Freem's white hair as he stood there and smiled down at me.

"Look out thar!" he growled, and it sounded for a minute like his old self again. "Look out thar! That's my boy, all right!"

"Goodby, Uncle Freem!" I said and ran up the dark lot crying, and I didn't sleep that night for listening to the lonesome, crying wind coming up from the river and tugging at the leaves like sad fingers strumming on a lowdown, blue guitar.

When morning come, I heard my old lady screaming through the upstairs like the house was on fire. I jumped out of bed and stood there in my nightshirt on the cold floor, holding my breath and listening and trying to figure out what had happened.

"Uncle Freem's gone crazy!" I hear my old lady scream, and directly I hear something plop on the kitchen floor, and when I run downstairs, there she is stretched out on the floor by the stove, and my old man's running around in circles fanning her with a seed catalogue. Directly my old lady gets her wind again and jumps up and starts shouting and hollering again.

"He's running around all over town throwing money away!" she hollered. "Hundreds of dollars! He's throwing it all away to that—that trash he used to run around with. Oh, Lord! After all these years I've waited hand and foot on that old man!"

MY OLD man was running around looking scared and getting ready to catch my old lady if she took another notion to faint.

"He's passing out money in that—that poolroom! He's giving twenty-dollar bills to—to filthy little—urchins! And then—they say—oh, Lord in heaven, it's too awful!"

"What?" I blabbered out. "What they say, Ma?"

"Hush your mouth," shouts Ma, and aims a swipe at me with her hand. Then she whirls on Pa again and starts waving her finger under his nose.

"Why couldn't you stop him?" she hollers. "Why did you let him draw that money out of the bank? He's insane! He's crazy!"

My old man just stands there and looks at Ma with his mouth opening and closing. Then suddenly there comes a big rumpus and a racket out front. There was a sound like a football game and circus parade all mixed up together. My old lady starts wringing her hands and runs out on the front porch with Pa following along behind and me sneaking along to see what's next on the show.

As soon as I get out on the porch, I hear my old lady let out a screech that beat all her previous efforts and like to fell off into the shrubbery, if my old man hadn't catched ahold of her.

Down Pike Street come a brass band and a big parade of people and up at the head of it in an old busted-down jalopy was Uncle Freem with a bunch of pretty girls and a bunch of his old buddies riding along in the back seat and standing on the running board. Little kids was running ahead of the brass band, eating candy and oranges and cutting doodads on brand-new shiny bicycles.

The street was all jam-packed with the people following Uncle Freem, and his fine brass band like to blew the leaves off the maple trees. And Uncle Freem sat up in the front seat of that old busted-down jalopy and passed out twenty-dollar bills to all the people like a man giving out bills before the circus hits town in April.

"Make way for Uncle Freem!" some feller hollers, and then the whole crowd of people started hollering it, too, so loud you couldn't hardly hear the trombones nor the bass drum.

"Make way for Uncle Freem! Make way for Uncle Freem!" hollered the little kids, running in and out under the big bass drum and cutting fancy stunts in the street up ahead on their new bicycles. Everybody looked brand-new! The girls had on new dresses and the people had on new stuff that hadn't never owned anything new since they were born.

DIRECTLY, the whole shebang drawed up in front of our house, and the old jalopy give out a couple of backfires and drove up on the sidewalk and started across the lawn. My old man come running out, waving his arms and shouting.

"What's the meaning of this?" I could hear him holler.

"These here good people have come to give Uncle Freem a big send-off, Alfie!" I heard Burke Simpson yell out.

"That's right!" shouts Uncle Freem, and wasn't it good to hear his big, booming voice again shaking the air!

"I don't aim to go over into Glory in no cheap, picayune style!" he shouts.

"Make way for Uncle Freem!" a little boy shouted. And with that, the old jalopy like to shook herself to pieces as she give out a backfire and the steam let loose out of the radiator and she started down across our lot with the people following behind. Lord, you never saw nothing to beat it! Little kids with dirty faces in brand-new lumber jackets playing leapfrog in my old lady's prize-winning petunias and riding their bicycles around all over Ma's lawn.

And the thing, I reckon, that got my old lady worst was her thinking of them as the lowest, dirtiest, poorest people in the town—the people from the bottom lands below Grave Creek and up on Baltimore Street and River Road and Pinickinick, the people from Kelly Hill and back up in the shanty towns at Ocean Mines—the people that had come to say goodby to Uncle Freem on his last trip over into Glory.

Then Uncle Freem got out of the old jalopy and went in his shack and laid down on his cot. I swear you could hear his big sigh all the way to the river—a big tired sigh like a white sidewheeler's whistle—far, far off down the stream. The people all stood around in my old lady's best bed of onions and trampled on her petunias and listened to Uncle Freem's soul making the trip down the long river.

When the people come up through the yard, pushing the old jalopy, the autumn wind didn't cry loud enough to drown out the sobs of all of them; the dirty faces were streaked with love for Uncle Freem, and the little kids' eyes were crying. The women cried—the women Uncle Freem had courted in the lonesome river nights—and the men cried, too, the men he'd cussed with and got drunk with and shot pool with in the Recreation.

I stood in the kitchen window and watched them go. I stood and watched them till they were all gone. Then I looked down at Uncle Freem's little shack at the end of our lot. And to this day I'll never be sure if it was the way the sunlight and shadows were blowing under the leaves of the big sugar maple or if I really and truly saw it. But it seemed to me that a fancy blond angel in a red silk dress and black-heeled, stylish stockings come up and led Uncle Freem out of his shack and down the sunny pasture to the river—Uncle Freem, big as life, in his sheepskin coat and his new ten-dollar straw, looking back at me and winking as he went!

THE END

## Reprieve

Continued from page 19

window, breathing in the sharp wind and grunting to himself as they passed familiar landmarks. When they finally topped the bluffs, they looked down on the river, high at this time of year with fall rains and running deceptively smooth toward the east, and Harmon drove the car carefully down the narrow road, remembering other years and hunts with the dog along this river.

"Remember the old days," he said, and the dog turned his head and growled softly.

"I guess you do," Harmon said.

He rounded the last switchback curve and leveled off on the river trail that followed along the water for miles; and now the dog was growling happily and rubbing his wet nose against the windshield, impatient to be out and moving through the brush.

Harmon parked the car under the three beech trees and sat back for a brief moment, tamping his pipe full and looking through the willows at the river and the clouds scudding low from the north. A light mist was dropping over the water and the far bank was a pencil line of deep shadow against the lighter gray of the mist and the hills beyond; it was a good day for geese and ducks with the wind fresh and the clouds pressing near the water.

"All right," he said. "What do you think, Bing? Ducks or geese?"

The dog barked sharply, and Harmon opened the door and said, "Out with you," and followed him to the ground. He counted the five shells in his hunting coat and breeched the shotgun to make sure the barrels were empty.

He had always been a careful man, much as the dog had a certain reserve which forbade them both from taking unnecessary chances at any time. The dog stood straight and trim at his feet, head toward the river, and when he said, "Geese it is," and headed for the dock, the dog broke into a fast trot and led him down the path a good ten yards to stand expectantly beside their small flat-bottomed boat, tied now to a dock post and swaying gently in the bank current.

"In with you," he said, and the dog stepped carefully into the boat and took his place unasked in the bow, forelegs on the seat, head up and nose breathing the air in deep, harsh gulps.

Harmon sat down in the stern and pushed the oars through the oarlocks and untied the rope and tossed it in the bottom of the boat.

He said, "Do we hit the willows, Bing?" and the dog turned his head and seemed to agree completely.

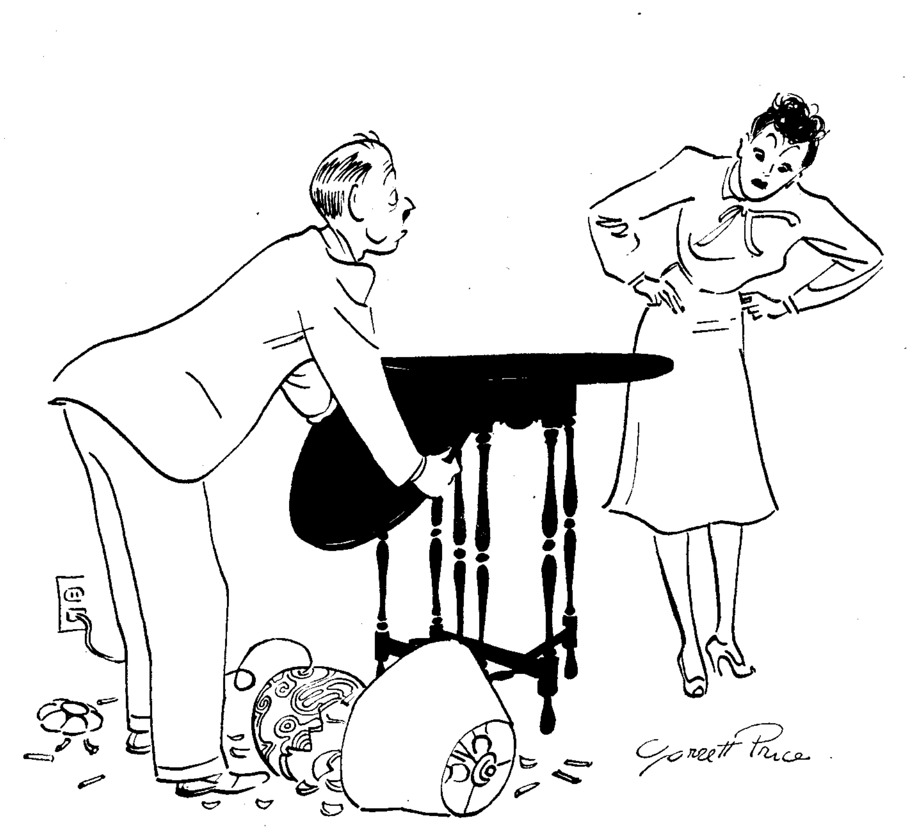
Harmon pushed out from the dock and turned the boat into the current, slow along the bank, and rowed slowly but strongly toward the shoal water which lay along the southern bank in the back stretch of the river. It was here in the past that they sat among the willows and cattails and high swamp grass, waiting for the geese and ducks to come out of the north, following the twisting path of the river, and boom across the willows toward the deep water downstream. He could not remember all the times he and Jim had downed a goose or a brace of mallard, watching them hit the water and float toward the deep, fast current, and then rowed out quickly and sent Bing over the side, to swim like a mink for the birds and bring them in, held carefully in his strong jaws. But lately, this fall and the year before, he had kept him in the boat, knowing that he tired easily and could not see as keenly as in other, younger years.

HE ROWED the boat into the willows and turned the bow toward the north, pushing the young willows up and around in a screen and dropping the small anchor overboard into the soft mud bottom. The dog stood quietly through this and when the anchor took hold, he stood up on the bow seat and stared at the north, the clouds and the far bank and the muddy yellow water, breathing deep and shivering all over with that fine thoroughbred anticipation all good dogs feel at the beginning of a hunt.

Watching him, Harmon almost forgot his age and again saw him as he had been so long ago, powerful, afraid of nothing and always the fresher of the two after six hours on the river or a full day in the fields.

"Something coming?" he asked, settling himself for a long wait. It was early and he did not expect a goose or duck until late afternoon. He felt like just sitting here and talking, telling the old dog in some decent way what he had to do and how much he hated to do it. This, he thought, would be tougher than telling a customer at the store to go to Hades. The dog deserved only the best words and Harmon had a feeling of empty inadequacy when he tried to open the conversation.

Harmon laid the shotgun, still unloaded, across his knees and lighted his pipe, shielding the match flame with his hands and sucking hard to get a deep, red coal. The match sputtered and fizzled out in the water and they sat in utter silence for a moment before the faint sounds of the river seeped into his ears, the water running and the wind blowing



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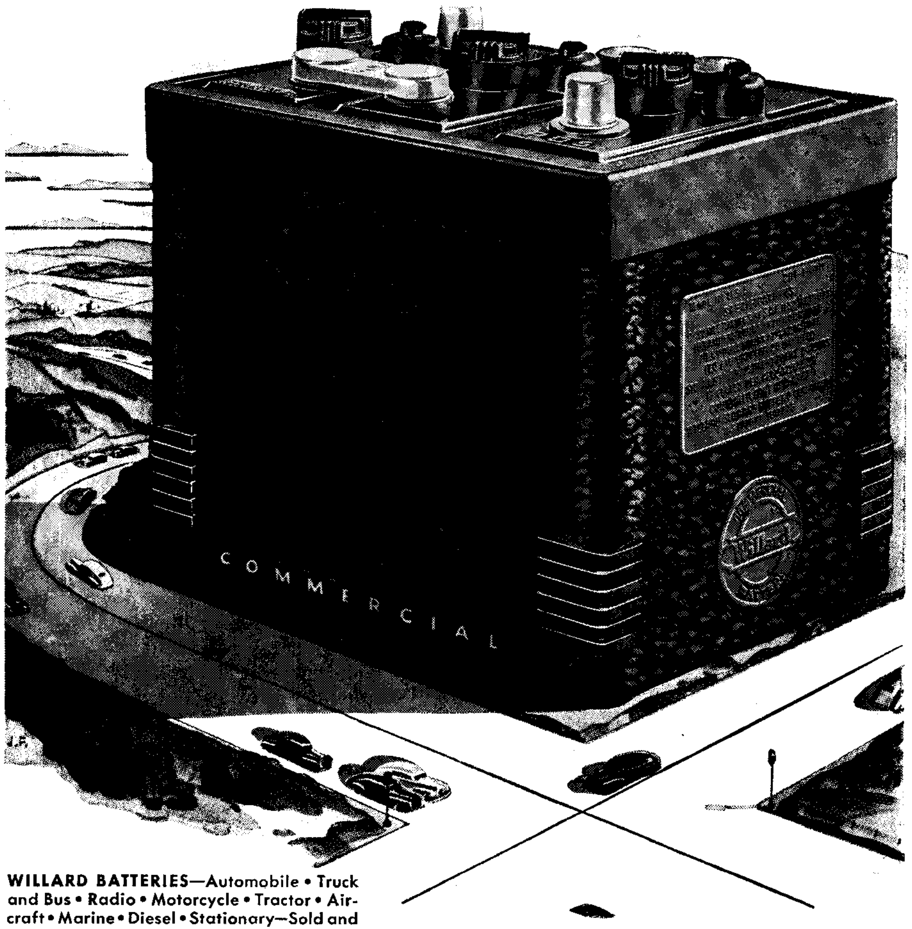

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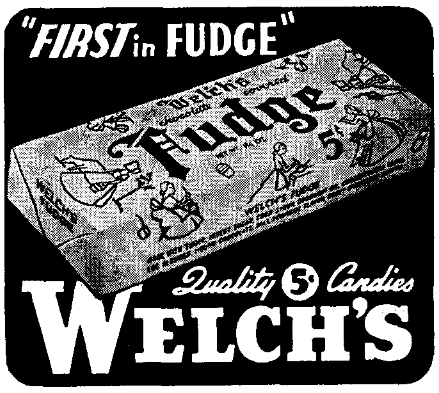

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through the leafless trees and the dog snuffling softly in the front of the boat. He spoke to Bing now, talking of anything that came to his mind, past hunts, dog food, the boy Jim, driving through the country in the fall, all the memories of good, neverforgotten days; and at length he dozed off, his head dropping forward and his arms lying lax across his knees. The dog turned and looked at him, and lay down on the bow seat and went to sleep. They slept for an hour, for two hours, while the sun arced to the west and lay low and the wind dropped down to a whisper and the mist settled thickly over the water.

HARMON woke at the sound of ducks flying high above, and grinned sheepishly. His watch said five o'clock and he stared at it waking completely, before he loaded the shotgun and moved it, barrel up, into the cradle of his arms. The dog had been awake at the first sound and was up on the bow, whining nervously and lifting his nose toward the sky. "Too high, Bing," Harmon said. "They'll come lower in a few minutes."

He waited ten minutes, and then the sound came to them from the north, across the big bend, that faint honking, off and on, of the big geese. Harmon lifted the shotgun and held it on the river curve, waiting for the geese. He thought it was a small V, flying low and looking for a nightspot, and when the lead goose broke through the mist with his flock of ten or twelve, Harmon said, "Golly!" as he always did, awed at the power and beauty of the big birds.

They were coming straight over the boat and still out of range; and at the last moment the leader swung away from the willows and headed downriver. Harmon followed through, and the last goose strayed over too far, coming into range. He fired the left barrel, and the dog stood immobile and solid, pointing toward the geese. The last goose got the full load on a fine deflection shot, and Harmon could not help shouting, "Got him, Bing!" as the goose doubled and fell to the water.

Harmon said, "Damn it," realizing then that the goose had hit on the edge of the deep current. He grabbed the oars and pulled anchor while the dog waited in an ecstasy of shivering expectancy, and rowed out of the willows and toward a spot downstream where boat and floating goose would meet. He could feel the first grip of the current now, and increased his stroke. He didn't want to send the old dog into the water; it was too cold and fast out here. He hated to cheat Bing out of his last retrieve but it was better to keep him warm and safe than take a chance on losing him. And then they hit the log.

Harmon couldn't see it because it was submerged and rolling in the current, waterlogged and heavy, coming downstream at sluggish rate. The bow hit the log, and they went up on one side and turned completely over. Harmon hit the water headfirst, and the shotgun fell away and went down, and then he felt the boat scrape against his shoulder and grabbed for it as he came up. They were in deep water and he was frightened, and then he saw the dog bob up to his right and blow, turn his head, and make for the boat.

He yelled, "Come on, boy," and looked around at the bank and the river. They were almost in the main current now and moving very fast. The boat had turned turtle and he was holding onto the keel at the stern. His boots were filling and he was heavy in his clothes; and he thought then that this was serious. The dog barked, getting water in his mouth, and Harmon remembered the time Jim had upset on the lake and had come ashore hanging to Bing's neck and paddling beside his canoe. But that was when the dog was in his prime. Now he barked again; there was a note of panic in his voice.

"Come on, boy," Harmon yelled again. The dog turned into the current and then they were together, and Harmon had him by the scruff of the neck and pulled him close to his chest against the boat. The dog was trembling, and Harmon knew he could never swim ashore from here. He said, "Take it easy, boy," and the dog looked up and whined brokenly and licked his face. Harmon said, "We'll be all right. Take it easy." He remembered the goose then and looked around for it, but it was gone long ago, drifting into the main current and passing out of sight.

He looked toward the south shore and remembered the sandbar that stuck out just above the next curve. They were drifting fast and angling toward the center of the river, and the dog began to cry. That was the only way it could be described—a soft crying that was not of cowardice or pain but of deep frustration at finding himself helpless in the water that had always been his second element.

Harmon lifted him higher and then started kicking his legs and turning the bow of the boat toward the south shore. He estimated distance and decided that if he could boot the boat to the south enough, they might hit the sandbar which still lay a good two hundred yards below them. He increased his kicks and slowly they veered and bobbed and inched into the shore.

He was frightened for the old dog, not for himself, until his feet hit bottom and he gauged the distance to the bank and felt the current slack off and become still. He said, "We made it, you old bum," and the dog sniffed and pushed his head deeply into Harmon's wet shoulder. He held the boat firmly and started slogging through the neck-deep water for the bank. His legs were heavy now and he said, "The old gray mare she ain't what she used to be," and grinned at his own weakness.

He made the bank in five minutes, lifting the dog up and onto the muddy grass and pulling the boat behind him, half out of the water. He got it up that far, and the water drained out and he tipped it over, thankful again it was small and well-balanced. He found the rope on the bow and pulled the boat up on the bank, across the muddy grass and over a gravel bar to a big willow tree. He tied it securely and looked for Bing.

"Come on, boy," he said.

THE old dog took a few short steps and fell on his side. Harmon said, "I'm sorry, boy," knowing then how weak Bing really was and how, like the thoroughbred he was and would be to the end, he had gone on until he couldn't take another step. He lifted the dog in his arms and carried him up the steeper bank to the river road and west along the road toward the car.

Halfway to the car the dog squirmed and growled to be put down, but Harmon said, "Shut up, you old fool," and walked on. At the car he wrapped him in the thick brown Army blanket and laid him on the front seat. He turned then and stood loosely, staring out across the river at the far bank, now lost in the early night mist, and then he shivered involuntarily and got behind the wheel and drove away.

When they came through the kitchen door, his wife was bending over the stove. She turned and gave them one quick, unbelieving look and said, "For goodness sakes!"

"We fell in," Harmon said, and walked to the stove. "Get a blanket for Bing. He's cold."

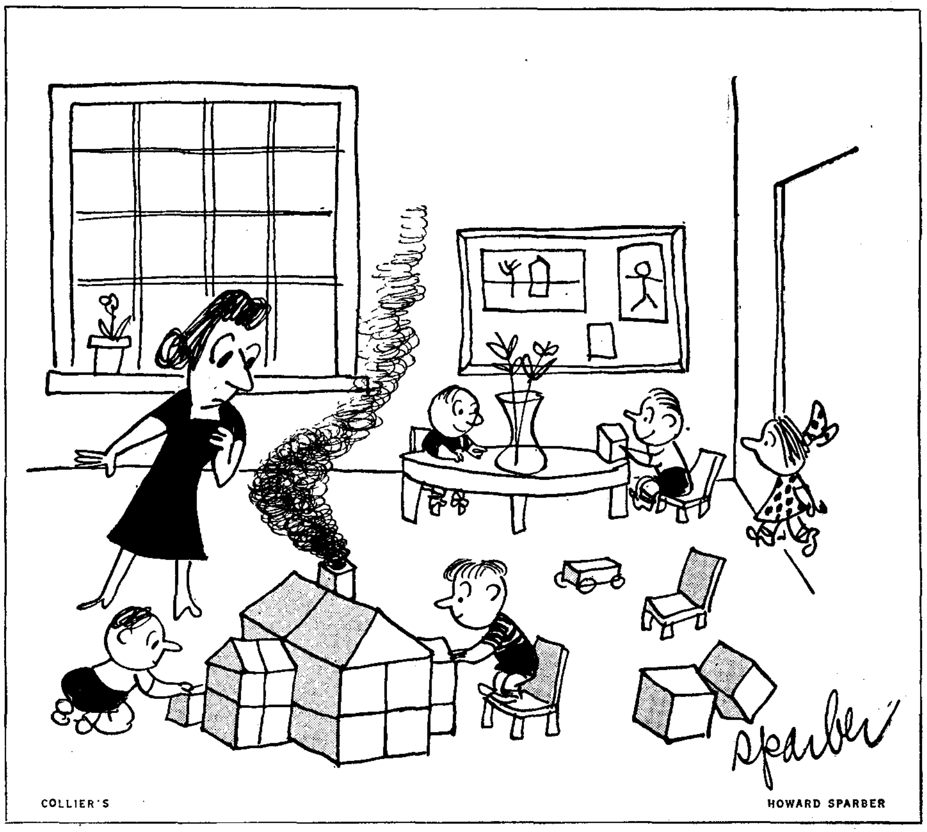
"Are you all right?" his wife asked. "Are you—"

"Certainly," Harmon said shortly. "Get a blanket. Come here, Bing."

The old dog looked up at Mrs. Harmon and then moved with wobbly steps to the stove and lay down at Harmon's feet. His wife shook her head and said, "I knew it. I knew something would happen if you took him out."

He looked down at the dog and then he found some quiet dignity and put this into words. "You should be thankful for him, Martha. He saved my life." He went on rapidly, "Remember the time Bing brought Jim in off the lake when the canoe tipped over? Well, we hit a log this afternoon, and went over. Bing brought me in."

His wife said, "Oh!" and then she reddened and brushed at her nose with her left hand. She said, "I'm sorry."



"It's all right," he said. "Well, he's had his last hunt. I'll take him down tomorrow and have—"

"You will not!" his wife said sharply. She crouched down beside the old dog and put her hand on his head. "You'll do no such thing. Do that to Bing with Jim coming home and after he saved your life. Sometimes it's hard for a woman"—she looked up at him—"hard to admit she is wrong. Well, I was." She rubbed the dog's head and said, "Poor old tired boy. I'll get you a big blanket. Do you think we should call the doctor?"

"For me?" he said. "I'm all right."

"Not for you," his wife said, getting up and moving toward the hall. "For Bing."

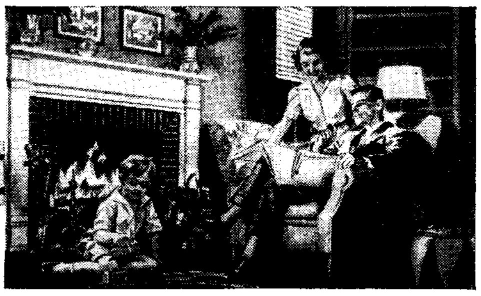
When his wife had disappeared into the hallway and he heard her moving through the linen closet, he looked at the dog, now warm and licking his paws with his tongue, and said, "A good hunt, you old bum, a good hunt," and winked.

The dog looked up and growled, and Harmon tickled him with one muddy boot and stepped behind the stove to remove his wet clothing. He could count the times he had lied to his wife on the fingers of one hand; and looking at the dog and wondering how much this really meant to them in terms of compassion and friendship, he decided this time wouldn't count at all.

THE END

# RAILROAD DOLLARS Switch Back to All of Us

In their essential service to the nation, the American railroads during 1945 again hauled an enormous tonnage of freight for an average charge of less than one cent per ton per mile, and carried millions of service and civilian passengers for fares averaging less than before the *First* World War. For this job the railroads received less than 9 billion dollars. And here's where the money went . . .

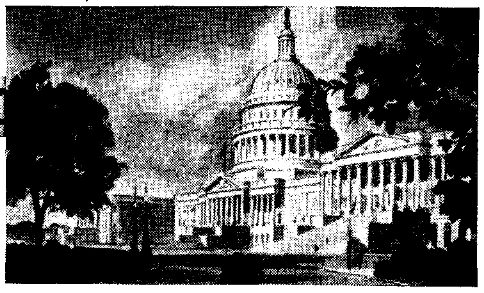


## 41% FOR WAGES

This money, paid to 1,400,000 railroad employees, buys homes and furniture, food and clothing, education, insurance—helps make local business prosper.

## 32% FOR MATERIALS, ETC.

More than two-thirds of this was paid to a broad cross section of industry which furnishes railroad supplies. This money helps to make better business and more jobs in every state and almost every county in the country.



## 16% FOR TAXES

Railroad taxes are spent for the general support and services of government—national defense, public safety, schools, hospitals. None of this money is used to provide tracks for trains, but some of it is spent by government to help provide and maintain the highways, waterways, and airways used by other forms of commercial transportation.

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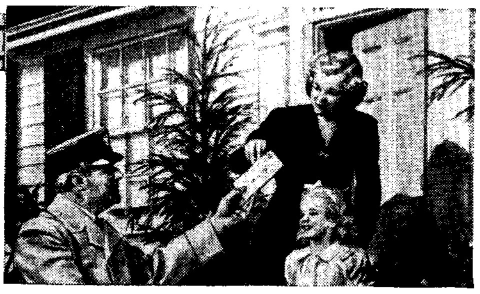
## 6% FOR INTEREST, RENTS, ETC.

The greater part of this was paid to those who have loaned money to the railroads and receive interest in return—including the millions of men and women who have an investment in railroads through their life insurance policies, savings bank deposits and the like.



## 3% FOR DIVIDENDS

This three cents out of each dollar was paid to about a million individual citizens who have invested their savings in railroad stocks — helping to provide the "tools" with which railroad employees do their work.

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# Uneasy Ireland

Continued from page 15

to be understood, and particularly by Americans, that the decision to keep out of the war was Eamon De Valera's.

On September 3d, 1939, he broadcast his decision. As he recalled his words after V-E Day he said: "The aim of our policy, I said, would be to keep our people out of the war. I reminded you of what I had said in the Dail, *that in our circumstances, with our history* and our experience after the last war, and with a part of our country still unjustly severed from us, no other policy was possible."

Mr. De Valera is Prime Minister, political boss, and the dominant personality in Southern Ireland. He is so strong that he is teaching the Irish people to call him the Taoiseach (pronounced Teesock) which in Gaelic means chieftain. If you want to understand what has happened, is happening or is about to happen in Eire, you had best try to have a word with Mr. De Valera.

You go to his office in Leinster House, Dublin, a large, well-designed granite structure that might be a government house anywhere. You are examined by soldiers and guards. If you pass muster, you are conducted to a Cabinet minister for further scrutiny. He may take you to the Taoiseach. You wonder if you should mumble your greetings in Gaelic. But inside his office the chieftain is "Dev" to his friends. He is plausible and, when he pleases, charming. He works long hours but seems relaxed, firm, willing and eager to justify his own position or to argue Ireland's case. He is an agile debater.

The Irish think that he had the best of the argument both with Mr. Churchill and with the late President Roosevelt when the United States asked that the Germans be restrained from using their diplomatic posts in Eire as aids to sinking American ships.

### Active Physically and Mentally

Dev is 63 years old, lean, erect and physically vigorous. His hair is thin but still dark. He walks along the country roads for exercise and will work in his office until 9 o'clock in the evening or later. He makes most of the decisions in Eire and consents to all that stand.

The president of Eire is Sean O'Caillaigh. Mr. John O'Kelly, to recall his baptismal name, is a politician who has been moved up to the Vice Regal Lodge by Mr. De Valera as an advertisement of Eire's unity in wartime. Like the former representative of the king, Mr. O'Kelly signs papers, entertains guests, very graciously too, but expresses no opinions on anything important. Still he has a good home and pleasant neighbors even if he does feel like a caged bird.

There are three other lesser but important and elegant homes in Phoenix Park which, historically, is the place of authority in Dublin. One is occupied by the Papal Nuncio who is His Excellency now, but who, as a young man, was Pascal Robinson, an American journalist, an editor on the North American Review. Another is the home of Dr. Douglas Hyde, the first president of Eire and a literary man of distinction, now retired. The last is the American Legation, the residence of David Gray, for six years the American minister and, as such, a very important figure.

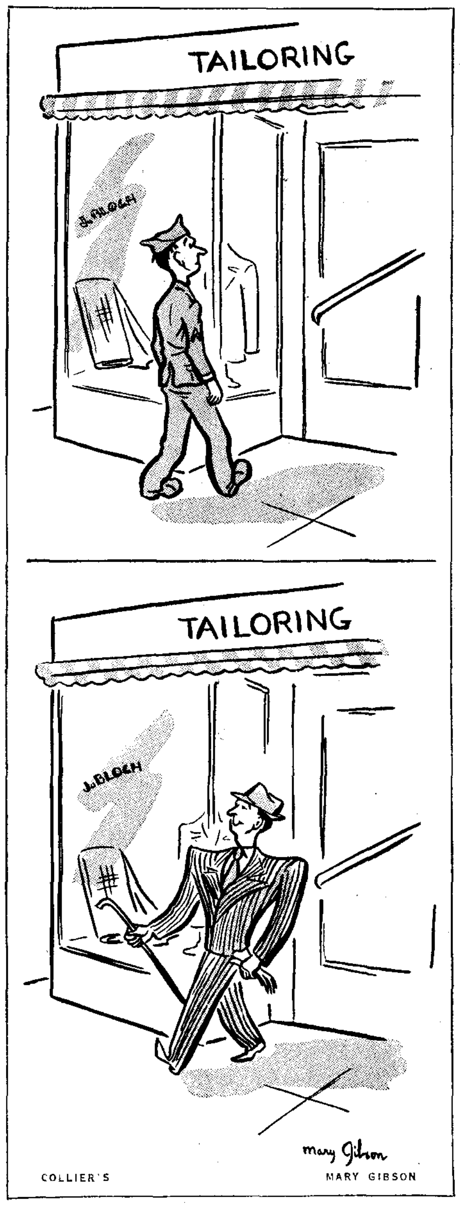
The real second in command to Dev is Sean Lemass, Minister of Industry and Production and a very practical fellow in his vigorous forties. Mr. Lemass is the son of a Dublin draper. The minister's brother was killed in the revolutionary fighting of 20-odd years ago. Mr. Lemass is reputed to be more interested in economic fact than in political theories. He is a strong man. If De Valera were to retire today, Mr. Lemass, it is said, would succeed him.

At the moment what Dev decides, goes. Eire's neutrality was as austere and aloof as Dev decreed it. A small group sympathizes with Britain. Some private citizens were frankly pro-German. Lord Dunsany, the poet, dealt with one in the verses here first published.

Lord Dunsany, a huge man and a veteran of the first World War, is an eloquent spokesman who wanted Eire in the war. But Dev's revolution did not come from the aristocracy. The present masters of Southern Ireland brush Dunsany aside as a British lord. Actually he is as Irish as the shamrock.

Jim Larkin, the Irish Labor leader of a generation ago, is about, but he too is not allowed to interfere. Larkin wanders the streets of Dublin, still a firebrand, but he starts no large fires. Dev pointed out that Larkin's unions were parts of English labor unions and therefore pro-English. That was enough. "Big Jim," the reckless revolutionary of other years, is not considered now. His influence has been sterilized.

The number one fact we have to comprehend is hatred of the English. The present regime is built upon a deep and persuasive hatred of the British. You speak of what the Germans did in the concentration camps and your Irishman will tell you about what Cromwell did to the Irish in the seventeenth century or what was done to Cork in much more recent times. What happened 300 years ago is as vivid as what happens today. This hatred simplified the problem for Southern Ireland. If the Germans conquered the British, who cared? The British would have got no more than their deserts. Nobody in office admits that Britain had any part in preventing the Germans from taking over Ireland as Denmark and Holland were occupied.



Mary Gibson

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

The big thing that happened was that Eire kept out of the war. Most Irishmen wanted to keep out of the war. So did most Englishmen and Americans. Very few normal men wanted to go to war in 1939 or 1941. Not all Irishmen were content to remain out of the struggle. Some 120,000 volunteered.

They fought well and the proportion honored for valor is high. The government of Eire takes no credit for their bravery and their sacrifices. Censorship would not allow the newspapers to record the achievements and announce medals awarded those volunteers. The government decided that news about Irish heroes might encourage other Irishmen to enlist. That, it decided, would not be neutral. So the newspapers were not allowed to say anything. They were not allowed to leave blank spaces to show that they had been censored. Many feel bitter about that.

Other Irishmen—and Irishwomen—went to England and to the six northern counties to work in munitions plants and to do other war work. Some 194,000 workers went to Britain. They were not discouraged by the government, for the war disrupted Irish industry and might have caused vast unemployment. The jobs in Britain and Northern Ireland beyond the Free State were needed to support the people. So no difficulties were made for the migratory workers.

Eire was not only partly supported by these workers in Britain but Eire also accumulated a large money balance in England. Southern Irishmen have private deposits in England of about a billion dollars. This is money owed by Englishmen and English banks and business houses. In part this explains Britain's need to borrow money from the United States.

Britain and Ireland lie close together but land, natural resources and people differ. Nature planned it that way. Ireland has no coal. Ireland has no oil. Ireland now burns turf, dried turf—we call it peat. You can't run a furnace with turf. You can have a little heat in the fireplace and very warming it is if you have nothing better. But it is expensive and troublesome, dirty and inefficient.

All the coal they can hope to get must be imported, and imported from England most economically. Ireland has no iron. Ireland has few minerals. What Ireland has is green grass especially adapted to raising cattle and horses. Irish jumpers are the best in the world. But Mr. De Valera doesn't want to go into the milk business for England. He does not want Eire to be a second Denmark supplying dairy products to great industrial countries. There isn't enough money in jumping horses to support even a nation of 3 million people in the comfort to which they very naturally aspire. So nature handed Eire a riddle for which no very ready anti-English solution is at hand.

### Prevented Possible Food Shortage

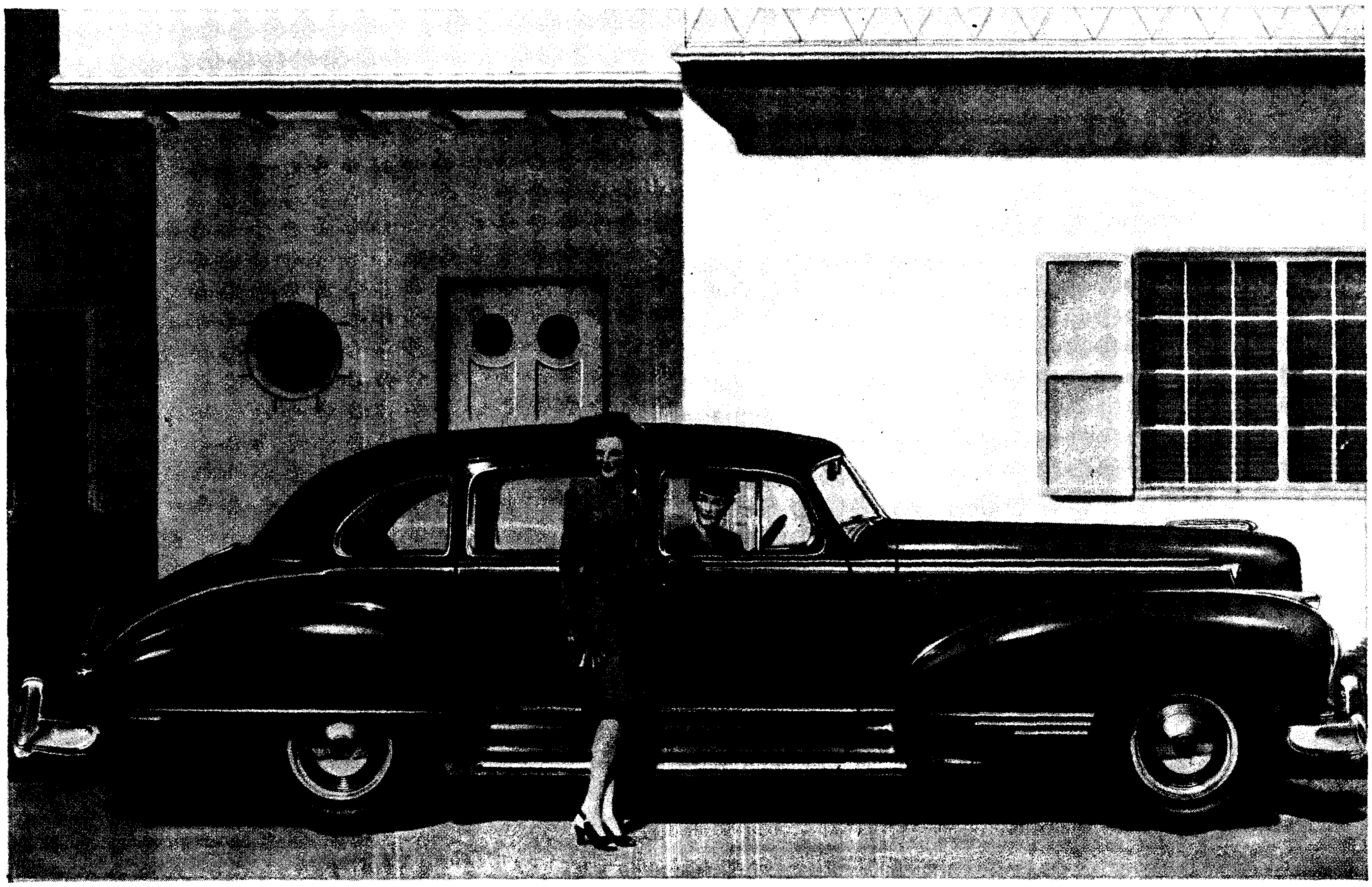
Under the pressure of war Mr. De Valera almost singlehanded persuaded the Irish to plant wheat. He feared that if the Irish relied upon imported wheat during war, the Irish would go hungry. They would have, too. As it worked out they did not go hungry and they did not fight. In fact the English say that Dublin is the only city within a thousand miles of London in which it is possible to get a good meal. So far as food is concerned you can live a lot better in Dublin than in London. You can have a beefsteak if you want it. You can have real butter for breakfast.

Dev also has induced the Irish to raise their own sugar from beets by fixing attractive prices for sugar. It has occurred to few, if any, of the British Isles to grow vegetables other than cabbages and turnips. Fruits and vegetables are consequently scarce in Ireland. Still it is true that the Irish eat comparatively well.

The Irish were not starved into helping the English or agreeing to President Roosevelt's letter asking them to kick out the Germans. But a plan to avoid being starved into unwilling co-operation in wartime might not be the best way to arrange permanent Irish affairs. Wheat is not an ideal crop for Irish soil and climate. Eire is learning that it is easier to lick men than nature.

Nature, that is, the geographical location of Ireland, the soil, the lack of coal and minerals, makes it necessary to co-operate economically with England if Irish people are to live as well as Irish people might. Politics can't change that. This is the problem the government now faces. Where to go now?

The government guesses that the 194,000 war workers who went to Britain will return. The volunteers in the British army and navy —more than 100,000 strong—will, for the greater part, come back for a while at least. During the war the remittances from the workers and fighters helped. The absence of the soldiers and sailors reduced the numbers of those wanting jobs. Peace emphasizes the



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## ... and the time to see it is NOW!

Interest in Hudson is running high these days—and dealers across the country expect to welcome at least a million visitors in the next few months.

Tens of thousands of motorists have caught just a glimpse of Hudson's entrancing new front end, or the rich styling and fine appointments of completely new interiors. They want to know more about "The Fine Car of Low Price."

Tens of thousands of others will be looking for good things they have missed in other cars . . . exclusive easy-driving and riding-comfort features . . . the safety for which Hudson is famous. We can promise them even more than they expect.

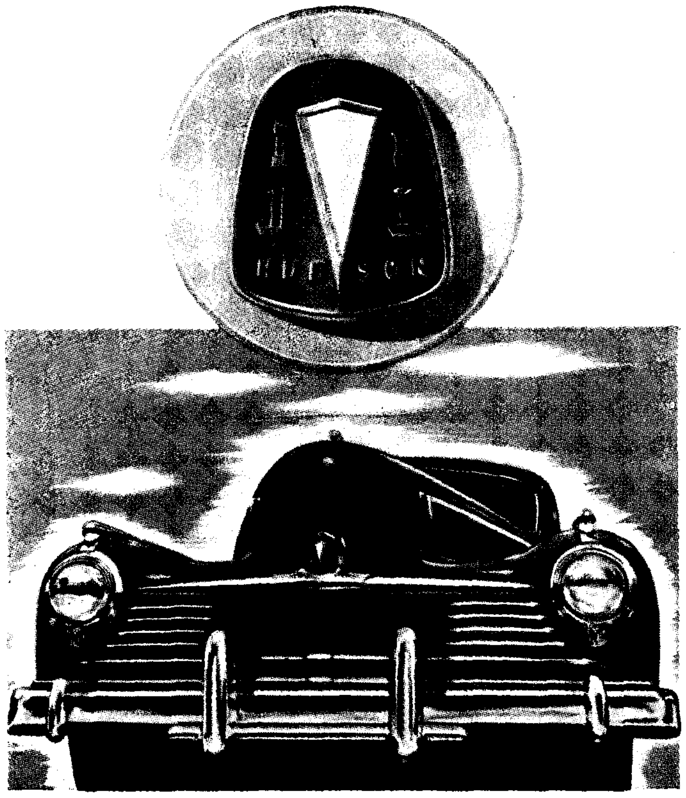
There will be a long procession of Hudson owners at these showroom *debuts*—men and women more loyal than ever to Hudson because of their wartime driving experience.

You are invited to join them. But please don't stop with a *look*. Take one of these cars out on the road. *Feel* what it's like to drive in the lap of luxury behind a famous engine—Six or Eight as you prefer.

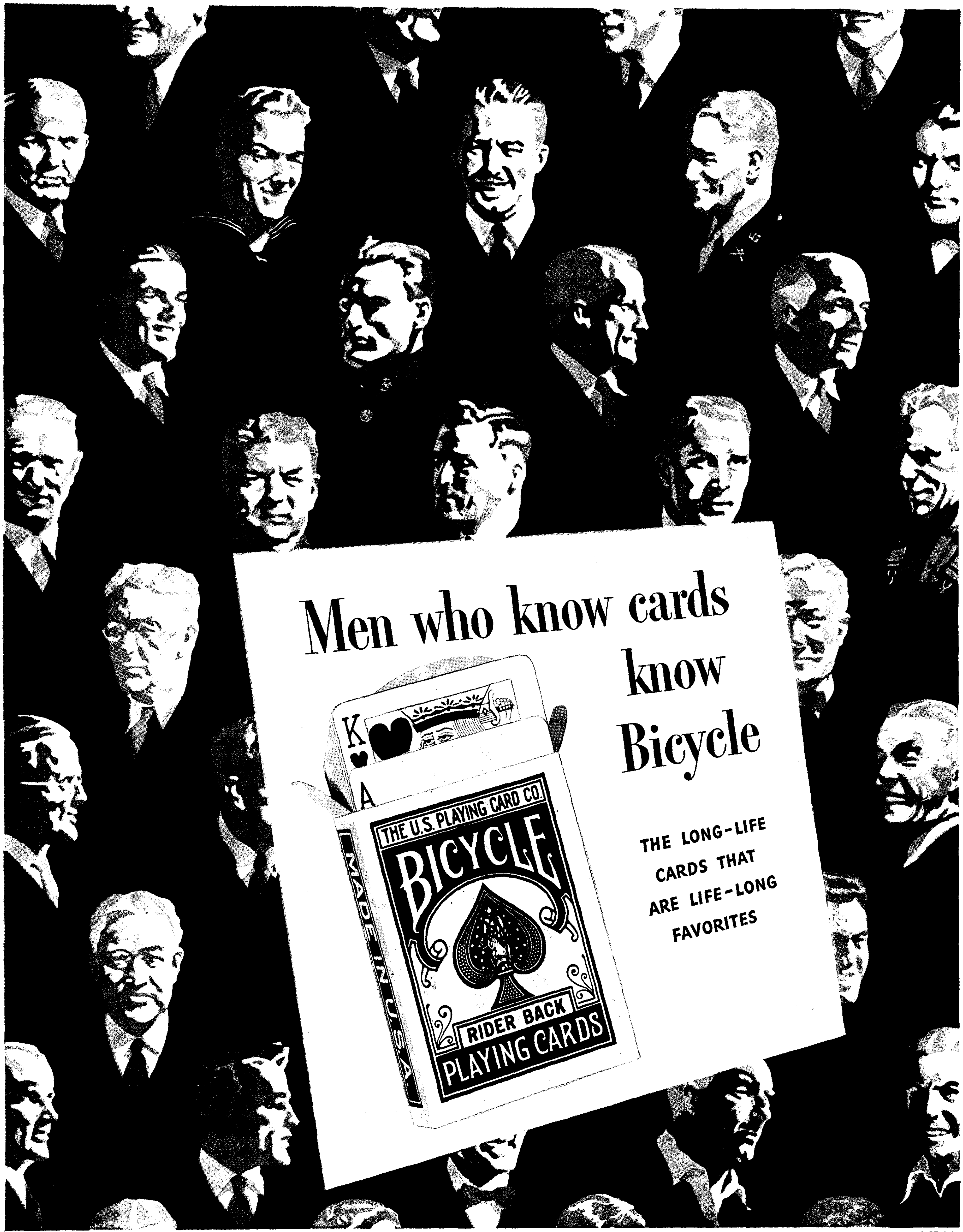
Yes—you'll be repaid by visiting a Hudson showroom before you decide on any 1946 car. Come—and bring the family.

**HUDSON**

**HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN**



*Choice of famous 102-horsepower Super-Six and 128-horsepower Super-Eight engines—in a Super Series or a distinguished Commodore Series. Sedans, Broughams and Coupes in nine new standard body colors, with four 2-tone combinations available at extra cost. Pictured here—the 1946 Hudson Commodore Sedan.*


Men who know cards know Bicycle
THE LONG-LIFE CARDS THAT ARE LIFE-LONG FAVORITES
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PLAYING CARDS
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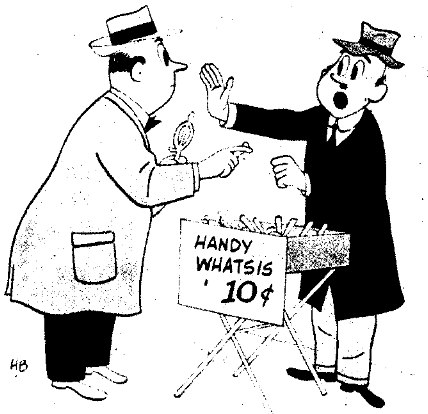
THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY • MAKERS OF BICYCLE AND CONGRESS CARDS • CINCINNATI 12, OHIO difficulty of finding jobs for all who want work.

Ireland is not only a land of limited natural resources but also it is now a semi-Socialist state that definitely restrains private enterprise. Enemies of De Valera say that it is a Fascist state. Fascist is too cheap an epithet. De Valera is a highly successful Irish politician who happens also to be the exponent of a single ruling idea. He is no more Fascist than was the big political boss of any American city thirty years ago. The Taoiseach differs from the Tammany leader of a generation ago in that he is known to be money honest. But De Valera is as intolerant of other men's opinions as any political boss you remember.

Rivals, especially the noisy representatives of the Irish Republican Army, he sent to the hoosegow. Some people called them concentration camps. It is easy to denounce any place of detention as a concentration camp if you have never seen a concentration camp. Few people, if any, were killed in De Valera's prisons.

In other ways Dev's government ran Ireland with tight reins during the war. Nothing was published that he did not approve. Some of the censorship was silly. Kingstown, for example, is a suburb of Dublin centuries old. Kingstown is an English name. So the town is now Dun Laoghaire, pronounced Dunleary. The Episcopal Church there still calls itself the Kingstown Church. But Frank Aiken, postmaster general and top censor, would not permit the publication of notices of church services that used the word Kingstown. The English Church had to have the Gaelic name, Dun Laoghaire, or it could not announce its services in the paid newspaper advertisements.



"Give it to the March of Dimes!"

That sort of control enrages some people, but it is not Fascist. No more is the government ownership and operation of busses, trains and railroads. Nor is the very strict and searching control of exports and imports. You can't buy a pair of gloves or a piece of Irish homespun to take out of the country without an export license—which you can't get. Any exporting is now done by the government. You can't bring in a box of .22-caliber rifle shells to shoot hares, a favorite sport and a popular food supply. I saw a box of .22 shells confiscated at the airport in Liverpool. The farmer who lost his precious ammunition was much upset but, in De Valera's Ireland, regulations are enforced or else.

What you actually find is a somewhat Socialistic state with an endless variety of government regulations over trade and many other affairs enforced by men who got power as a result of a successful civil war. Tolerance of varying views is not conspicuous in the land. The politician and not the businessman or farmer prevails.

But De Valera knows that somehow his government has to provide the good things of this modern world for the people of Ireland or else let them provide for themselves. He knows that Ireland lacks many of the essentials of a prosperous productive civilization. He knows that closeness to England suggests a business partnership. He also knows that hatred of the English is the historic cement that binds to a single purpose his political supporters. He personally has become mellow with age. He has what he sought—political independence, leadership and no rivals.

He has not all he wants. He wants the six counties of Northern Ireland. He can't have Northern Ireland without fighting and winning another civil war. Ulster has a little more than a million people. Eire has a little less than three million. Eire might subdue Ulster—the North would not voluntarily unite—but De Valera says he won't use force. He compares his decision with that of Abraham Lincoln who fought a civil war to preserve the American Union.

But people cannot live by politics alone and the Irish people want to know how they are doing in a material way. The day I got to Ireland, two ships laden with gasoline and oil arrived. A few days later, 6,000 motor cars were brought out and licensed and, for the first time in years, people began to take short automobile trips. Tires and batteries are still scarce and many people have not tried to awaken the old busses that slept through the war. A few have added elaborate charcoal burners to propel their cars.

Other cargoes have been brought in by the Irish Shipping Company from Scandinavia. Oranges, grapefruit, raisins, wheat, machinery, lumber, rubber boats and hot-water bottles, missing since 1942, are trickling in. Ireland can't buy much in the United States—she lacks dollars. Ireland has little hope of coal this winter.

All of these elements make this picture:

Eire is independent politically. Eamon De Valera is in control.

Ulster won't join Eire until conquered. So Ulster won't join.

Eire kept out of the war but Irishmen are not boasting about that. They will justify it but they don't like it.

Eire can't live well if it lives alone economically. Eire can't have central heating on combustible turf. Eire can't run motorcars far on charcoal. Eire can't have a varied diet on home-grown vegetables.

Eire *can* make the most profitable trade arrangements with England.

### Urgent Problem Yet to Be Solved

But how can a man 63 years old who came to power by arousing his country to a fire of hatred against the English now persuade them that their economic salvation rests in a business alliance with the British? Were De Valera to proclaim the necessity of the closest business ties with England, he would be accused of having sold out to the English. That is the offense beyond forgiveness in Eire. De Valera must remember what he has said during the past thirty years. His own words tend to silence him.

It is a hard nut for a politician to crack. But it must be cracked, else Eire will lose its best young men. That is happening to Southern Ireland today. The girls are there. But the boys, the Irish boys, are not so conspicuous. Some have moved on. Some remain in Britain. Some are with the far-flung British armies. Some are on ships.

Eire watches them. When Mayor-elect William O'Dwyer was chosen Mayor of New York, papers in Ireland proudly announced "Mayo Man New York Mayor." O'Dwyer is a West-of-Ireland man but all Dublin was proud of his achievements and recognition.

Emigration must go on until Ireland produces more. The fee for a caddy is the equivalent of 30 cents American for 18 holes of golf—a half day's work. The caddy wants to go to the United States. Everywhere there are too many people for the work to be done. Maids and porters work long hours polishing every exposed surface in hotels, making turf fires in bedrooms, doing the endless chores of a civilization that passed out 40 years ago in the United States. The men and women who perform these unceasing chores do not like them nor do they like their wages. But without higher production there is little more to divide. So Dev ponders and plans, while the most gifted and adventurous plan to live their lives in other lands where the race may be to the swift and riches to the men of understanding.

THE END

"I'M SPEECHLESS"
... said the Congresswoman
Paul Rabut

**Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup**

**Roaster-fresh because *in Nescafé* all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is *sealed in* by added carbohydrates.**

"WHAT *I'M* LOOKING FOR," said the Congresswoman, "is a cup of *full-flavored* coffee." "Well, here it is!...made *instantly*, too," said the Senator, handing her a cup of Nescafé. And for the first time in her life she was *speechless*. It was *that* good!

*You'll* agree. For Nescafé offers you the *peak* in coffee enjoyment... because *Nestlé's* knows *the* way to give you *all the flavor—all the lift*—of really fine coffee! First, we make an extract of choice coffees fresh from the roaster—*then instantly seal in the wonderful flavor! You* release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare...no coffee maker to get ready or clean up...no grounds to dispose of. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cup—for about 1¢. No waste...you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.

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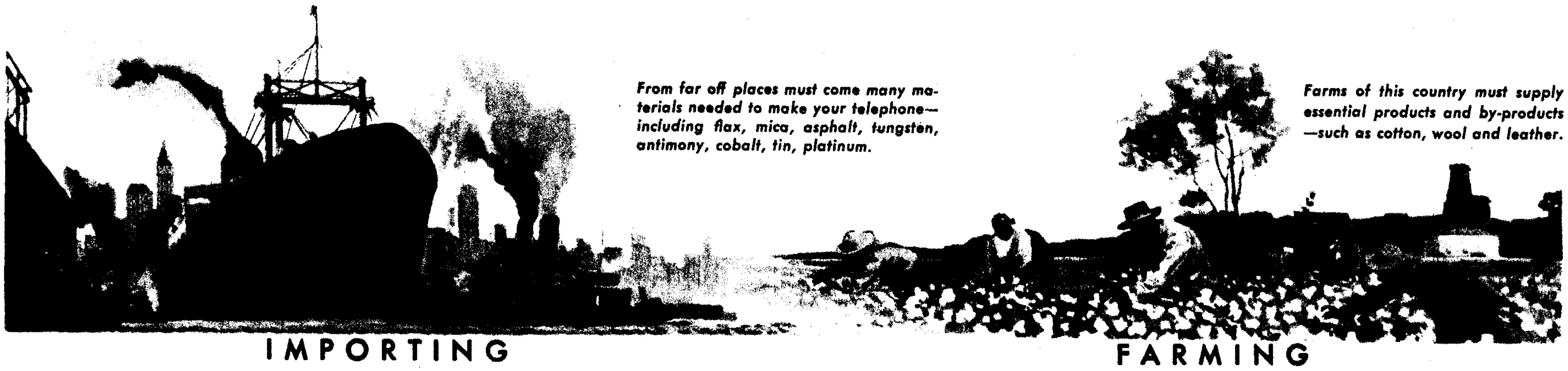
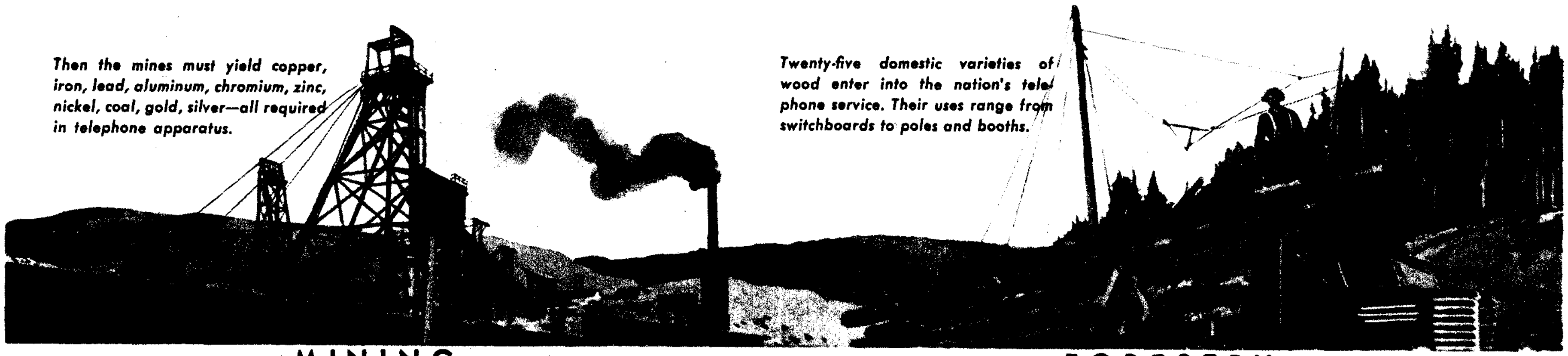
# OUR BIG JOB FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



From far off places must come many materials needed to make your telephone—including flax, mica, asphalt, tungsten, antimony, cobalt, tin, platinum.

Farms of this country must supply essential products and by-products—such as cotton, wool and leather.

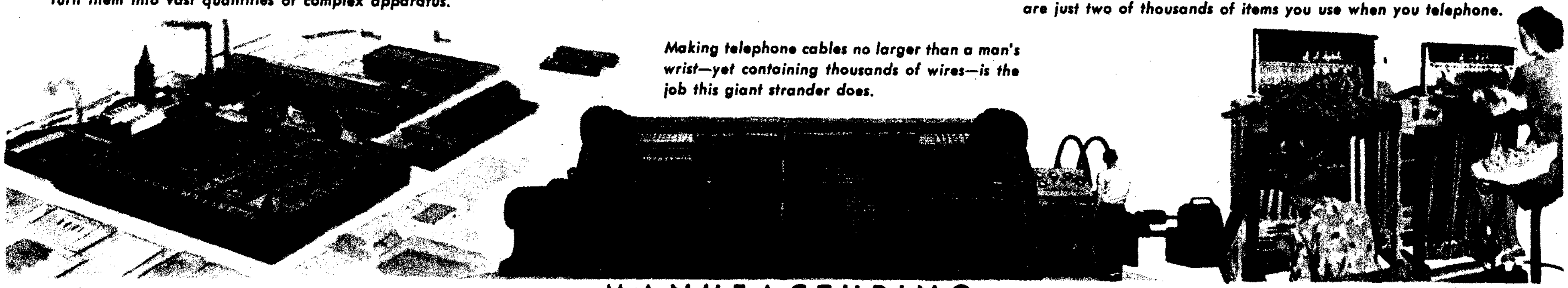


Then the mines must yield copper, iron, lead, aluminum, chromium, zinc, nickel, coal, gold, silver—all required in telephone apparatus.

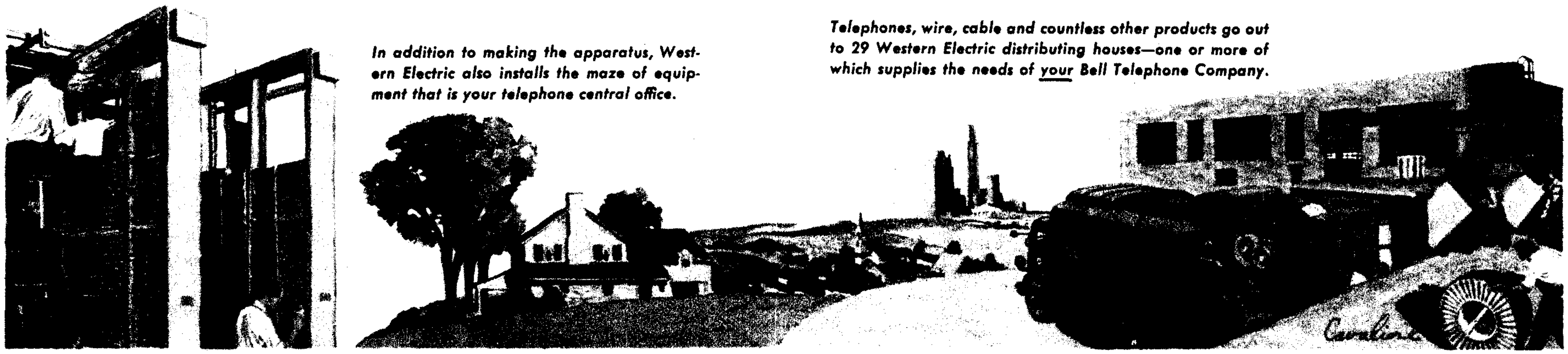
Twenty-five domestic varieties of wood enter into the nation's telephone service. Their uses range from switchboards to poles and booths.

Raw materials must be brought together in Western Electric plants, where skilled workers and marvelous machines turn them into vast quantities of complex apparatus.

Wiring an intricate switchboard—through which your voice will go—calls for skilled hands. Remember that switchboards and cable are just two of thousands of items you use when you telephone.



Making telephone cables no larger than a man's wrist—yet containing thousands of wires—is the job this giant strander does.



In addition to making the apparatus, Western Electric also installs the maze of equipment that is your telephone central office.

Telephones, wire, cable and countless other products go out to 29 Western Electric distributing houses—one or more of which supplies the needs of your Bell Telephone Company.

As supply unit of the Bell Telephone System, Western Electric has one of industry's most complex jobs.

Today we are working full speed ahead on equipment not only to meet immediate telephone needs, but also to carry out the Bell System's $2,000,000,000 post-war construction program.

This vast program promises a record in peacetime production at Western Electric—with a level of employment higher than in the years just before the war—and better-than-ever telephone service for you.

## Western Electric

**MANUFACTURER**
**PURCHASER**
**DISTRIBUTOR**
**INSTALLER** *of Central Office Equipment*
**FOR THE BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

*Buy Victory Bonds*
*—and keep them!*

## U. S. A.—Peacemaker Among the Powers

Continued from page 17

power under any conditions that are now conceivable. In the East Indies we are a military power, as we are throughout the Pacific Ocean, but we are bound in honor and in our true interest as well, to refrain from any use of our power which might appear in any way to lead to an expansion of American empire. For if we exploited our power in the Pacific, where we have power, we should be unable to convince anyone that we were true conciliators, mediators, and peacemakers in Eastern Europe, the Balkans, and the Middle East, where we do not have power.

Then, there is China—a vast country where we do have vital interests and where we are a great power. For fifty years, ever since China was threatened with dismemberment by foreign powers, it has been a cardinal tenet of our foreign policy that China should be united and independent. It has always been our view that a disunited China would mean unending disorder and trouble throughout the Pacific and that a China conquered by a foreign power would in the end be mobilized as a military force threatening our vital interests and security.

### An Unfinished Job

It was because we refused to acquiesce in the conquest of China by Japan that we were compelled to fight Japan. Though we have now defeated Japan, we shall still not have achieved securely the permanent objectives of our policy in the Far East until China is united and her independence is certain.

In respect to China, unless we relapse into hysterical disarmament, we combine influence with great power. To accomplish our purposes, which are known to all the world, we have to carry on two interlocking policies. First, we have to induce the National government, as the condition of our support, to become a much more broadly national and representative government which will conciliate, and not merely suppress, those Chinese, including the Communists, who now oppose it. And second, we have to recognize that China and the Soviet Union have a common land frontier which is four thousand miles long and extends from the shores of the Pacific, where we are a power, into the inner heart of China, where we are not a power at all. Therefore, parallel with our effort to promote unity in China, we have, as between China and Russia, to take the part not of protectors and sponsors of China alone, but of the mediator, of the honest broker, between them.

— 4 —

The reader will have been wondering why I have said almost nothing so far about Germany and about Japan. That is because for the time being both countries are so prostrated that immediately critical problems do not arise there but in the regions we have been surveying. But it is obvious that this is a temporary condition and that what is done in these regions and what is done with Germany and Japan are inseparably connected.

Having argued that the American influence can be effective and beneficient only if we assume the role of the mediating power, we may now ask what would be the result if we are able to play the part successfully. The result, if our best hopes could be fulfilled, would, as I see it, be as follows: We should persuade the Russians that we are, on grounds of American national policy, opposed to the formation of an Anglo-American-Western European-Chinese coalition against them. In Eastern Europe and in Eastern Asia we might, therefore, hope to persuade them, using all the inducements we can offer, that they can have greater security if their smaller neighbors are independent than if they are under Soviet domination. For through a good-neighbor policy they may hope to gain the willing consent of their neighbors, whereas through domination they must expect perpetual resistance and enmity.

*(Continued on page 67)*

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# FIRST LADY OF FRANCE

### BY BYRON DE PROROK and E. P. WELLMAN

Modest and unassuming, Madame de Gaulle spends most of her time just being a wife

PIX

THEY met for the first time at the opening of the *Salon d'Autonne*, an annual event in the social and art world of Paris. He was a captain in the French army—very tall, very awkward, very much bored by the goings on around him. She was an attractive young brunette.

When they were introduced, the captain—one hand clutching his cap and gloves and trying to keep his sword out of the way, the other balancing a cup of tea—attempted a difficult feat. He tried to shake hands with the lady. The teacup slipped as he shifted it to the other hand and the tea splashed down over the lady's dress. At this tragic moment, the captain, confused and embarrassed, tripped over his sword!

That was in 1919. The young brunette was Mlle. Yvonne-Therese Vendroux. The captain, at the time professor of military history at St. Cyr, the West Point of France, was Charles de Gaulle.

The incident of the tea amused Mademoiselle Vendroux. She liked the ungainly young captain. She liked him very much, and in a short time she was in love with him. Five months after the teacup slipped she married him. Today, as the wife of France's first president since June, 1940, she is the First Lady of her country. But, curiously, although the world has been able to satisfy its curiosity regarding other notable women, it knows almost nothing about the truly remarkable woman who is the new mistress of the Elysée Palace, home of the presidents of France.

Madame de Gaulle shuns publicity. Shy and retiring, she does not wish to become a public figure simply because she is De Gaulle's wife. Nevertheless, quite a bit is known about her life since she married Charles de Gaulle.

### Traditional French Ancestry

She comes from a substantial, old Calais family of the upper *bourgeoisie*. Her ancestors, like her husband's, were for the most part soldiers and scholars. She was convent educated. Due partly to that fact, and partly to her home training, she is devoutly religious and, like her husband, is a regular churchgoer.

Her education was most thorough. She was taught to play the piano, to read and to speak several languages (she speaks English fluently), nursing, the care of children, sewing, cooking and housekeeping. She is an expert cook, and occasionally prepares one of her husband's favorite dishes and enjoys doing it.

Mme. de Gaulle is not the sort of woman we Americans think of as "typically French." It is more than likely that she has never tasted a cocktail nor seen a Hollywood film. She does not smoke. Her hair is straight and she leaves it that way, parting it on one side and arranging it in a chignon behind. She is of medium height and at forty-nine is still slender. Her only daytime jewelry is her engagement solitaire, her wedding ring, and a brooch in the form of the "Cross of Lorraine."

Her features are regular and her large gray eyes have a kindly and humorous twinkle.

American officers and diplomats who have sat next to her at dinners in London, Algiers and Neuilly say she is that rare dinner companion: one who really listens! She never mentions politics, and, like her so-called "dour" husband, she has a dry Norman wit and a gift for repartee that delight her friends. Her voice is low and pleasant and her memory is extraordinary. Her hobbies are tapestry-making and walking. She and "*Le grand* Charlie"—as the French newspapers love to call their new leader—are tireless walkers.

She is perhaps the only person on earth who understands Charles de Gaulle—the *real* Charles de Gaulle. The outside world finds him "difficult," austere, haughty and dictatorial; it calls him a "prima donna," un-French, a liberal-radical, stubborn, hard to approach and a mystic. Not so his wife. No husband and wife on earth seem better comrades than the De Gaulles. They are seldom seen in public together, but they go on long walks after their seven-o'clock breakfast, during which the president discusses with her the endless problems he must solve daily.

It was to his wife that De Gaulle dictated his prophetic books which were published between World Wars I and II. She studied stenography and became expert at it, in order to aid him in his work. She took down every word of every book he wrote, every article, and all of his thousands of letters to his gallant Fighting French followers. She also helps him in the preparation of his speeches. Every day Mme. de Gaulle goes through the newspapers and selects and clips what she thinks her husband should read. He reads them at their early breakfast.

During those tragic days when France was being overrun by the Germans, the De Gaulles became separated. Yvonne-Therese got away from the De Gaulle family home in Lille with her three children—Philippe, Elizabeth and Anne—an hour before the Germans arrived. In a truck loaded with personal belongings, their two hunting dogs, and a trunk filled with ancient arms and armor—collecting is De Gaulle's only hobby—the four crossed France and were lucky enough to catch the last British transport to sail from Brest. They arrived at Falmouth without having had any news of the general.

At Falmouth, Philippe bought a newspaper. The headlines blazed forth his father's immortal call to arms—addressed to Frenchmen the world over: "France has lost a battle, but France has not lost the war!" Mme. de Gaulle read the thrilling story. "What did I tell you, children!" she said. "He *is* in London!"

Mme. de Gaulle never gives interviews, and no one knows whether she will regard the sumptuous Elysée Palace or the little place in Neuilly as her true home. It seems certain, though, that she and her husband will hold on to the Neuilly place, a walled garden retreat, as a rest haven.

The Neuilly address is a secret. When guests are expected, a car is sent for them. When possible, the general lunches and dines at home. After dinner he has his glass of "fine champagne" and a cigar—from a supply sent him as a gift by Winston Churchill—and generally his wife or their tall, attractive daughter Elizabeth plays the piano. Sometimes they play cards.

Mme. de Gaulle never enters into political discussions in public, as so many Frenchwomen do; and, oddly, she is no feminist although her husband championed and won the battle for woman suffrage in France recently. In her habitual, simple, well-tailored dress, she voted for the first time on the 21st of last October, in a general election.

The De Gaulles were admired and well liked in England. Their small cottage in Berkhamsted had a lovely outlook over the rolling Sussex hills. There they lived quietly and Mme. de Gaulle was often seen walking to the station with her tall husband (President de Gaulle really *is* tall; he is six feet five!). They were also seen frequently in Hyde Park—the "Fighting General" and his slim pale-faced wife—walking in the rain.

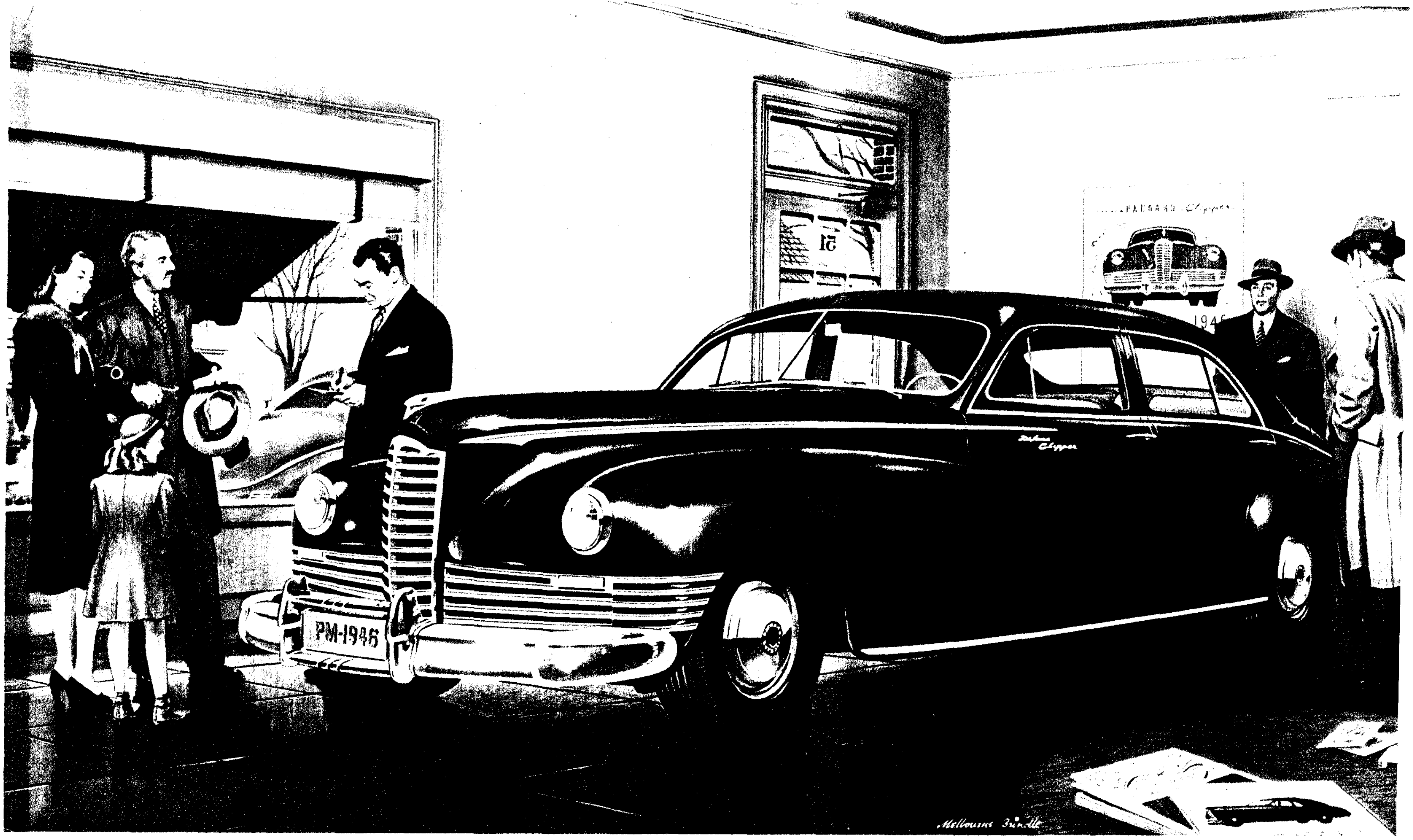
### Looked On with Favor

The English liked the De Gaulles' attitude toward publicity; they liked their modesty and sincerity; they liked their way of tramping over the countryside, their two setters at their heels—and no bodyguards following. The English understood and liked their love of privacy; they admired their daughter Elizabeth for her success in sports at school, and for her ability as a nurse and the marvelous way she had with wounded soldiers.

The handsome Philippe, an inch shorter than his father, was also extremely popular. During his stay in England he was a cadet on the Belle Poule, the historic vessel that brought Napoleon's body back to France from St. Helena. He was in the guard of honor at the *gare* Montparnasse, to greet his father on his return to Paris as the inspired leader of Free France. At the present time he is in the United States, studying at a naval aviation school. Anne, too, won the British. She did it by being her own quiet, unassuming self, and by turning out thousands of Red Cross bandages during the war.

Mme. de Gaulle's friends say that the change from the simplicity of the little house in Neuilly to the Elysée Palace is not altogether welcome to the First Lady of France. But she will accept the situation and meet its challenge with the same grace with which she has accepted many others since her marriage to General de Gaulle.

Nevertheless, no one who knows the retiring, country-loving, provincial wife of President de Gaulle can imagine her living contentedly in a palace where, every time she enters or leaves, she is saluted by glittering, gold-laced, silver-helmeted *gardes Républicains*. Rather do they see her slipping out of the garden entrance of their house in Neuilly, accompanied by stanch old Augustine, their cook, carrying the basket on their way to the daily marketing. Or, better still, they see an astonishingly tall soldier with a slender figure by his side, walking through the less-frequented parts of the Bois de Boulogne. ★★★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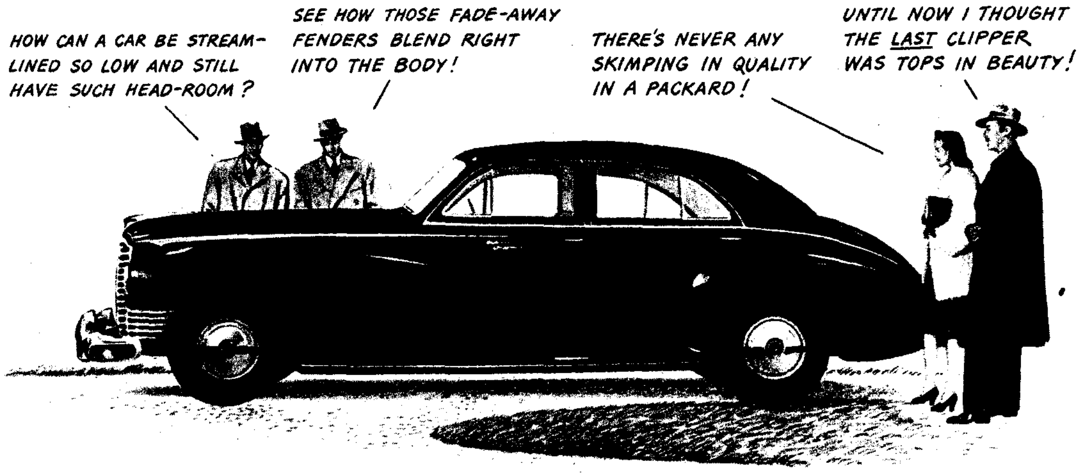
We can only hope that you'll be patient. For once you *do* own this breath-taking version of "America's No. 1 Glamour Car," you'll be glad you waited! *Glad for years to come!*

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★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# PACKARD

Clipper

FOR 1946

# U. S. A.—Peacemaker Among the Powers

**Continued from page 65**

In any event there can be no possible settlement of the German and Japanese questions as long as there exists any possibility that the United States might take the leadership of an anti-Soviet coalition, or be sucked into one. Our position as the mediator power is essential to a settlement with Germany and Japan. For otherwise the question will be whether the Russians absorb and dominate the enemy nations or whether the British and the Americans restore the military power of their enemies in order to use it against the Soviet Union. As long as that question exists, no agreement on Germany and Japan is possible.

It is the United States which must take the lead in dissolving this conflict. We can do so only if in all the other cases of conflict between the Soviet Union and the British Empire, our position is sufficiently detached to establish the fact that our purposes are impartial. We must become detached as conciliators and mediators in the disputed regions in order that we may insist successfully that Germany above all, and Japan as well, become what they must be if there is to be peace: nations of moderate strength, no great force in the politics of the world, with decent opportunities, and in general neutralized, much as the Scandinavian countries and Switzerland have in practice been neutralized for the past hundred years. History shows that this kind of evolution is quite possible: there have been other great conquering military powers which were finally defeated so conclusively that ever after they ceased to play a significant part in world politics. That has not meant that they ceased to exist, or that their people have been less happy than others. That, it seems, is just destiny, and not at all a bad one, which we should strive to make the destiny of Germany and of Japan.

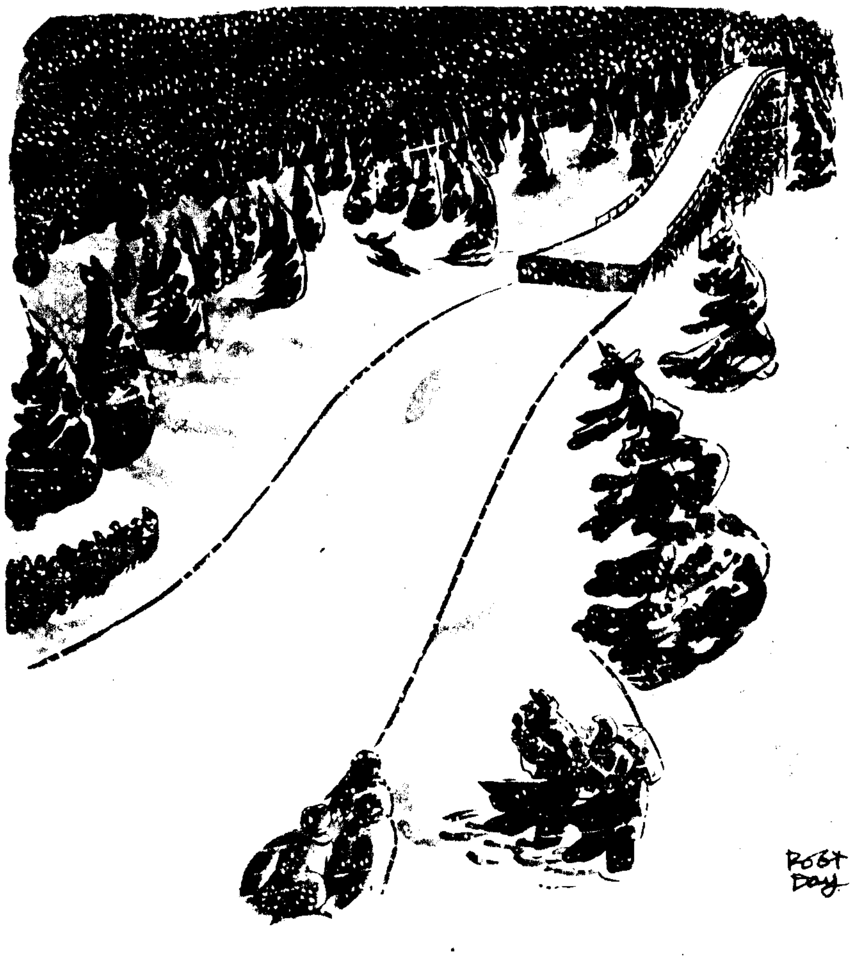
### — 5 —

Up to this point I have been talking about what is usually called "power politics," and I have tried to define the part which the United States is best fitted to play in relation to the other great powers of the postwar world. I would contend that even if no higher and better international order were possible, it is as conciliator, mediator, and peacemaker among the other powers that we can find our greatest security and exercise our greatest influence. This is the best way by which as a great power in the New World we can best serve the American interest without entanglement in the claims, causes and vested interests that are primarily and directly European or Asiatic.

The alternative is to become aligned as the partisan, of some of the powers and peoples of the Old World as against others. It is not a good alternative. It would mean that we should find ourselves committed to backing policies which, however much we might be consulted about them, would in fact be initiated and carried out by other governments. In the language of the diplomacy which all foreign offices understand, the proper role of America is not to place its weight within the balance of power, but to withhold its weight and use it to keep steady this balance.

This course, dictated by our interest, our position, and our traditions, is best designed to make us effective members of the United Nations. In the inner council of this new organization there are five great powers. One of them—France—is primarily a great power in Europe. Another—China—is destined to be, though it is not as yet, a great power in Asia. The other three—Britain, Russia and America—are the real world powers, facing both east and west, meeting in the Pacific and the Atlantic. But among the Big Three, the position of America is distinct and unique. Britain and Russia are inside Europe and Asia: that is where they live, where their vital interests are located, where they draw their power, and rub directly against other peoples and powers. The United States is not.

No other great power is in this position, and therefore in the council of the United Nations we are able to devote ourselves with greater single-mindedness to maintaining the unity of the organization, and to being the leaders and promoters of its development. This is not because we are better men than



"It's too bad, ladies and gentlemen, that you can't all be out here today"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

He Needs a Tip More'n I Do!
46308
JOHN, I'M SORRY. BUT IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG—I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU!
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT, BUDDY?
WELL, I KNOW DAMES CHIEF! FUSSY AS ALL GET-OUT ABOUT BAD BREATH AND STUFF. SO—MAYBE WE SHOULD HEAD FOR YOUR DENTIST'S!
JOHN SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
KEEP THE CHANGE, BUDDY! THE TIP YOU GAVE ME WAS WORTH LOTS MORE THAN THIS!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES. A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

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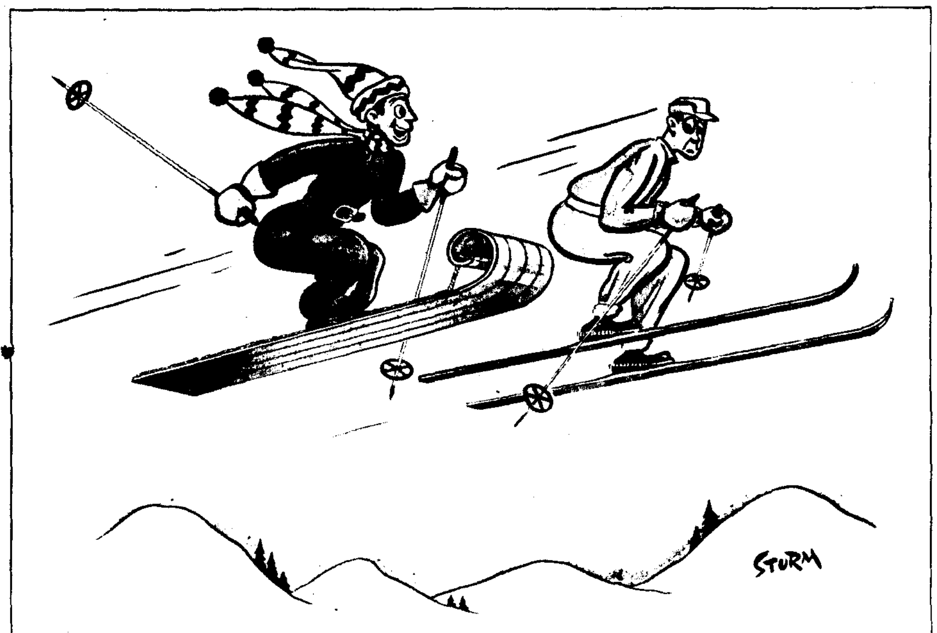


COLLIER'S "I had trouble keeping my feet together" STURM

our Allies. It is because we are differently placed.

In Europe, the Middle East, and in Asia we are by virtue of our geography and our history not directly concerned in the distribution of territory or of political authority. Our concern is that the conflicts of the Old World shall not produce wars in which, if they become great wars, we are sure to become involved. Our concern is that these conflicts shall be resolved peaceably, and since peace cannot endure unless it is founded on a modicum of justice and of consent, our constant preoccupation must be to establish and strengthen a regime of law.

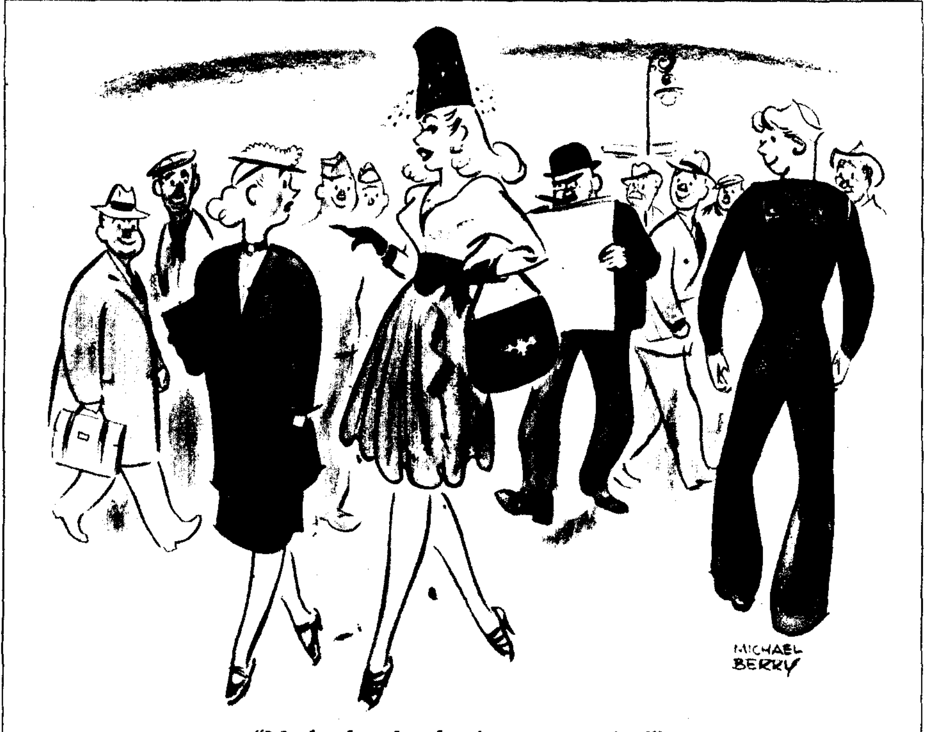
Therefore, by assuming the role of the mediator among the great powers, we shall be able to play our best role in the United Nations Organization. There is for us no disharmony and inconsistency between "power politics" and "international co-operation"—if we see clearly and wisely how in fact we can most effectively co-operate. There will be disharmony and inconsistency only if as "nationalists" we drift into a bogus imperialism, or as "internationalists" into a soft and tepid globalism, mostly large words and pious hopes.

Our true part at this critical period is fixed by the fact that, possessing great power, there is no way we can employ it successfully except to promote a righteous peace. There is no conquest, no form of domination over other peoples, which would not make us weaker, poorer, and less happy. For this reason the prospects are better than ever before that mankind can be brought to take decisive steps out of the anarchy of absolute national states. Hitherto a world in which all peoples were under a common law has been the aspiration of the weak nations. But now there is a great power in the world, second to none in its military might, which has every conceivable reason for making this great cause its own paramount interest.

That is something which, if we understand it fully, and see it truly, will give enormous meaning to our lives. It is the fulfillment of the deepest and oldest American belief that the world can be made a better place than it has been, and that men can dwell together in peace and with more justice than they have done. To be the conciliator, mediator, and the peacemaker among the powers, and to labor as guardian and protector, champion and promoter of the effort to organize the world for peace and to institute a regime of law—that surely is what Americans would like to be and to do.

It is ours, in this generation, to do if we can be equal to our opportunity. This is what destiny offers us. If we refuse it, being too lazy, too trivial, too faint-hearted and small-minded, destiny will punish us for our refusal. We shall find our lives are petty, meaningless, quarrelsome and ignoble. But if we embrace our destiny, we shall find in the grand purpose which it gives us, peace in our own souls, zest and high spirits to overcome all the obstacles in our path, seeing always before us proudly the wide horizon and the splendor of those who live greatly in a great time.

THE END



COLLIER'S "My husband is having me watched" MICHAEL BERRY

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***No battery wire!***
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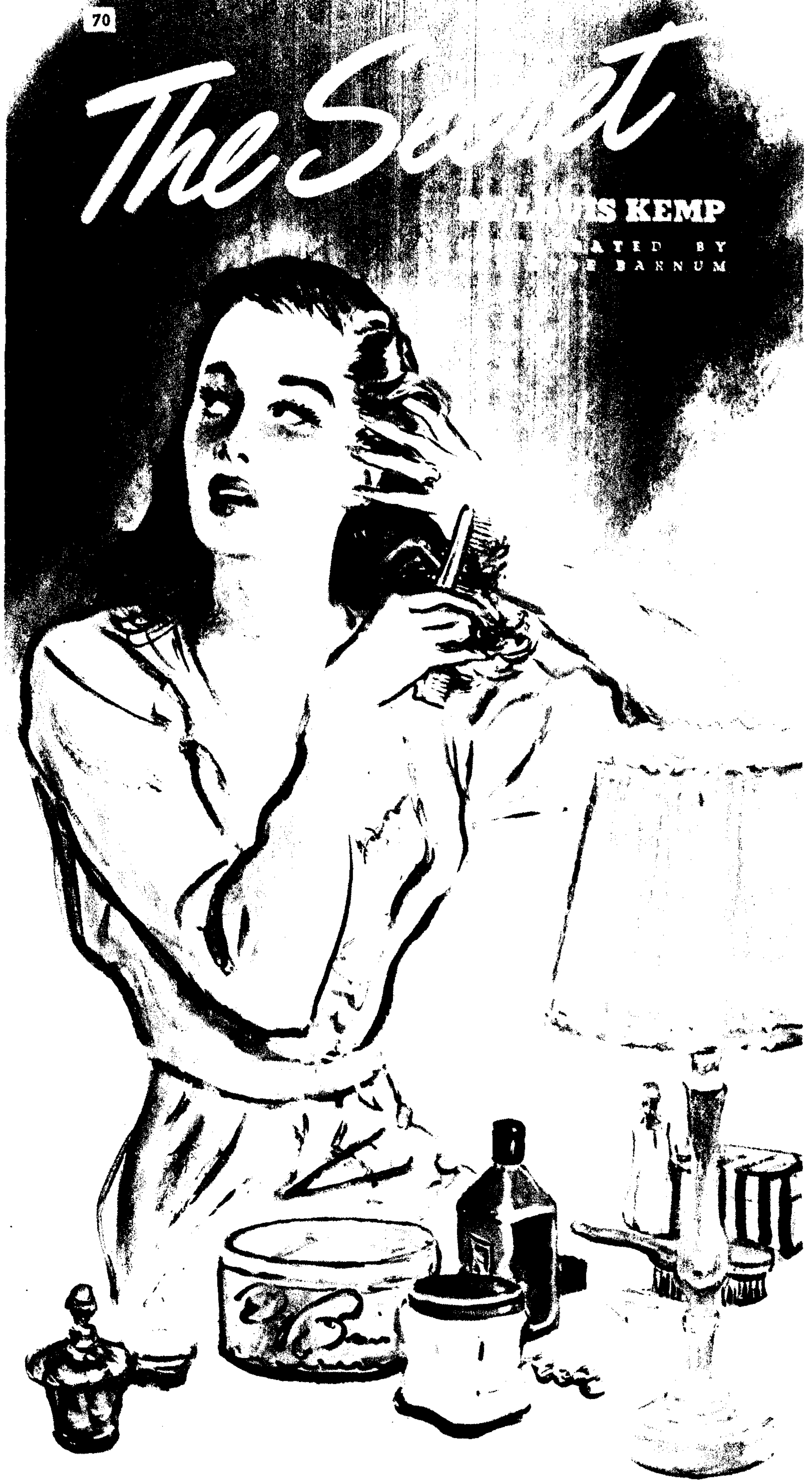

# The Secret

[illegible]IS KEMP

[illegible]ATED BY
[illegible]E BARNUM

**He found her sitting at the table. She started so violently when she saw him that he felt alarm for her. "Don't," she said, "don't let's talk about it"**

WHEN his wife finally opened her eyes and saw that he had been watching her a curious thing happened. She made a startled sound and, even halfway across the room, he could see a faint breath rise in her and catch on what, to him, seemed a faint intonation of despair.

Startled, he let the newspaper over which he had been watching her slide to the floor. "What is it?" he asked. "What's the matter, baby?" He got up from his chair and went to sit on the arm of the one she was curled up in.

"Nothing," she said, letting out her breath. "Nothing. There's nothing the matter, darling."

"Are you sure?" He was insistent.

She tried a smile on him but it wasn't very successful. In his mind he could still see her face the way it had been for that one moment when she found him watching her. Now, for the first time his thoughts spun back over the month he'd been home and he recognized this as something out of a consistent pattern—a pattern he had been only dimly aware of before.

The peace of a moment ago, before she had opened her eyes, now seemed lost in swiftly receding time. He had been sitting in his chair, his legs stretched out, the newspaper in front of him spread wide. Glancing over it, at his wife, he had been absorbed in the quiet picture she made, huddled deep in a chair, her dark hair almost red under the lamp, her head tilted back, her eyes closed.

Content with what he saw, he thought how nice it was to watch her when she was not aware of his watching. The sight of her at such a time was a kind of positive proof that he was really out of the Army, that he was really back home, really living with the wife he had married just before he went overseas. It was exciting. It was like counting money. It gave him an enormous sense of security.

He knew his wife loved him. He was neither vain nor smug about this fact, only sure. But now there was this curious thing between them and he approached it carefully. He tried to be casual. Taking her face in his hands he made her look directly at him.

"All right," he said. "Take it easy. You can tell papa. What are you worrying about?"

When she did look directly at him her eyes were so deliberately blank that evasion was like a cold draft let into the warm room.

"There's nothing," she said, and this time she tried a small laugh. "I was a little nervous, darling. That's all. It was this book."

He picked the book up from her lap. It was the one he had brought home with him on the ship, a psychological thriller about a chronic alcoholic. His voice was incredulous.

"Don't tell me you were frightened by a book, baby . . . that's silly."

She stood up quickly. "I'm tired, I guess. I think I'll get ready for bed."

For a moment he wanted to drop the whole thing, to get back somehow, some way into the time only ten minutes before. He let her go into the bedroom and he began to read where the book had been held open by her hand. Halfway down the page it seemed to him that he recognized something. He read the paragraph again . . .

"*. . . the man on the floor dug his fingers into the deep carpet. His brain stopped swimming in whisky for a moment, and he tried desperately to focus his eyes on the books which lined the walls up to the ceiling of the dark room. Then it was no good again, the hundreds of books began to whirl around with increasing velocity. . . .*"

Something *about* books, he thought. A room filled with books. Just ahead of him, just out of reach of his memory, was something he should remember about books. Something to do with his wife. . . .

HE WENT into the kitchen and put a kettle of water on to boil. He would take her in some hot tea. Going into the bedroom to tell her, he found his wife sitting at the dressing table. She was combing her hair and so she did not see him until he loomed up in the mirror before her. She started so violently that he felt almost physical alarm for her.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, and found his voice dry and halting. "I just wanted to tell you I was making some tea. I thought it might help you to sleep better." He tried again. "I read some of that stuff you were reading," he told her, making his voice unconcerned, "that stuff about the chap on the floor in the library. It reminds me of something, but I can't remember . . ."

Her voice was hurried. "Don't," she said, "don't let's talk about it. I guess I just don't like mystery stories."

This, he knew, was all wrong. He pointed that out to her.

"It's not a mystery book, baby," he said reasonably.

"Oh, isn't it?" her voice was forlorn. She got up and passed him and got into bed. He helped tuck the covers about her, he snapped on the lamp by the bed and saw that her face still held its wary look.

"I want to talk to you," he said, and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"All right, darling," she said wearily, "all right." She turned her head away.

He spoke aloud, but almost to himself. "What was there," he asked, "about the man being drunk and alone with all those books? I wish I could remember . . . it seems to have something to do with us." Now his voice sharpened. "Hasn't it?" he questioned. He put his hands on her shoulders. "Listen," he said, "can't you believe that I'm on *your* side, baby? I don't want to hurt you. I'm only trying to help. I wish you would tell me what's been worrying you."

She began to cry. He let her. He didn't touch her or try to wipe away her tears. After a few seconds they stopped. She was, he saw, struggling toward a decision. He waited.

"I never meant to tell you," she began, stubbornly, honestly, "I convinced myself that it wasn't important to you and me. I tried to believe I had forgotten it. But I haven't . . . and then reading that book . . ." she paused. "Listen," she went on, "I feel that when people make mistakes they have to take the responsibility. Even if it means having a secret which they hate. I hate people who are always confessing their sins . . . to the ones they've sinned against. It's like taking a burden off your own conscience and giving it to somebody else. I don't want to . . . I didn't want to do that to you . . ."

"I know," he said quietly, "I know."

She stared at him for a moment. Then she went on. "You were right," she said, "about the books. You were in Max's apartment once." She held her breath.

MAX. Her first husband. Yes, he thought, this is it all right. It was Max who had lived in an enormous studio room lined to the ceiling with books. That was the room his mind had seen when he picked up the book she'd been reading. It was at a party at Max's that he had met his wife. Just after she and Max were divorced. She and Max were still friends. It was to be that kind of a divorce. And he had seen at the time why everyone was so fond of Max. The brilliant, irresponsible Max who wrote too well, talked too well, drank too much.

"Oh," he said quickly, "Max. Did I tell you I ran into him in Japan?"

She took no notice of that.

"It was in the winter," she said, "I met him at the Paysons'. At a party. I don't know how it happened . . . I got to drinking with him . . . I got very drunk, I guess . . ."

"You don't have to tell me any more, baby," he said. He wanted to get out of the room, to break something, but more than that he wanted to see the stricken look gone from her face.

"It was always easy to drink with Max," she said. "I was so lonely," she went on. "And he asked me how I could know I loved you after two years . . . after you had been away two years and all. He wanted me to marry him again. . . . I don't know how it happened. When I woke up with all those books around me . . . that room . . ."

He pulled her into his arms and held her tight. "Darling," he said, "darling, stop knocking yourself out. I knew all about it. I've known it all along."

"Oh, no," she pulled away and stared at him. "How could you know?"

"Max told me," he said.

"Oh, no," she said, "oh, no, he couldn't." She was in real distress. "Max wouldn't do that to me."

"It was in a bar. He was drunk again," he said. "I don't think he intended to tell me, it just came out. . . ."

"Oh, God," she said, "you knew all this time and you never asked about it, even mentioned it. You never held it over me . . ."

"I didn't think it was that important," he told her. "That sort of thing can happen to anybody. A lot of people got lost during the war."

She looked relieved and happy and even a little ashamed at her own elation.

"How about that cup of tea, now?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "please."

When he returned from the kitchen he found her sound asleep, still sitting straight up against the pillows. He moved her gently down into the bed and took the extra pillow out from under her head.

Later, as he lay beside her, he watched her face again. The restlessness was gone. She looked very young, very peaceful. A secret, he thought, can be a heavy thing to carry. He snapped the light off and lay in the dark, and he wasn't sure what he was thinking. It hadn't been easy, but he felt that what he had done had been the right thing for both of them.

Suddenly he saw Max's face as he had seen it that day just before he left Japan. Only it hadn't been in an officers' bar. It had been in Max's pressroom. Max was doing a swell job for a news service. And Max had changed. He didn't drink as much any more and he didn't talk as much, and neither of them had mentioned her name.

*a short short story complete on this page*

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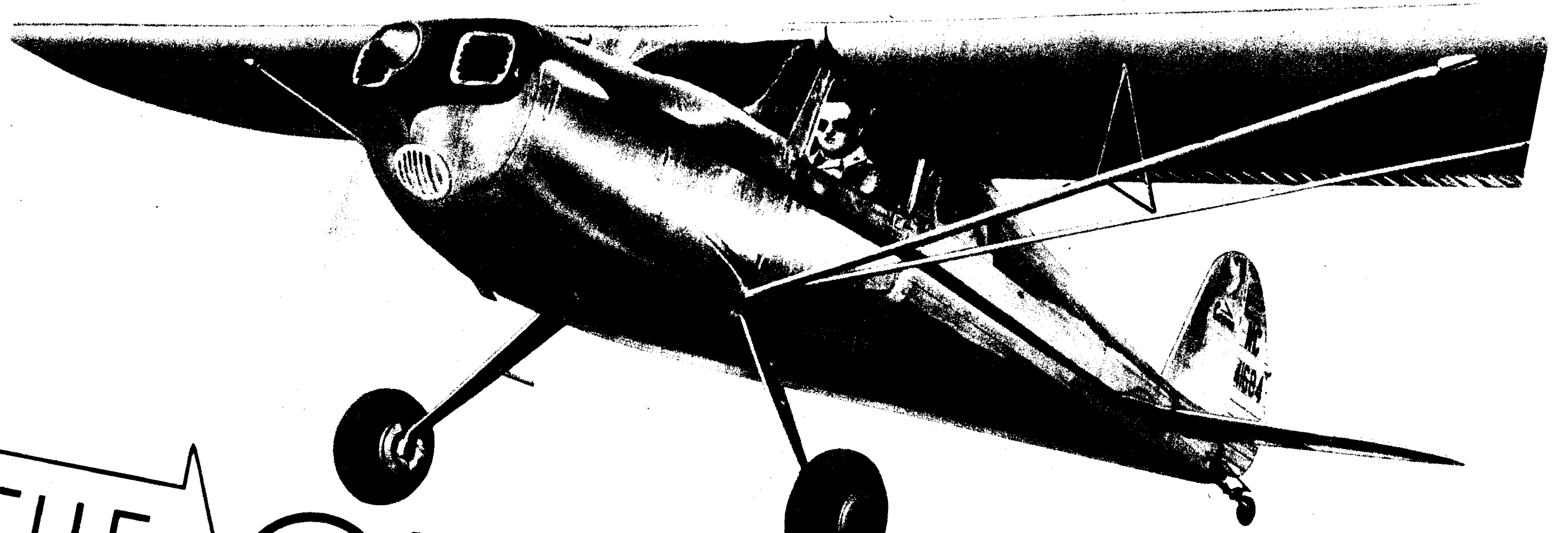

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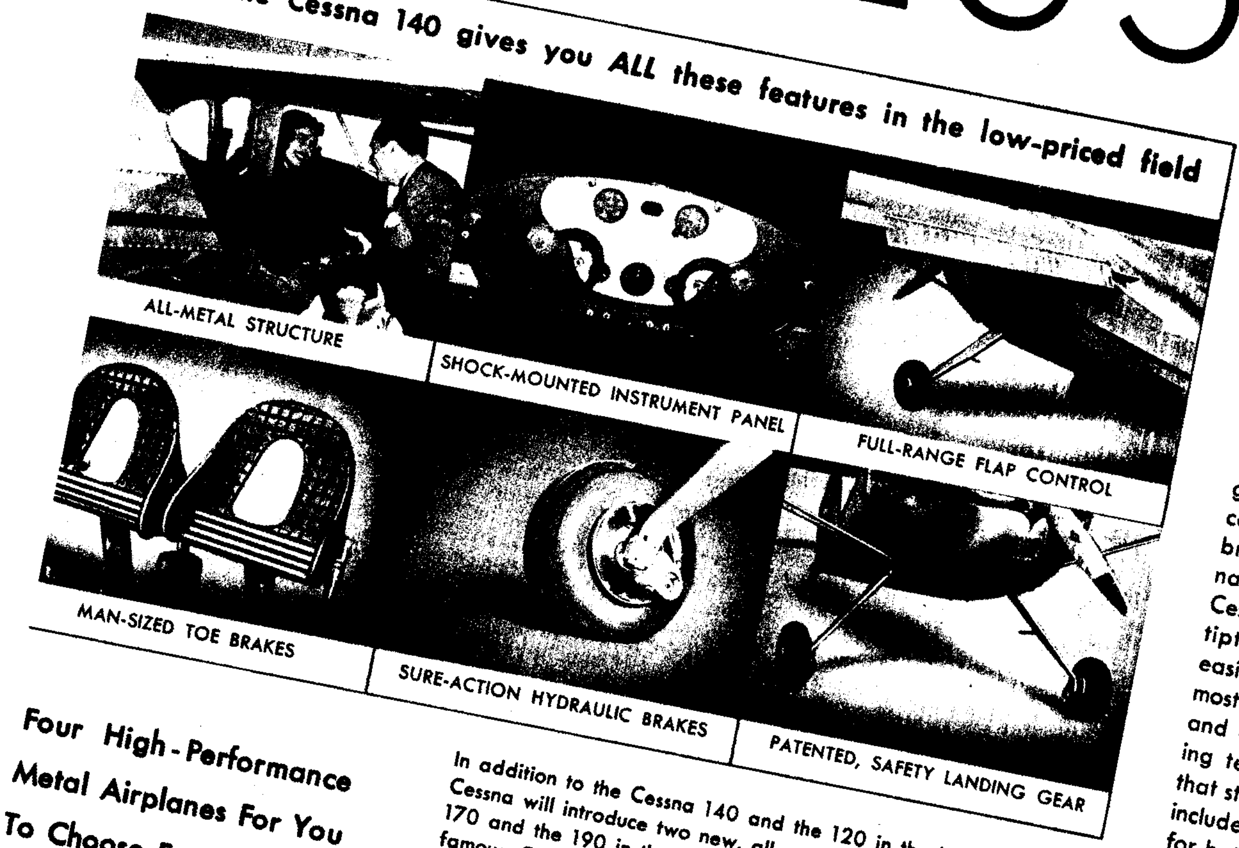
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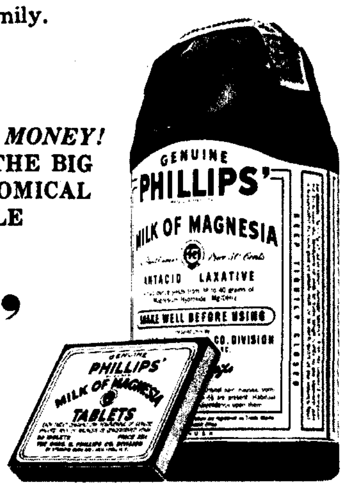


PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
*Liquid or Tablets*

## Murder Haunts the Ship

Continued from page 24

Mickey had said: "Do you believe me—or Gili?" Marcia remembered that as clearly as if again he had spoken the words in her ears. She said, "I don't believe you."

"You think I'm lying!" Gili put back her head so the blond ends of her hair flung outward savagely and laughed, and cried, "Lying! About Mickey and me! Lying—" She stopped laughing. She sprang to her feet and across the room and her hands were reaching out like strong white claws toward Marcia, and Marcia slapped her face. Hard, along one cheek.

Gili stopped. Marcia's hand tingled. Daisy Belle stood in the bathroom doorway, staring.

Gili's hand went slowly to her face, and Marcia looked at the reddened cheek with dismay and a certain sense of shock, but without even a twinge of apology.

Daisy Belle said briskly, "Best thing in the world for hysterics! —Now then, let's go to lunch." She put her hand on Marcia's shoulder and turned her toward the door. She said to Gili, "You too—come along." And like a child Gili sulkily obeyed.

It was difficult, though, to sit over a long lunch, listening to the pleasant, animated talk of the nurses at the same table, knowing that Gili sat on the other side of Daisy Belle—eating steadily, saying nothing, but with a look in her green eyes that bided its time.

WHEN the meal was finally over, the three women started back to the cabin together, Gili swishing along ahead, still angry, still with that look of latent, biding fury in every motion she made. Daisy Belle, her fine long face very troubled and tired-looking, stopped for a moment and put her hand on Marcia's arm.

"My dear," she said, "don't talk to Gili now. Don't—just yet—talk to André."

Daisy Belle of course had heard everything Gili had said. But Daisy Belle did not know of the crumpled roll of gauze in her pocket.

So Marcia left them both at the door of the cabin, saying something, anything, about going on deck, about exercise.

Walking slowly along the warm, brightly lighted passageways, she reminded herself that she must be very careful. She must stay where there were people; she must not be alone, not for a moment. Above all things, she must find Josh Morgan.

But she could not find him anywhere—not even in his cabin—and not wanting to see Gili again, not wanting even to talk to Daisy Belle just now, she went to the nurses' lounge and sat there pretending to read, but actually aware only of that limp roll of gauze in her pocket.

The gauze of course was evidence, and the obvious course was to give it to Captain Svendsen, without waiting further for Josh.

But when she knocked on the door with its gold-lettered sign: Captain Lars Svendsen, and it opened, Josh was there.

He sprang up when he saw her and came toward her. The captain, sitting at his desk, put down his pipe and rose. Colonel Wells was there too and turned to watch.

Josh said, "Hello," in a matter-of-fact tone. The captain said courteously, "Come in—come in—" Colonel Wells smiled impersonally and politely.

And the captain went on: "I'm glad you came, Miss Colfax. Colonel Morgan has been trying to make me believe that you are in danger. I don't mean that I have ever doubted your belief that you were half-strangled the first night you were on my ship—but I did think it might have been due to your overwrought nerves. Now then—as you know, the thing is over, thank God. We've got Urdiola and a sound case against him."

Marcia nodded in acknowledgment, and the captain went on: "But I don't mind telling you, Miss Colfax, that it would help if you can identify Urdiola as your assailant. Can you do that?"

She shook her head. And started to speak, and stopped and took the gauze helmet from her pocket.

Josh understood first and sprang forward to her side and took the roll of gauze from her hand. He swore and held it so they could see it and then put it on the captain's desk. "See that—see that—" he cried almost incoherently and was back at Marcia's side, his right hand on her shoulder, compelling her to look at him, compelling her to speak. "Tell us what happened. Tell us—hurry—"

But she had not realized how unsubstantial a story it was until she told it and saw the captain's face, fixed and hard as granite—and as impressionable. He waited for a moment, tapping his pipe absently on the arm of his chair, eying her with those bright, shrewd eyes. Finally he said in a dry voice, "Very interesting, Miss Colfax. Exactly when did this occur?"

She told him.

"And you actually saw no one?"

"No. But that was on the floor."

He glanced at the gauze heap impatiently. Colonel Wells came over to the desk, picked it up, looked at it, said, "Inexpertly made. No nurse or doctor made that."

The captain said, "Urdiola is locked up. The patient, Jacob Heinzer is naturally not under guard but I expect we can check on his whereabouts. I'll try. In the meantime, though, are you perfectly sure anyone was really there?"

Before she could reply Josh Morgan said suddenly, "Captain, I'm afraid I'm guilty of withholding some evidence."

"What's that, Colonel?" The captain's bleached eyebrows rose sharply.

"The fact is, sir, the Cates couple have been accused of collaboration with the Nazis. And—if the story is right, Castiogne knew it."

"Castiogne! —You mean that you think he tried to blackmail Cates? But Cates said he gave him the diamond for passage bribe."

"Right, sir."

"Wait." The captain touched a bell and gave quick orders to the boy who appeared. "Get hold of Mr. Cates and his wife. Get them both here . . . . Now then, Colonel Morgan, exactly what *do* you mean?"

As if he knew that she was willing him not to tell it, Josh would not look at Marcia. He stared instead very intently at the end of his cigarette while he told Gili's story.

THE captain listened and, as Josh finished, began to pace the cabin angrily. "Why didn't you tell me before now?"

"Because I didn't believe it."

The captain paused briefly to shoot him an angry—and troubled—look. "And you do believe it now?"

"I believe that Marcia is in grave danger," said Josh obliquely.

As he spoke, the boy returned and ushered Daisy Belle and Luther together into the room. And immediately Marcia sensed that they guessed why they had been summoned, and that, therefore, it must be true.

Daisy Belle did not look at Marcia; Marcia was thankful for that. The captain cleared his throat. "Close the door," he snapped, and the boy who had brought them ducked out into the passage and closed the door firmly.

Daisy Belle said quite clearly to Luther, looking up into his tired, pale face, "I was right, Luther—I was right." She took his hand in her own and suddenly, like a child, her face crumpled and she began soundlessly to cry.

Josh brought a chair and she sat down in it automatically. The captain said, "What's this story—what's this—look here, Cates, why did you give that diamond to Castiogne?"

Luther took a long unsteady breath. Then he moved to stand behind Daisy Belle. He looked down and said, "You were right, dear. I ought to have told them before. All right—"

He put his hand upon her shoulder, lifted his worn, lined face and said steadily, "I gave the diamond to Castiogne to pay him for securing our passage. As I told you. That was true. But there is something else—something my wife and I ought to have told you—"

His voice stopped. Daisy Belle patted the hand on her shoulder and ignored the streaming tears on her cheeks. Luther went on:

"You see—my wife and I, during the years when France was occupied were"— he swallowed hard so his corded, thin throat worked but his faded blue eyes did not waver —"we were what you could call Nazis. What everybody will call Nazis. We had to live in the home of someone who—proved to be a Nazi. An old acquaintance, who offered us a refuge. We did not then know what he was; we had already taken food and shelter. But circumstances were such that, even after we suspected, we continued to take what we thought we had to have . . . There is no excuse for us —we realize that."

Daisy Belle cried suddenly, "It was not your fault, Luther. It was mine. You had to have drugs; you had to have digitalis. I thought you were dying."

"Don't, my dear." His thin hand pressed down upon her shoulder.

Colonel Wells turned abruptly and stared out over the fo'c'sle; the captain drummed on the table with his pipe. Josh Morgan did not move. Finally the captain said gruffly, "According to the story I've heard, Castiogne knew that you—had done this. Did he try to blackmail you?"

"No. As we told you, the diamond was—well, a bribe. We saw him in Lisbon. He said he could arrange our passage for money. We had no money so we gave him the diamond. And he did."

There was another silence; then the captain said suddenly, "Thank you. You may go."

With unbroken dignity they left. Daisy Belle, passing Marcia, stopped for an instant beside her chair and touched her lightly with her hand. "My dear," she said. "Don't look like that—it's all right."

THE door closed upon them. Colonel Wells unexpectedly and loudly blew his nose and the captain looked at him angrily.

And Josh said suddenly, "All right. But I tell you Marcia's in danger. And I don't see—" He stopped, stared at the floor, suddenly seemed to take a resolution and strode over to the captain. "There's one more thing, sir. The man traveling with Miss Colfax is not André Messac. I knew André Messac; he was my close friend. This man is a former concert pianist. I have seen him and heard him play many times. His name is Michael Banet and—" Josh's voice went on as hard and harsh as iron, "his hands show marks of torture which he says he received in a German prison. In fact, however, I believe him to be a fleeing Nazi war criminal."

The cabin seemed to Marcia to darken and tilt, and the captain's face, purple and swollen-looking seemed to tilt with it. She heard him shout, "Why haven't you told me this before? Why—"

She heard Josh's answer too, quite steady and firm: "For a good reason, sir. A good reason—"

Even in the crazy tilting room she heard them giving orders, demanding André Messac. But they meant Mickey Banet—Mickey Banet—Mickey Banet—

It was, however, forever too late to ask questions of Mickey Banet.

He was found on deck. He was unconscious; he had been shot, apparently with a service revolver, and died shortly after, although everything possible was done to save him.

Before he died he rallied briefly and made a curious and terrible statement. A woman, he said, had shot him.

In the same full, deceptively strong voice he told them that he would explain it all, later. It was, however, the last thing he said.

It was about that time that a young second lieutenant, who had been a member of one of the armed searching parties, reported to his immediate superior the loss of the revolver which had been issued to him. . . .

The young lieutenant had been assigned night duty and had been sleeping in his cabin that afternoon. He was a sound sleeper, and the revolver, which he had placed beside his bunk, had been taken while he slept.

Unless by mere chance some witness came forward it was almost hopeless to try to discover who had taken it. It could have been, as they knew from the beginning, anyone on the ship. Except, of course, the Portuguese seaman, Urdiola, who was still locked up.

While it was difficult to believe that the murder of Mickey Banet had no connection with that of the two Portuguese seamen from the Lerida, there was at the same time no way of dismissing the diamond in Urdiola's possession except to accept the story he told as a true one, which on the face of it did not seem likely.

At the same time it seemed most unlikely that there were two murderers on the ship.

Also, in the case of Mickey Banet's death, there was not even an attempt on the part of Colonel Wells and Captain Svendsen to establish alibis on the part of the other Lerida passengers; that too was obviously a hopeless undertaking. The time of the shooting was uncertain, limited only by the time when the young second lieutenant had gone to sleep, which was immediately after his lunch, and the time when Mickey was found, which was about dusk.

The doctors believed it had occurred at least an hour before he was found; they could say little more than that. No one apparently had happened to visit the particular section of the deck where he was found (toward the stern, in the shadow of the rank of lifeboats as a matter of fact, very near where he had first been attacked) during the afternoon. Again because of the fog the decks had been forbidden; they were cold, wet and slippery.

From that portion of the deck the sound of the shot might not have been heard in any case; there were ventilators near and the sound of the motors which drove fresh air through the ship would have muffled it. Probably, however, he had been shot during one of the intervals while the foghorn was sounding.

A search was made for the missing revolver and a check on all those that had been issued aboard. But without results. Nobody, in any case, really believed that the murder weapon was still on the ship. Not with the gray, deep Atlantic to hide it forever from mortal eyes—as it had already hidden, everyone felt sure, the knife that had stabbed Castiogne, the knife that had slashed at Para.

This was, of course, a different pattern of murder; and that again suggested that Urdiola might have killed the two Portuguese, but that someone else had killed Mickey Banet. It also suggested that that person could have been, as Mickey Banet had said, a woman.

WHOEVER it was, it must have been a shock to the murderer to hear that Mickey had not died at once, and that he had even briefly revived. But if so, that person did not betray himself by word or look as the Lerida passengers waited together to hear whether Mickey would survive.

At the captain's orders they had gone to the officers' lounge, and it was a long and horrible wait. Eventually, however, Josh and Colonel Wells came to tell them briefly that Mickey had died. Neither of them told them, then, what Mickey's last statement had been; they stayed only a moment and went away again.

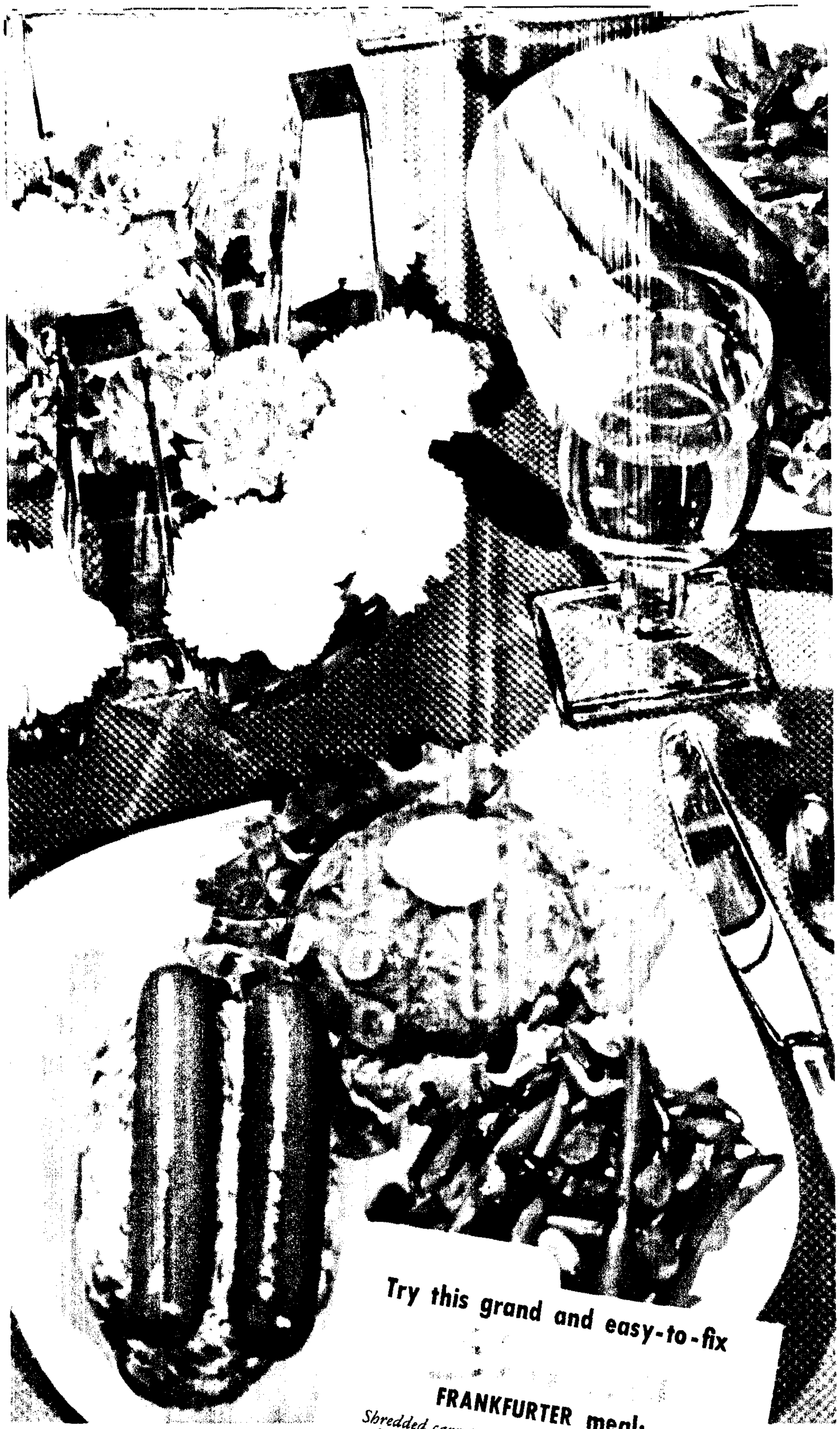
And among the four people in the lounge there was very little expression, either of relief or regret, at the expected news. Gili sat huddled on a sofa, her long, streaked hair shading her face, and neither moved nor spoke. Luther, looking ill and tired to death himself, put his drawn face in his hands and kept it there so long that Daisy Belle went to him with an anxious inquiry in her eyes.

"Are you all right?"

"Oh, yes." He lifted his face reassuringly but she put her fingers on his wrist for a moment nevertheless. He gave her a faint, patient smile as, satisfied, she left him and walked to the black glittering port and stared out into nothing. And Marcia thought: This is not possible; Mickey cannot have died like this. And knew it was true.

There was after that another long wait. A corpsman came about midnight with sandwiches and hot cocoa in thick cups on a tray; and Luther, his face pale and his lips blue, handed around the steaming cups.

Marcia drank slowly, holding her cup in both her hands. There is a state of shock that is almost like an anesthetic and, fortunately, under an anesthetic one has no feeling. Marcia stared into the brown cocoa,



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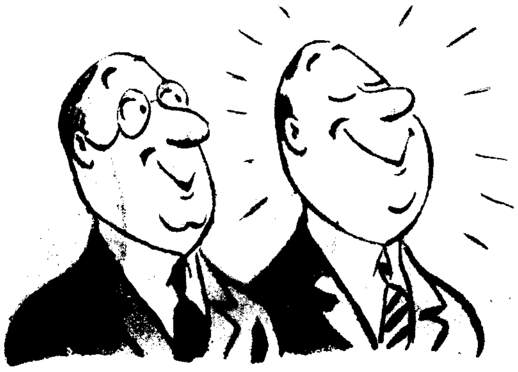

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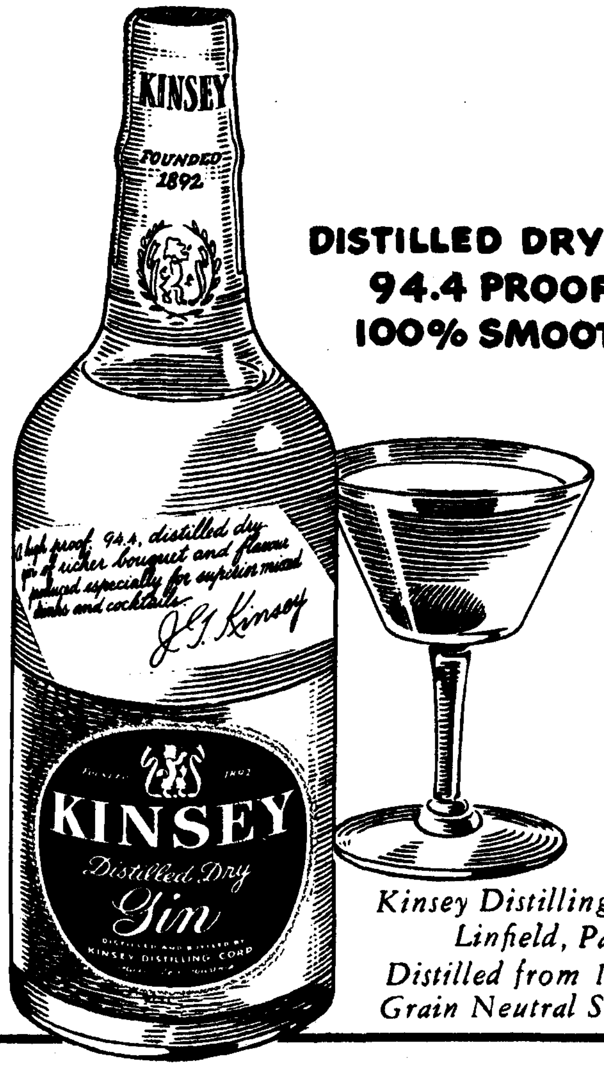

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## IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN - *TRY IT!*

remembering as if from a time long past Mickey's candid, clear gray eyes, his smile, the things he had said.

And remembering the thing that Josh Morgan had said which precipitated the search for Mickey. Mickey, a Nazi war criminal, trying to escape a Europe which was too dangerous for him now that the Americans had come—Mickey with his hands tragic and maimed by those same Nazis.

She was strongly aware all the time of Gili's presence across from her, and perhaps Gili was as strongly aware of her, but their eyes did not meet until Josh returned.

He came into the room quickly and everyone looked up with a jerk. His face was very white. He told them, tersely, that no evidence concerning Mickey Banet's murder had been discovered.

"What are they going to do?" asked Luther, his face ashen under the brilliant light and the pouches heavy below his tired eyes.

"Investigate as best they can. Hope, I suppose, that somebody saw something and will come forward to say so."

"Do you think that will come to anything?" asked Luther after a pause.

"I don't know . . . the captain is coming here; he said he'd be along in a few minutes."

There was a sharp silence and then Daisy Belle said abruptly, "To ask us if one of us murdered him!"

"Yes," said Josh quietly. "I suppose they'll ask that."

It was then that Marcia became aware of Gili's eyes, bright and green and fixed, staring at her thoughtfully. She did not speak, however; but only sat there, her eyes fastened upon Marcia. And before anyone else spoke the captain and Colonel Wells came into the room.

Mainly they looked terribly tired. It had been Colonel Wells, a surgeon before he became commanding officer of the medical unit for the Magnolia, who had tried to save Mickey. He came to Marcia directly. "I'm sorry," he said, kindly. "I did what I could. Whatever he was—or wasn't—I'm sorry."

CAPTAIN SVENDSEN swiftly took matters into his own hands. They all knew, he said, what had happened. If any of them knew anything of the murder or suspected anything they must understand how urgently important it was to tell them. He did not wait for anyone to speak but went on, "Shortly before he was found injured a question of his identity arose." He turned directly to Marcia. "You were engaged to marry him. You must have known the truth. Colonel Morgan says that he was really a man by the name of Banet, a concert pianist. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Why was he using a false passport? And a false name?"

She told him. It had seemed best to leave Europe as quickly as possible. He had decided to use a passport which had belonged to a friend, André Messac. He had his own photograph substituted.

"Why did he not use his own?"

"He said he had none; he had nothing—no personal possessions. It would take time to secure a passport of his own."

"And you subscribed to his plan to use a false passport. Why?"

At the time it had seemed the only course which might help, quickly, to restore Mickey to himself, but it seemed futile now to try to explain it. "It seemed right then," she said. "We intended to do something about it in Buenos Aires—go to the American consul and tell him the whole story. But then—"

"But then," prompted Captain Svendsen.

"Then he determined to keep the name of André Messac."

"Why?"

She told him that too: Mickey had been on the threshold of a great career. Now that that had been taken from him, he had wished to save his pride and never again to be known as Michel Banet.

"When did he tell you that?" asked the captain.

"The night after we were taken aboard the Magnolia."

"And you agreed to keep his real identity a secret?"

She had neither the wish nor the strength to defend herself. "For the time being. Yes. I thought that if I were patient with him, he would eventually agree to tell the truth."

Captain Svendsen turned to Josh. "Will you tell Miss Colfax exactly what you told me while Colonel Wells was operating."

Josh, his face startlingly white, looked at Marcia, and crossed to pull up a small chair near her. He sat down and leaned forward to take her hand. "Marcia, I knew André Messac—that is, I knew an André Messac. In Paris . . . André was murdered by the Nazis." He looked down at her hand for an instant, his face set and grave.

THE captain said impatiently, "Colonel Morgan, during the first fall of the war, joined a group of French resistance men, Miss Colfax. André Messac was one of them. So was Michel Banet . . . André Messac was arrested suddenly by the Germans and shot. Colonel Morgan tells me that he was always of the opinion that he was betrayed by one of his own men. He thinks that man was the man who came on this ship using André Messac's name; he thinks it was Michel Banet. What do you know about it?"

"He could not have been a Nazi. Mickey was arrested by the Nazis. He was tortured by the Nazis—"

Josh looked up into her eyes. "Everybody who was tortured," said Josh with a queer sad note in his voice, "was not a hero. One stands torture, another does not. The Germans knew that; that was why they tortured. They wanted information about other people, and they had a double lever to use on Michel Banet: not only pain, but the maiming of his fingers, which meant his whole life. I think he gave in. I think he turned Nazi at once—within a day or two of his imprisonment and torture. Unfortunately for him, it was already too late to save his hands but he could save his life. And did. By telling everything he knew . . . I've always thought that André Messac was betrayed by one of a very small group because André was so—" he hesitated, "so very intelligent. So cool, so rigid about plans and strict discipline. Even so early in the war, he realized how unsafe it would be for men in the resistance movement to know too much of one another. Even then, in the beginning, he arranged it so you knew the fewest possible names, the fewest possible men who were allied to you. Michel Banet was one of the few who knew André Messac was our leader. I knew it. Perhaps a few others.

COLIN ALLEN + LIX

COLLIER'S "School's closed on account of the fuel shortage" COLIN ALLEN

"Well, Michel Banet was arrested and almost immediately André was arrested and shot. . . . I did not know that it was Michel Banet who had betrayed him; I only knew that someone must have. Banet had disappeared; the rumor was that he was killed too. The Germans were in Paris; war between the United States and Germany seemed inevitable. I got back home as I told you, and into the Army. But—you don't forget people like André. . . . And when I knew that a man had turned up on this ship using that name, when I saw that man and knew him to be one who had been taken by the Germans only a day or so before André was murdered, I—" he stared down again at his hand still holding hers. "I had to find out the truth."

The captain said, "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you warn me—"

Josh lifted his head. His face was very white and he looked as if he did not see Marcia, did not see anything but a somber and terrible picture that hovered in his thoughts. "Because I had to kill him with my own hands," said Josh.

There was a long silence in the lounge with its blank and glistening ports, and its red cushions. Then the captain cried, "But he said a woman did it!" And looked at Marcia. Everyone looked at Marcia except Josh, who, with his dark head bent, stared down at her hand and his own, locked together. . . .

Colonel Wells cleared his throat and stepped forward. "We might question Miss Colfax," he said.

"All right," said the captain, "question her. If she murdered him, will she admit it? If she took that revolver, will she say so? If she knew he was a Nazi—"

Suddenly Marcia took in the sense of the captain's words. "Mickey said a woman shot him?" she cried.

And Josh told her, "Before Banet died he was conscious for a minute or two, and made a—a sort of statement. He said that a woman had killed him and that he'd tell us more about it later."

He paused and the silence in the lounge was so sharp it was as if somebody had screamed. Josh went on, "But he died before he spoke again."

And that sharp and terrible moment of listening, of heightened, terrible silence passed, and the captain said point-blank, "If you killed him, Miss Colfax, it would be better for you to say so now."

"No, no, I didn't—"

"Did you know that he was a Nazi?"

"No."

COLONEL WELLS said slowly, "Whoever killed him must have made two attempts—the first one, that night on the deck when Banet was knocked out. Miss Colfax couldn't have done that for she was attacked the same night, about the same time as Banet. Probably by the same person as attacked Banet so—"

"Oh, no," cried Josh. He put down Marcia's hand and got up. "Oh, no! I did that. I hit Banet."

"You—" began the captain, his great fist doubling up. "That was you—"

"I told you that I wanted to kill him with my own hands."

"You didn't tell me that you had tried," said the captain grimly. "Did you shoot him?"

"No, I didn't," said Josh. "But I wanted to. I'd been wanting to for five years—that is, I'd been wanting to kill whoever it was that betrayed André Messac. I heard there was an André Messac on board, among the Lerida survivors—"

"I told you," snapped Captain Svendsen.

"Yes. And I thought, but André Messac is dead; he was reported dead. Then I thought, perhaps he's alive. Yet I—I realized that he couldn't be. So you see, it would have to be another André Messac—or somebody using his name. If it was somebody using his name I had to find out why."

Captain Svendsen's face was red with anger. Colonel Wells said pacifically, "It was your duty to report the thing to the captain."

"Yes, I suppose it was. But I simply never thought of that. I only wanted to see the man using that name. So I looked for him. On deck that night. The instant he came along under the light I recognized him; I'd heard him play many times. And I—saw red. There isn't any other way to explain it," said Josh simply. "I saw him and it was like a flash of—of electricity or something. There was Michel Banet, using André's name and passport, the same man I'd thought might have betrayed André. So I hit him. I didn't say anything, I didn't question, I didn't—well, I suppose I didn't know what I was doing. Except," said Josh very clearly, "that it was what I'd wanted to do for five years—"

"But you—" The captain's face was swelling with rage again, and again Colonel Wells stepped in peaceably. "What did you do?" he asked Josh. "Why didn't you report it?"

Josh paused for a moment, thinking. He said finally, "The thing I had to do seemed perfectly clear to me. I'll try to tell you—After I hit him I—well, came to. I realized how stupid it was; I leaned over him and he seemed to be knocked out but not really hurt. I knew he'd pick himself up again in a minute or two and be none the worse for it. I—didn't think he'd seen me. And he'd never known me in the Paris days; I was only one of the audience. I didn't think that he knew that I had had anything to do with the French underground. At any rate, it was dark there on the deck and I—well, naturally, I hadn't stopped to say 'look out! I'm going to hit you,' or anything of the kind. I just slammed out at him when he came from under the light past me, and I saw his face and knew it and the whole thing seemed to check. . . . Later that night I went to his cabin and then I was sure that he didn't recognize me, and I think that he was honestly puzzled as to just what had happened. He must have known that somebody hit him, yet he pretended not to know that or—anything about it. I've wondered why," said Josh.

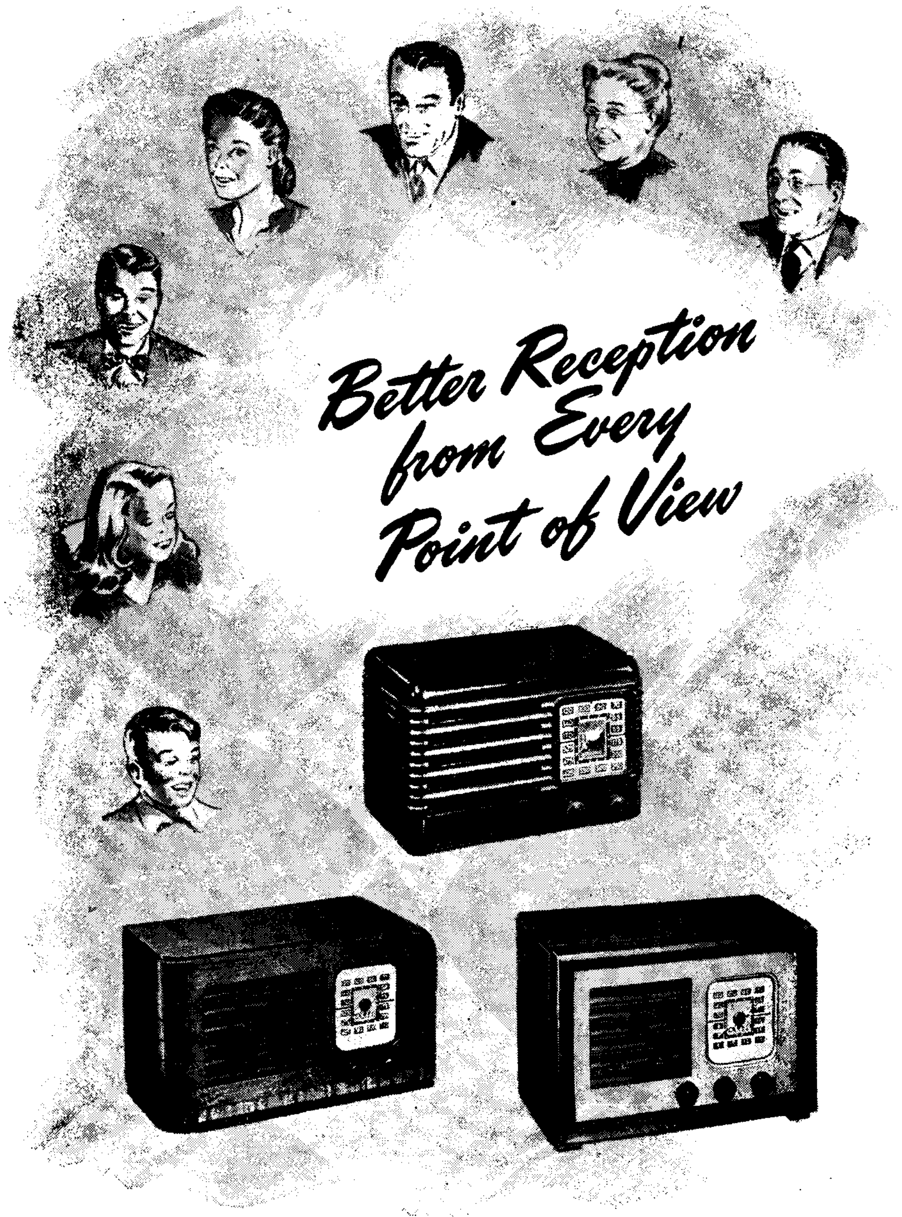
AGAIN for a moment no one spoke or moved; then Josh went on, "At any rate, I left him there and tried to get myself together. The thing to do, I decided, was to keep quiet and find out everything I could about him. If he was guilty, I'd prove it. But I—" he looked again at the captain and said stubbornly, "I had to do it myself. André was my friend."

The captain glowered at the floor. "Well—well, go on."

"What did you do then?" asked Colonel Wells.

"I walked on around the deck, thinking. He was a fake, but why?— Well, then I met Marcia and talked to her for a little; I questioned her about him; I didn't get very far. I came into the ship; went to my quarters, had another smoke, or started to, and suddenly thought I'd better get back and see if I'd hit him—" Josh paused and said rather grimly, "half as hard as I'd intended to. After all, then—after I'd had time to think, I didn't want to kill him till I'd found out the whole truth. I—wanted to keep him alive. So I went out on deck again, on the port side. I walked around the stern intending, as I say, to see if I'd really killed Banet—and found Marcia. I didn't see anybody get away; I hadn't heard anything, but there she was and I, at least, was entirely convinced that someone had tried to murder her. You didn't quite believe it, Captain—neither did you, Colonel Wells, in spite of the mark on her throat. But I had found her and I believe it."

The captain's bright, angry blue eyes searched Marcia's face. He demanded, "Why should anyone try to murder you—and succeed in killing Banet? And the two Portu-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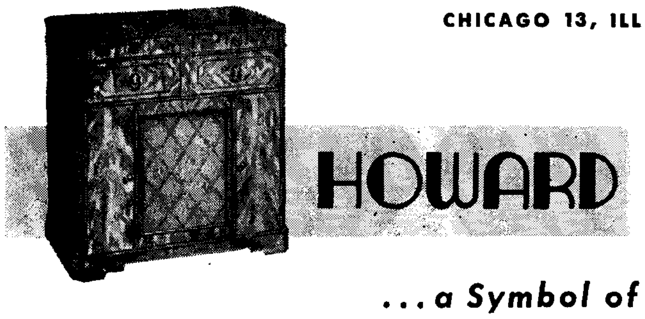

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guese! There must be a link. What is it?"

Josh said quickly, "Whoever tried to kill her then, tried at least twice again."

The captain turned again to Josh, his eyes blazing. "You ought to have told me about Banet!" he cried, and Josh replied obstinately, "I did not believe that Michel Banet had anything to do with the murder of the two Portuguese."

"You still required a private revenge?" asked Colonel Wells.

"In a sense, yes. But there were other reasons. For one thing Marcia—that is, Miss Colfax," he amended it as if for the first time he realized that he had been calling her Marcia, "was engaged to be married to him. Consequently she had to know that he was using another man's name and she had to know the reason for it. So that was an argument in favor of Banet. I had a certain—" he hesitated "—faith in Miss Colfax's own faith in him. And I had faith in her."

And you knew, thought Marcia, that I had said I loved him and was to marry him; you could not strike me like that, through Mickey.

He would not look at her; he continued quickly as if to cover any possibility of question on the part of the others. "Besides it was a very serious charge I had to make, it was based on nothing but my own imaginings, really, and it was a charge that would stick to him all the rest of his life. And to his wife. So—" he shrugged and finished in a very impersonal and quiet tone. "So naturally I had to be sure that my suspicions had more than a grain of fact before I reported them."

"You said you believed him to be a Nazi war criminal as well as the betrayer of Messac. Why?" asked the captain.

Gili had not moved or spoken; neither had Daisy Belle and Luther. Yet it seemed to Marcia that their tense stillness sharpened.

Josh said, "I think he was a war criminal because he was so frantically determined to escape Europe. I think he may have been used, possibly in some minor way, by the Nazis. I think he was afraid of revenge—perhaps by someone in Germany whose relative he had injured; certainly he was afraid of being caught by the Americans."

"But would the Germans have trusted him?" asked Luther suddenly. "Did you get any proof?"

Josh looked at Marcia. "I'm afraid I've hurt you very much, Marcia. And now I've got to hurt you more," he said and turned to Gili. "Where is the cigarette case?"

She wasn't going to answer; for a moment the decision, sullen and unmistakable, was in her face. Josh said, "We know you have it. It was Banet's. Where is it?"

SHE still hesitated for a moment, then with a sulky gesture she pulled the case from the pocket of her uniform. She said, half muttering, eying Josh, "I borrowed it."

He took the thin gold case which flashed in the light. Again Marcia had a swift and fleeting memory of that case, and dappled sunlight on a table and Mickey's smiling, candid—and terribly blank gray eyes.

Josh said to the captain, "This case belonged to Michel Banet. How could an expensive trinket like this have been permitted to remain in the possession of a prisoner in a German concentration camp for five years?"

The captain took the case in his hand and looked at it and said judicially, "Well, it couldn't." He looked at Marcia: "Did Banet own this before the war?"

"Yes." Her voice was almost a whisper.

The captain weighed the case in his hand. "No," he said thoughtfully. "They wouldn't have let a prisoner keep a trinket like this. But it's not proof, you know," he looked at Josh. "It's not proof."

Josh turned to Gili again. "You knew him in Germany. You came to Lisbon to wait for him. You were both getting out of Germany as fast as you could. But you couldn't use German money. So you had to get money. You planned the whole deception with him—"

Gili had leaped to her feet and stood there, trembling and white and cried at the top of her voice, shrieking, "You are lying. That's not true— He said a woman killed him. It was Marcia. She did it because she thought he loved me. We quarreled—she struck me; she was beside herself. And you"— She whirled around to Daisy Belle— "you saw it. You heard it. You know I'm telling the truth. She murdered him; Marcia murdered him—Why don't you arrest her?"

And immediately Daisy Belle came to Marcia's defense. She leaned forward, her hands linked tightly together. "Captain," she said, "there was nothing about that so-called quarrel that was serious or that would give rise to murder. It was like an hysterical explosion between two schoolgirls and it stopped as quickly and easily as it arose. Nerves are—unpredictable. It was—" She drew herself up—a dignified, poised and experienced woman disposing of a childish storm of temper— "It was nothing."

"She slapped me," said Gili vindictively. "She attacked me. You saw her."

Daisy Belle's eyebrows lifted slightly. "You needed it," she said to Gili.

The captain looked at Marcia. "But you did quarrel? You did strike her? What did you quarrel about?"

Josh said suddenly, "I expect Mrs. Cates knows."

Daisy Belle gave him a flicker of approval and said quickly, "I do indeed." Gili started to get up, angrily, and settled back again. Daisy Belle continued, "I'll tell you exactly. Gili said that this—Banet person—had only wanted money from Marcia and that"— her eyebrows lifted— "and that she, Gili, wouldn't give him up."

"Did she say," asked Captain Svendsen sticking heavily to the point, "that she had known him anywhere else?"

Daisy Belle thought for an instant. "I'm not sure she said exactly that but it was a very strong implication. I mean the few days on the Lerida and the Magnolia could scarcely have given her the—well, proprietary rights she seemed to feel that she had."

"But she didn't definitely say how long or where she had known him?"

GILI had relaxed a little; the sullenness in her eyes was giving way to a gleam of triumph. Daisy Belle said, "I'll try to tell you exactly; I may not be able to remember the words precisely. But she seemed very angry about something. She told Marcia that she could tell her anything she chose to tell, to account for having a cigarette case—that one, I suppose—and to account for having spoken to Mickey by name like that; calling him Mickey, I mean. I did not see the significance of that then and paid no attention to it. I couldn't help, however, hearing the whole thing. She said she could tell Marcia anything she chose to tell her and that Marcia would believe it—owing, I suppose, to Marcia's faith in André—that is, Banet. But that she didn't intend to; that he had only wanted money from Marcia and that now he was through with her. Or words to that effect." She paused. "As I say, the implication is inescapable. There was no question in my mind but that Gili had known him for a long time and that she was accompanying him on this trip. And making her position with regard to him known to Marcia."

"What did you think of it?"

"What did I—" Daisy Belle gave him an astonished look. "I thought what was undoubtedly the truth. This Banet person had deceived Marcia; he had pretended not to know Gili beyond the casual acquaintance all of us had there in Lisbon and on the Lerida. He was using Marcia, and Gili, through jealousy or bad temper, told Marcia the truth. Perhaps she hoped to separate Marcia and Banet. Perhaps—" Daisy Belle shrugged and said with a fine edge to her charming voice, "perhaps Gili was afraid she was losing him. Certainly she could only have embarked upon that fervent little flirtation with Castiogne on the Lerida in the hope of arousing Banet's possibly flagging interest in her."

She paused very briefly, and Gili started forward with a defiant and angry motion and then as if she saw the bait barely in time, drew back with a sort of gasp and shut her lips tightly together. Daisy Belle said, "In any case I felt perfectly certain that what Gili said was the truth. She knew all about him."

"I didn't," said Gili suddenly. "That is not true. I knew nothing of him. I—I said all that because I—I liked him. And I hate Marcia; she thought she owned him. Well, I—I said all that to tease her. To—yes, I liked him and I thought she might leave him alone. He didn't love her. I could see that. I thought I might—make a quarrel between them." She looked around with short, sharp glances at everyone as if to test their credence and said, "That's it exactly. Why not? A girl has to get along. I've nobody—"

"Why were you on the Lerida?" asked Josh.

"Why—" she caught her breath, eyed him smolderingly for an instant and said, "Because I wanted to go to Buenos Aires, of course."

"Why?"

"Because—" she bit her lip. Then with a flash of those shining green eyes she turned to the captain. "I've done nothing. Marcia killed him. It was a crime of passion. That's what. A crime of passion." She gave a vigorous nod so her long, streaked blond hair fell over her face.

And Josh gave a short hard laugh. "You really are a fool, Gili," he said. "You know the truth about Banet. Tell it for God's sake, and save yourself."

"I didn't kill him. She did . . . and I have nothing more to say."

Josh turned to Captain Svendsen. "This was not the first time she had told Marcia all this; the first time, though, she was more specific. Marcia, tell them what she said to you."

She thought it would be difficult to tell, but it was not. She told the ugly little story quickly and as impersonally as if it had happened to someone else.

"And you believed her?" Colonel Wells asked when she had finished.

"For a moment. Then I—didn't."

"Did you question Banet about it?"

"Yes. He said it was not true."

"And you believed him?"

She nodded. Suddenly she was drugged with weariness and shock. The motion of the ship, the lights, the sight of the white faces around her, together with the knowledge of Mickey's murder, and of the things that Josh suspected of him, all seemed to weigh upon her too heavily to be borne.

Colonel Wells said, "As Colonel Morgan points out, today is not the first time Miss Duvrey made her claims about Banet to Miss Colfax."

Josh picked it up quickly. "So if Marcia had been going to shoot him, she'd have done it then. Not now." He said it as if it were obvious, but he watched the captain with, it seemed to Marcia, a too-well-concealed anxiety.

And the captain said doubtfully, "Perhaps only today she was convinced." He looked at his watch. "I've got to get back to the bridge. The ship is as safe with my first officer as with me, but I've never left the bridge in a fog in my life before!" Anger crossed his face and he looked at them and said shortly, "Well— On land there are police. And fingerprints and laboratories and all that. I'm no detective and no psychiatrist. I don't know about clues. But—" he paused for an instant. His sheer physical strength and solidity were as impressive just then as the deep anger that was in his eyes. "But," he went on, "I am master of this ship. And I'll see that whoever did this hangs. Whether Banet deserved it or not, it was murder. Those two Portuguese were murdered. Urdiola is still locked up; I do not believe that there was any way for him to have escaped and murdered Banet."

Colonel Wells interrupted: "I beg your pardon, Captain. The patient with the bandaged face— I inquired about him. He has an incontrovertible alibi for the whole day. Usually he's a little hard to check on; that is, it seems that he has rather a habit of taking advantage of the sympathy everybody feels for him and wandering about the ship when and as he pleases. But except for his meals he spent the entire day in one of the wards playing bridge with three other boys. He went to mess with two of them who are also ambulatory. They'll all swear to it. So he could not have gone to Miss Colfax's cabin just before lunch and he could not have murdered Messac—that is, Banet. He is out as a suspect."

"He was never in," said the captain bluntly again. "Now then— there's something that you people may not know about a ship. I said I am no detective; I wouldn't know what to do with a fingerprint if I had one. But on a ship, no matter what happens or when, sometime, somewhere an eyewitness turns up. I have a long experience at sea. You can count on that as being true. So any information that any of you have intentionally or unintentionally concealed might just as well be given to me now. It will come sooner or later, some way."

ODDLY, he actually seemed to feel the confidence that was in his words; it radiated strongly and rather terrifyingly from that solid, thick blue figure. He turned to leave the lounge and then turned back. "And I might add," he said briefly, "that I have wirelessed home a full report, together with an urgent request for all available information about every Lerida passenger I picked up. I have already reported Banet's real name and murder—I should very soon begin to receive any facts which the State Department or the F.B.I., or any other source is able to secure."

He moved toward the door.

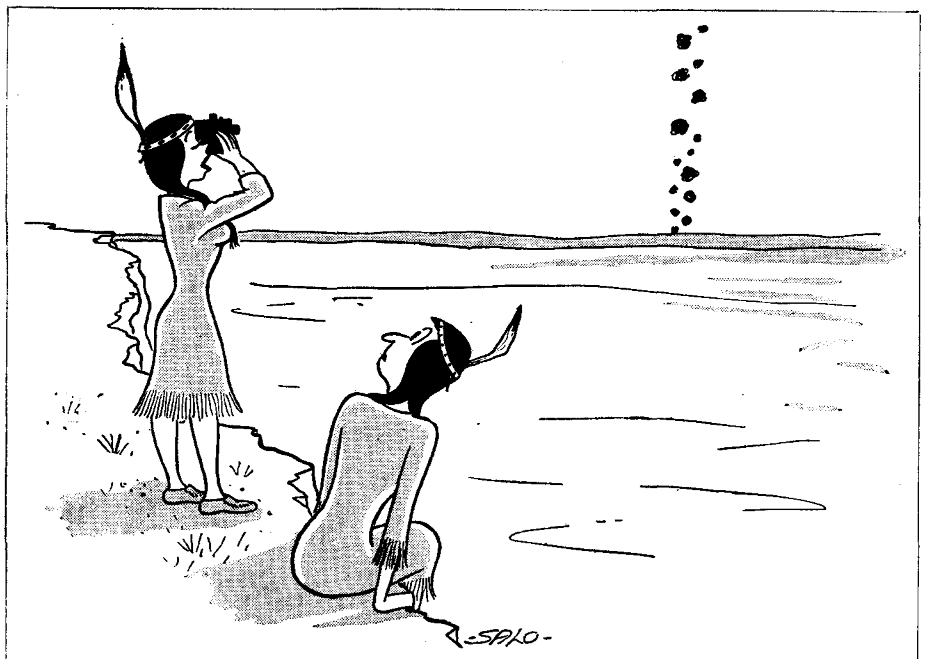
And Gili said, "Stop."

She got out of the corner of the sofa and across the lounge to the captain in what seemed like one motion. "Will you promise me protection?"

"So you're going to confess," said the captain.

"No, no!" She cried. "I have nothing to confess. I don't know who murdered Castiogne or Para. I didn't kill Mickey. But if you've wirelessed for information—" she stopped and sucked in her lower lip and, her eyes sullen but frightened, cried, "I didn't mean to be a Nazi. I couldn't help it. I had to be a Nazi to—to live!"

"That is what they all say," said the cap-



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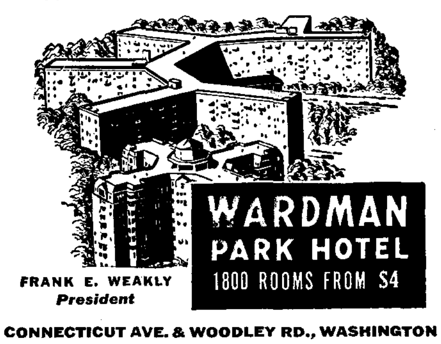

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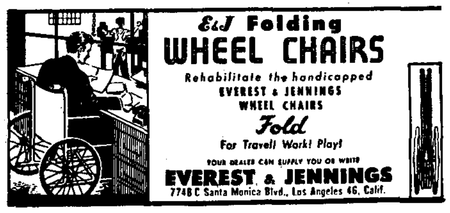

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tain. "What about Banet? Hurry up. Tell me anything you know."

Suddenly she was willing. Too willing—now that Mickey was dead, now that she believed they would know anyway as soon as the replies to the inquiries the captain had sent out were received. Gili told everything she knew, apparently.

Mickey had been a Nazi; he had turned Nazi immediately, and to convince his torturers of his sincerity had betrayed André Messac and others. Gili knew that; he had boasted of it in the early, egotistically triumphant days of the Nazis. Gradually he had worked into a position of some small eminence among them, his business that of informer. Gradually the Nazis began to trust him. He was bitter about his hands, but apparently had no thought of revenge; instead, he seized every opportunity to solidify his standing with the Nazis—probably he believed that if he had a future it lay now with them.

He was by no means a major war criminal; still he had achieved enough importance in a small way so that, when the war was over, somebody was sure to inform the Americans. Or at least so he feared—which amounted to the same thing. And his real name was known in America—perhaps not as well and familiarly as Mickey with his artist's naïve egotism believed, but well enough to offer danger. So he had to hide his identity. And he had to have money.

"He made me come too. He loved me," said Gili with even then a sidelong glance of triumph at Marcia.

The trouble was that while she fully confirmed Josh's surmise about Michel Banet, she denied any knowledge of murder, or a motive for murder. Again, doggedly, she resisted their questions.

The captain however accused her flatly. "You murdered Banet," he said. "You were jealous, you were afraid he'd leave you—"

GILI, then, laughed harshly and with frank scorn. "Murder the man who was going to provide me with—with food, and a home and clothes? What can *I* do in America! I worked in a barbershop in Berlin. That's where I met him. I didn't love him. But he loved me; he would have taken care of me. Murder *him!*" said Gili and laughed again.

It was then that the captain gave up. He turned to Colonel Wells, "Colonel, will you see that these people are taken care of according to the plan that we discussed? Thank you . . . Colonel Morgan, I have to tell you that your movements about the ship are now restricted."

"You mean I'm a suspect?"

The captain said with a troubled, almost solemn gravity, "You had a strong motive—a comprehensible motive. By your own admission you tried once to kill Banet—but I do not believe that a dying man would attempt to deceive. I believe that a woman killed him."

Daisy Belle got up and stood with dignity under the harsh light. "You mean, obviously, one of us."

"I don't know who else," said the captain plainly and went away, tired and angry, hurrying back to the bridge.

Colonel Wells said wearily, "He'll question you further tomorrow. I do beg you to consider what he says. If anybody knows anything at all it would be better to say so."

Luther got up wearily too; he looked gray with fatigue. "Maybe the eyewitness will turn up. Somebody must have seen something—Banet couldn't just have lain there on the deck for hours without anybody happening along—"

"Apparently," said Colonel Wells, "that is exactly what he did . . . now then—"

He went on briefly and quickly to explain. Their cabins were to be changed. The ship was full but it was not crowded, and somehow they had shifted people about so that the Lerida survivors would be separated. He would show them.

Josh, Marcia knew, wished to speak to her. He came close to her, he touched her arm and started to speak, but Colonel Wells said, "Will you come now, please."

Josh's lips said mutely, "Later—"

Marcia was allotted the cabin on B deck which formerly the three women had shared. Already Gili's and Daisy Belle's few clothes and cosmetics, all loaned or donated by the nurses, had been removed, and she did not see to what cabins Gili and Daisy Belle were taken. She had an impression that Luther remained alone in the cabin he and Mickey had shared.

The ship seemed to stand still. It had, in fact, slowed almost to a stop owing to the extraordinary thickness of the fog, and the foghorn had resumed its monotonous constant wail. And like a city, the Magnolia was in a state resembling that of siege.

Yet murder still apparently walked these slippery decks, amid the crimson haloes of shifting fog wreaths.

It was along toward morning that the ship slowed suddenly and hove to. A wakeful patient had seen an object resembling that of a man go past the port near him; he had heard, so still was the ship, the heavy splash in the water far below. He had given the alarm . . .

There is only one way a man can disappear from shipboard and that is into the sea. There are, however, three causes for such a disappearance—it must be a matter of accident, suicide or murder. Neither accident nor suicide seemed as reasonable a hypothesis as the fairly unreasonable theory of murder.

And yet with the murder of Mickey Banet there had been a curious tacit conclusion that the ugly cycle of murder had now run its course.

Yet it had happened. And a quick check of wards and passengers showed that Luther Cates was missing.

The probability was that even if he were still alive he would not be found. The ship had been traveling at a very slow speed, the alarm had been given instantly but even so the Magnolia traveled some distance before she could stop, and before the small boats could be launched.

IT WAS still dark, in spite of approaching dawn when Josh came to Marcia.

Marcia was awake. She had not slept and she had known that the ship had stopped; she had heard the subdued echoes of commotion. But she had not known the reason for that, or for the brief visit of Major Williams, who, checking the whereabouts of the Lerida passengers, knocked on the door and called to her and when she replied hurried away again.

She was wrapped in a red bathrobe, standing at the port listening, and watching the misty flares in the fog, the searchlights gleaming from small boats when Josh knocked. "It's I," he called. "Josh."

He came in, white-faced, his head bare and his dark hair shining with moisture. "It's a man overboard," he said. "Luther. So far they've not found him."

"Luther! What happened—"

"Nobody knows." From the open port, in the distance, a voice floated dismally over the water, eerily muffled by fog. Josh went to the port, looked out at the shifting wreaths of fog, the flares from the boats. "They'll never find anybody in a fog like this," he said. "But the chances are, of course, that he was dead before he struck the water."

"Luther—" she said at his shoulder, whispering. "Why?"

Josh turned to face her. "I wanted to talk to you last night. I couldn't. Marcia," he said very gravely, "I'm sorry."

"You mean about Mickey."

"Even to you, Marcia, the cigarette case roused a sort of question—Do you remember telling me that you had been thinking of Mickey and Gili and the things that she had said and that something seemed somehow wrong to you—out of the picture? Wasn't that it, that cigarette case? Subconsciously, it seemed wrong to you as it did to me. Yet something happened just then, and you didn't really pin the thing down."

She said slowly, staring out into the drifting fog, remembering, "There were always explanations—always reasons—"

A voice called again, eerily across the water; Josh said, "Marcia, I had to tell them about Mickey Banet, to save your life. I tell you, Marcia, it was Banet, who tried to murder you."

*"Mickey!"* She stared at him in bewildered disbelief.

"Yes."

"But—oh, no, Josh! Why would he do that? There's no reason, no motive—"

"Oh, my dear, my dear. Don't you see that there was a very real motive, a very strong one. Mickey was not really an important war criminal, but *he thought* he was. He thought that at any moment his name would be known everywhere—his name and what he had done. Probably it would have been known eventually. That's true; he did have a sort of fame before the war. Mainly, though, it was a case of the wicked fleeing when no man pursues. He was aware of his own guilt; he was afraid. He intended never to let anyone know that he was Michel Banet the traitor, the Nazi. But you knew his real name—"

"So did Gili! So did Gili—"

"But *you* insisted on telling the truth."

"Josh, he couldn't have tried to kill me that first night on the Magnolia; he was unconscious. You saw him—"

"Wait, Marcia. This is what I think happened. I thought so," said Josh soberly, "that first night on deck. I could see how he might have done it, but I couldn't be sure. Let me tell you. I told the captain, but I didn't put it as fully or as truly, Marcia, as I'm going to now to you. The fact is, you see, that I couldn't reconcile you and your love for him, with what I thought I knew of him. You being you—I didn't see how you could love him if he were the heel that I thought he was. That—" he shrugged and

## BEGINNING NEXT WEEK:

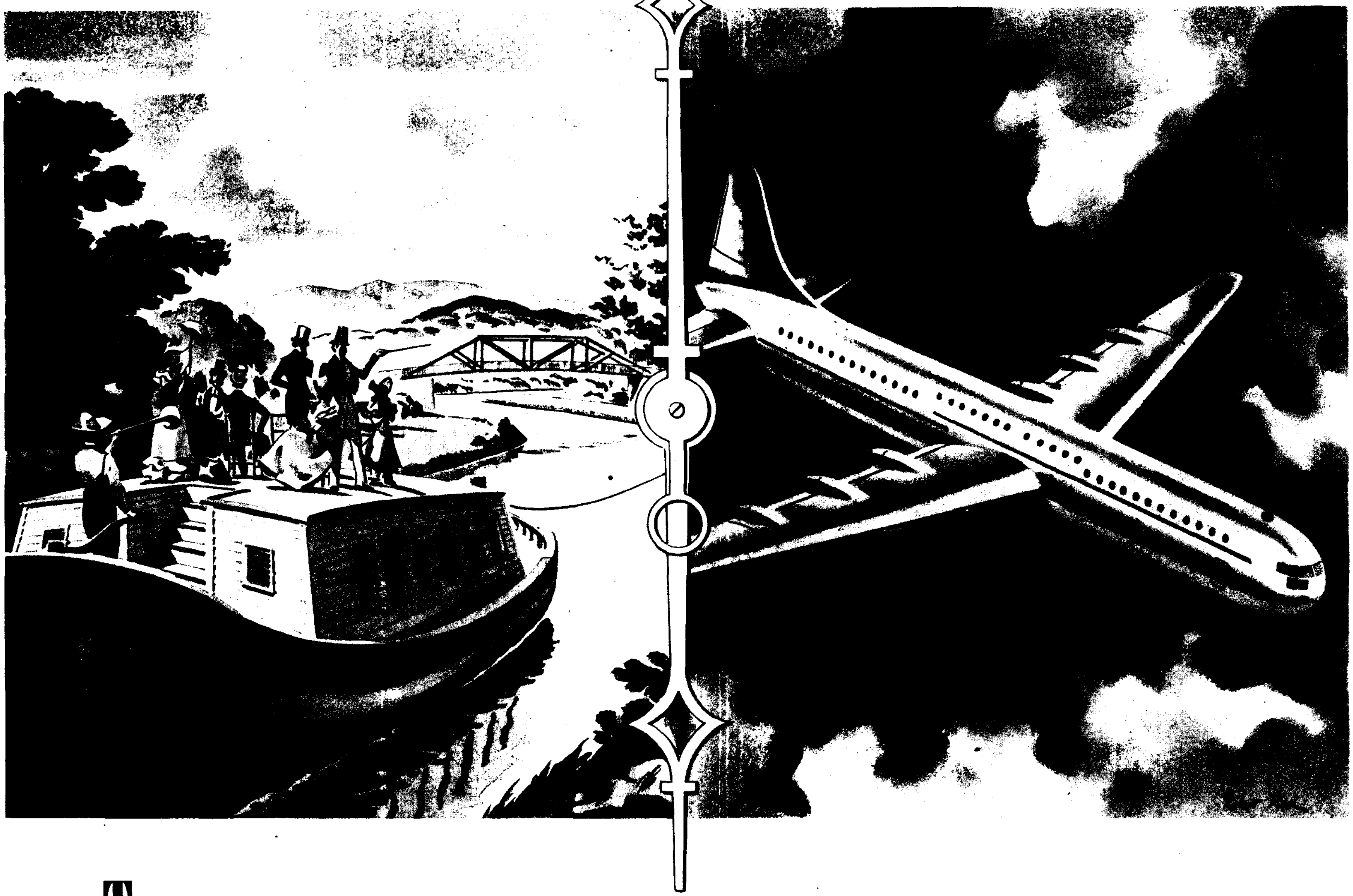
# MOUNTAIN TIME

## By Bernard DeVoto

**The romance of Dr. Cyrus Kinsman who respected his profession too much to make concessions to ambition—or to love**

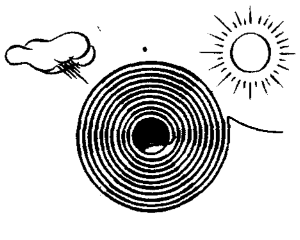
**1819** *The first excursion of a canal boat on the newly-constructed Erie Canal, made between Rome and Utica, took 17 hours and 20 minutes for the 30 mile round trip. Two years before this history-making trip, Chauncey Jerome founded the parent New Haven Clock Company. In 1837, Jerome revolutionized clock making in America by discarding wood, the material then used, in favor of metal, in mass production of clock movements. This brought good clocks within the means of everyone for the first time.*

**1946** *Now actually under construction is the remarkable Consolidated-Vultee luxury passenger liner, a six engined plane that will carry 204 passengers from New York to London between breakfast and dinner time — about 9 hours. It has a wingspread of 230 feet and is 183 feet long. As a result of technological pioneering through 129 years, the New Haven Clock Company can now produce clocks and watches more accurate and dependable than at any time in its history. Your dealer will have them soon.*



# The time is for the bold in thought...

At the beginning of every new era, such as the one America is now entering, the leaders in industry must willingly face up to a new challenge, must gird themselves to meet the future with boldness of thought and an essentially youthful outlook . . . The New Haven Clock Company pledges itself to the creation of honest, dependable clocks and watches, so economical in price that every American family can own them; so modern in design that every American will be proud to own them. The traditional pioneering spirit of New Haven, added to its war-won technological knowledge, are a guarantee that the pledge will be fulfilled.



**The "Vital Nerve Center"**

This is the famous New Haven compensating hair spring, the "vital nerve center" which makes New Haven watches and clocks keep better time through wide variations in temperature which affect ordinary steel hair springs. No other popular priced watch or clock can offer this remarkable compensating hair spring: It is a patented exclusive New Haven feature. Result: New Haven clocks and watches are more accurate, day in, day out.

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Emily Post says:

Upon the death of a friend you should go at once to the house, write "With sympathy" on your card and leave it at the door. Or, you write a letter to the family. In either case you send flowers, addressed either to the funeral of (name of the deceased) or to the nearest relative. The latter method is preferable, if the relative is a friend. But the former method is followed if the deceased alone was known to you.

On the card accompanying the flowers, and addressed to one of the family, you write "With sympathy," or "With deepest sympathy," or "With heartfelt sympathy," or "With love and sympathy." When flowers are addressed to funeral of the deceased, no message is included. If there is a notice in the papers requesting that no flowers be sent, you disregard it only if you are a very intimate friend.

A very natural impulse of kindness is to send a few flowers with a note either immediately or a few days or weeks after the funeral to any bereaved person who is particularly in your thoughts. A few flowers sent from time to time—possibly for long afterward — are especially comforting in their assurance of continued sympathy.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

watched her gravely and said, "That held my hand, there, at first. I didn't know what to do. And then I realized that I was in love with you. One minute I just liked you; the next minute I knew that I—" he turned and seemed to look all around the cabin for a cigarette, found a package in his own pocket, drew it out and said, "the next minute I loved you. And you told me and you convinced me, Marcia, that you loved him, no matter what he was, and that you intended to marry *him*. So then—*I had to be so sure, you see*, that he *was* a heel before I hurt you. And then—" He would not look at her; his face was stern and white and tired— "then I knew beyond any doubt that he was trying to kill you. It was Michel Banet who accidentally dropped the gauze bandages here in your cabin."

"But, Josh—"

"Marcia, Marcia!" He threw away the cigarette he had barely lighted. "Listen to me. Go back to that first night on deck. Go back to the moment when you sighted an American ship from the lifeboat and knew she was American. Don't you see that you were Banet's danger? You knew who he actually was; he could never hide his identity so long as you were with him. And you were going straight to the United States where he was known."

"Yes—yes—" she whispered.

"I don't think," said Josh, "that in the beginning he even thought of trying to kill you, but I do think that he intended, when you got to South America, simply to stay there. Certainly he never intended to come to the United States. And then after all his careful plans—and it must have been rather a chore, as a matter of fact, to keep Gili quiet!—but anyway, after all his careful planning, think how he must have felt when he was suddenly hauled aboard an American ship, bound for the United States. And then you would not be persuaded; you said he had to tell them who he really was; you insisted. And Castiogne had been murdered. Banet reasoned that if you were murdered too they would only hunt the harder for whoever killed Castiogne. Yes, I think that put it into his mind."

"BUT it couldn't have been Mickey who attacked me that first night on deck," she said. "He was unconscious—"

"Oh, was he?" said Josh and shook his head. "I don't think so. I didn't think so then; I didn't think I'd hit him hard enough. This is what I think happened. Perhaps we'll never know but—" he reached out and with his one good hand began rolling up the red bathrobe sleeve, which was too long for her, in neat, tidy folds as he talked. "I think that I did knock him out. Just for a minute or two. I think he came to, just about as you found him. He didn't know what had happened; he must have been genuinely puzzled. That or—there's somebody on board he expected to try to injure him. And in that case—" he paused for a moment as if to explore some new but very tenuous and, itself, perplexing idea. Finally, working away at the neat little roll of cuff, he finished it and started on the other one. "At any rate," he went on, "he must have thought, here's an alibi. Unconsciousness. And there were you. I think he planned to follow you, to get rid of you—over the railing, quickly—and then he found himself presumably unconscious, with a bruise on his face which would tend to prove his alibi. You would have disappeared, and both of these things would appear to be linked up with Castiogne's murder. He would go free."

She must have made some motion to speak for he went on quickly, "Let me finish. He picked himself up, if I'm right, as soon as you'd gone inside the ship. Probably he thought of his little plan the minute you left him and regretted he hadn't thought of it sooner; he knew that you'd come back with people and that that chance, which had seemed in a flash so good, was gone. But there was still a bare chance of getting you alone. . . . You went inside the ship; could he have followed you?"

She thought back to the confusion of gray passageways and her sense of bewildering strangeness to the ship. "I think I'd have known he was there—that I'd have seen him."

"Are you sure? Couldn't he have entered the ship without your knowing it? Watched you from some passageway or corner, so he saw it when you went to the deck again, but on the port side?"

She thought back again to these swift and confused moments and said slowly, "He could have done that, I suppose. Yes."

"He must have done it. He could have watched even from the starboard door directly opposite, keeping himself out of sight. Then when he saw you go out on the port side of the deck he ran quickly around the stern. And you came that way as he hoped and in the shadow it looked easy. So there was his chance again and he tried to kill you. Then he heard me coming."

"I can't believe it was Mickey," she whispered. But she did believe it.

JOSH said, "Then he ran back to the starboard side to the spot where you'd left him—there to be found, later, still apparently unconscious. It wasn't actually an alibi for the time of the attack upon you, *but it had all the effect of one:* both of you presumably were attacked at almost the same part of the ship and almost the same time. Anybody would conclude that it was the same person who did it, and certainly it would be linked with the murder of Castiogne. At least"—he gave the sleeve a final tuck and took her hand in his, looking now into her eyes— "at least I can't figure it any other way. I think too that, on his way back to his cabin from the dispensary, he tried the door to your cabin; just tried it, on the chance of your being alone—lying down, drowsing perhaps, unsuspecting and defenseless. He hadn't knocked, or called to you as would have been natural, so when he felt the pressure of your hand, holding the doorknob, he left rather than try to explain his own furtive behavior."

"Proof—"

"Your faith was very stubborn, darling, and very blind. The proof is that since Banet died, the attempts to murder you seem to have stopped. Whatever other link was between Castiogne and Para—whoever murdered Mickey and Luther, you are now safe."

The air from the port was cold and misty on her face; again the distant voices of men searching through fog and darkness for the body of a man overboard drifted to their ears.

The ship was in fact in a turmoil; wards, passageways, decks were for the moment, unguarded. It was an orderly confusion, concentrated on the search which the captain himself was directing, but it was confusion. Anyone could have gone quietly along those warm, gray passageways just then without being seen; anything could have been done, just then, without being heard. But Mickey was dead. And she was forever safe from those tortured and terrible hands.

Josh lifted his head and listened. "Murder at sea," he said slowly, "is so horribly simple. A body sliding past a port. And then nothing . . . we'll never know how it happened unless Luther's body is found, but a woman could have done that, too."

A woman could have held the revolver that had been used to kill Mickey. Conceivably a woman could have contrived to silence Luther forever in the black and foggy sea. But not Castiogne, not Para. She said, "Josh, do you mean that Mickey killed Castiogne and Para?"

Josh's reply was not really a reply. He said, "It's always possible Urdiola told the plain truth."

"Do you mean that *he* killed Mickey? But Mickey said it was a woman—"

Josh, staring out into the graying fog, said slowly, "Certainly somebody killed Mickey. But I do think that it was Mickey who came to your cabin yesterday in another attempt to kill you. Those gauze bandages around his face made a simple and easy disguise. I've inquired about the gauze; almost anybody could have managed to snag that from some supply closet or dressing tray. But when you came to the captain with that horribly twisted thing I—knew beyond all doubt that Banet would kill you if he could. Up to then I hadn't really been convinced; I'd told myself I must be wrong; my whole theory was based upon the character of a man you knew and loved so much that you were going to marry him."

"Who killed him?"

"I don't know." He frowned and shook his head. "And I simply don't know why he was killed, Marcia, unless somehow it actually is linked up with Castiogne and Para and the diamond. Yet Urdiola is locked up; I suppose he might have got out somehow but I don't see how and neither does anybody else . . . Nothing accounts for Luther's murder, either. Nothing links up the two Portuguese and Banet and Luther."

He paused and said suddenly, "Except of course, the theory that Luther knew something damning to the murderer. And there's no getting around the fact that Svendsen and Colonel Wells have got exactly four suspects, if Urdiola's out. You and me, and Daisy Belle and Gili. I didn't murder Banet or anybody; you didn't. There is only Daisy Belle and Gili—and I simply don't think either of them did it!"

He looked out the port, staring into the queerly variegated fog, black and gray, spotted with dim flares of orange and red light. He said slowly, "I don't see how the killing of the two Portuguese comes into it and both of them were killed. And—to tell the truth, Marcia, while I am as sure as I'll ever be of anything that Michel tried to kill you, and I think he did it for fear you would tell his real identity—nevertheless, I still can't see why he'd get rid of you before he got more money out of you— Darling, darling, that's brutal. But it's true." Again he stopped and thought this time for moments while she stood at his side, the cold damp air in her face, and then said, "It's queer. Just as you decide there's no way out, all at once you—think you see it."

He turned from the port, put his hand thoughtfully under her chin and said, "My darling, my darling, no matter what happens you are safe. Nothing now can hurt you— Do you want to go to Daisy Belle? She's in the captain's cabin. I think she needs you."

She didn't want him to leave; there was so much she had to say. Yet she had no words. He said matter-of-factly, "Wrap yourself up if you go on deck. It's damned cold," and touched her cheek lightly. And walked out of the cabin and closed the door.

For a long time Marcia did not move.

The cabin was cold. She stood huddled in the long red bathrobe, gradually aware of the chill and stealthy fingers of fog. Presently she moved across the cabin, intending to dress, intending to wrap up in a coat, intending to go to Daisy Belle—and then sat down on the edge of the bunk, staring at nothing.

She roused herself finally with a sharp realization that some time had passed since Josh had gone, and that he had said that Daisy Belle would need her. She'd better go.

She had on gray pajamas, men's pajamas, too big for her like the bathrobe. She decided not to wait, though, to dress, but to wrap herself in the thick nurse's coat that lay over a chair under the port. As she went to get it she heard the door of the cabin open and someone come in. Thinking Josh had come back she turned to speak to him.

Her voice died in a gasp as if hands had already caught her throat.

Yet she had really barely a glimpse of the tall figure in the doorway—the figure in a red bathrobe with white bandages over its face—for the electric light switch clicked and the cabin, everywhere, was in darkness.

There was a dim rosy twilight which outlined the port.

There was the soft rustle of motion.

And then in the thick silence an unintelligible choking whisper which said nothing, which merely made sounds.

But Mickey was dead.

He had once come to her cabin, masked and fearfully anonymous, like that—but he was dead.

And the patient—the real patient, what was his name?—what could he want of her?

The whisper had stopped.

THERE was a listening quality in the silence. And then Marcia was listening, too, every nerve in her body strained to hear, for there were shouts from the fog, shouts from the darkness and the black sea, shouts of men who had found something.

It sounded as if they said, "Found—found—" and it rang and echoed bewilderingly. Perhaps actually it was what they shouted, from boat to boat. At any rate from that, from a sudden commotion on the decks, from the play of lights and the chug of a small boat coming hurriedly back to the ship she knew that something—a man, Luther, alive—or dead?—had been found.

Yet it seemed unimportant; it was part of another world. It had nothing to do with the small, horribly limited, black world around her just then—with the figure with the bandaged head. And clearly in the silence she thought, Mickey said it was a woman. Gili—or Daisy Belle?

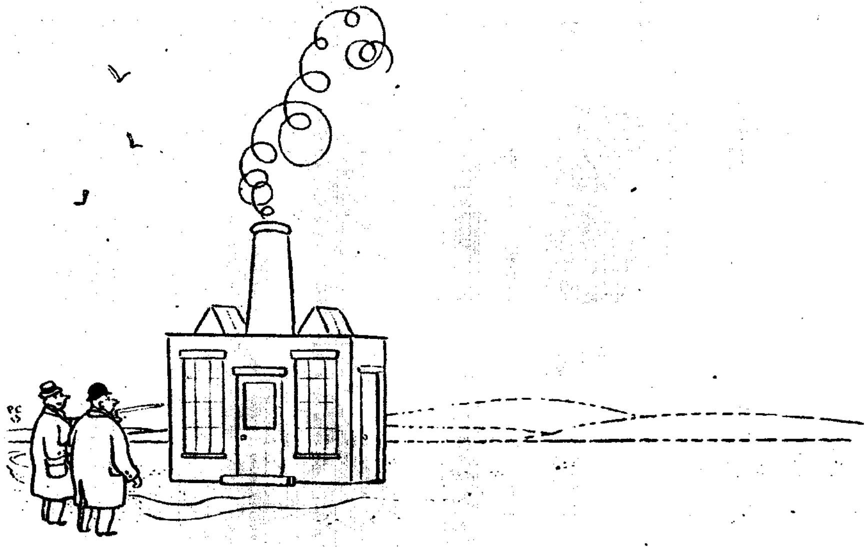
She cried, summoning strength and voice and will from desperation, "*Daisy Belle, you must listen to me—Daisy Belle—*" Her voice was unexpectedly loud, strained and harsh and clear in the small space around her.

No answer; no sound of movement.

Then suddenly and almost as clearly as her own voice had sounded upon her ears, an intangible but positive emptiness sounded upon her senses.

She had heard no move—if the door had opened upon the lighted corridor outside she had not seen it. But the sense of emptiness pressed harder and harder upon her and she knew that she was now alone.

The echoes from the sea were less loud; the small boat had chugged rapidly around, probably to the other side of the ship. Had they found Luther? Was he still alive?



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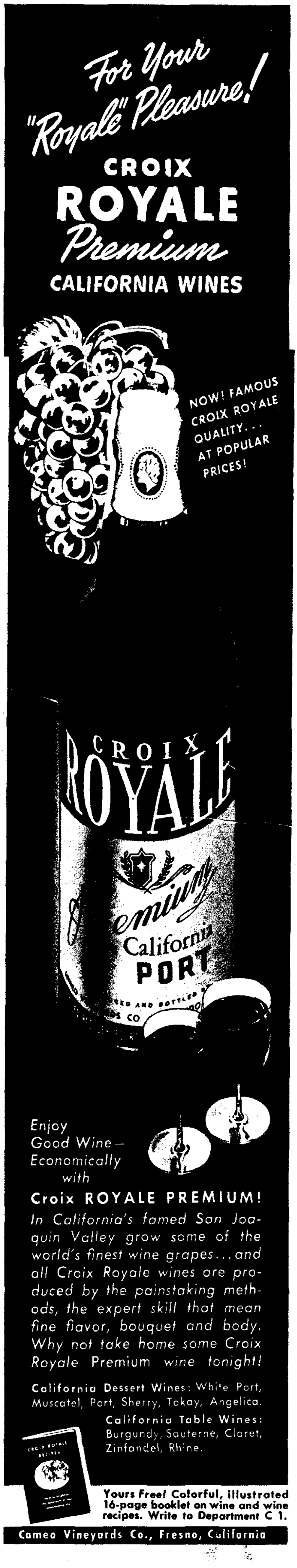

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The question touched her mind but merely touched it; mainly she was questioning the statements of her own nerves and awareness . . . And there was something she'd been about to do before this had happened; there was *something that she must do*—

As she thought that, suddenly the door swung open and Josh's figure was outlined against the light of the corridor. "Marcia—" he cried. "Marcia!"

The light streamed into the cabin. No, nobody with a bandaged head was there, but she still could not move. She said stiffly, "Turn on the light—beside you—there by the door."

"Marcia, they've found him. He's still alive. They've found him"—He snapped on the light and came quickly to her. "It's all true, Marcia. Don't look so—so white and terrified, my darling. Everything is all right now."

"Everything?"

"My darling—" he put his arm around her and made her sit beside him on the edge of the bunk and said, "The captain and Colonel Wells talked to Urdiola again; they think he may be telling the truth. And—Marcia, listen—why would Mickey Banet say that it was a woman who killed him? I mean—if it wasn't a woman, if it really was a man why would he say it was a woman? Unless," said Josh, "he wanted to protect that man."

"Josh—"

BUT he swept on excitedly, talking rapidly: "And why would he protect the man who killed him unless he wanted something from him?"

This caught her attention. "But Mickey was dying—"

"No, that's it. He was dying but *he didn't know it;* he didn't think so. He was under drugs; he had a false sense of security; he thought he was going to live. He tried to protect whoever it was that killed him, exactly as he did when I hit him— He didn't know who it was that hit him but he knew damn' well it was somebody. So he came out with that vague story about having slipped or fainted. No—we ought to have known then that it was somebody whose life and whose *continued* life was important to Banet. And Gili all but told us—only she didn't know she was telling us. She knew that he had almost in so many words told her to keep quiet; perhaps she suspected why, but she won't admit it if she did. We ought to have known it all along; there were only you and Gili and Daisy Belle and Luther Cates and the mysterious patient—"

"Josh," she cried, "he was here! He went away—just before you came—"

"Here!" He jumped up. "Here! What do you mean?"

She told him quickly.

He stood however for a long moment without speaking. And then suddenly began to speak in a queerly measured and deliberate way.

"Mickey," he said, "hoped to make a living for the rest of his life. Gili, when she told him what she and Castiogne had overheard, provided him the way. That, you see, is why he was through with you; there was a way which he suddenly discovered by which he could get much more money than you could supply. Much more—"

She did not understand him; she did not understand the listening look on his face; it was as if he were talking not to her but to somebody else. Somebody invisible, who was not there, and yet might hear him. He went on, "Castiogne hoped to do that, too; he was fobbed off with a diamond and a promise. Para was Castiogne's confidant and partner; he was in on the same unhealthy enterprise. But he was afraid; he knew what had happened to Castiogne, so he gave Urdiola the diamond to keep for him in case of accident to himself. But he had by then another partner and that partner was Mickey Banet, who had invited himself into the game and was going to stay in."

He looked at the door of the little bathroom and said, "Come out!"

There was no one there; the patient had gone—only he hadn't. Unbelievably the narrow gray door swung slowly open.

A red, thin figure, masked in white, stood in the doorway.

Josh said gravely, "It's all over. You haven't got a chance. They found him and got him back; he's still alive. He told them exactly what happened—how he'd slipped out on deck and you came along and offered him a cigarette and as he took it, slugged him. And how the next thing he knew he was in the water."

There was a sort of whisper from the tall figure; then it swayed a little queerly. But everything swayed and vibrated actually; the ship was moving again, gathering speed, steady upon her course.

Josh said, "Take off the bandages."

Another, strained whisper, almost intelligible: "My face—no, no—" The hands made gestures.

Josh said, "You're not Jacob Heinzer. He's still alive. They got him out of the water. He'll testify against you. You're Luther Cates."

The engines were going harder; the familiar motions and creaks of the ship were louder. Josh said, "Why did you come to this cabin? How did you do it?"

And Luther's voice from those bandages said wearily: "I came to see Daisy Belle. I did not intend to hurt Marcia; I didn't intend to touch her. I only wanted to talk to Daisy Belle; I thought she'd be here in this cabin, I didn't know that only Marcia was here. I was alone in my cabin; I thought with all the tumult on deck I could get here without being seen, and I did. I had the gauze, hidden —under a cushion in the officers' lounge. Nobody thought of looking there. I took it from a dressing tray . . . I had seen Heinzer—I had to disguise myself like that in order to approach Para because he felt sure—he knew the motive I had—that I had killed Castiogne. And he guessed that I'd kill him too, if I could.

"But I didn't come here to kill Marcia. I thought that Daisy Belle was in this cabin and that perhaps I could speak to her alone. I had to tell her my plans. I had to—and then I heard them shout from the boats out there that they'd found him—Heinzer. So I knew then there was no escape for me. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't—"

Josh said, "You'd better get to a doctor," and suddenly sprang forward as the thin, red figure wavered and crumpled against the door.

"Get the doctor, Marcia—hurry—go on—"

She thought, even then, that Josh wanted to save her the thing that he knew was going to happen.

LUTHER CATES had a bad heart attack. He lived until the day came fully, but he did not make any further statement.

And it was not necessary, for a few hours later replies to wirelessed inquiries which the captain had sent began to clatter into the ship's receiving sets. All the money that Luther Cates with his great wealth had banked in Switzerland before the war was gone. It had gone without any question to the Nazi cause. *This the captain told them,* having once again summoned the Lerida survivors to his cabin, together with Josh and Colonel Wells.

Daisy Belle had not known it; she had not dreamed that Luther's own collaboration had been so expensive, so positive—and so appalling.

"My own disloyalty," she said brokenly to the captain, "seemed so great. It was as if we shared a dreadful burden of guilt. I never dreamed that there was anything worse—so much worse. I knew that there was a shortage of cash; we used my jewels for everything. I didn't know why; I thought it had something to do with war conditions, with getting funds—" She stopped, and after a moment continued very slowly, "I think he did it because—well, simply because it was easier. He had the money so it was available; they wanted it, perhaps they brought pressure." She paused again and said wearily, "I don't think Luther was politically a Nazi but I—it is very difficult for me to say this but it must be true—I think he thought they were going to win. I think it was"— her voice choked over the word but she repeated it —"it was easier. We were among Nazis; they knew about the money. He bought our freedom and comfort."

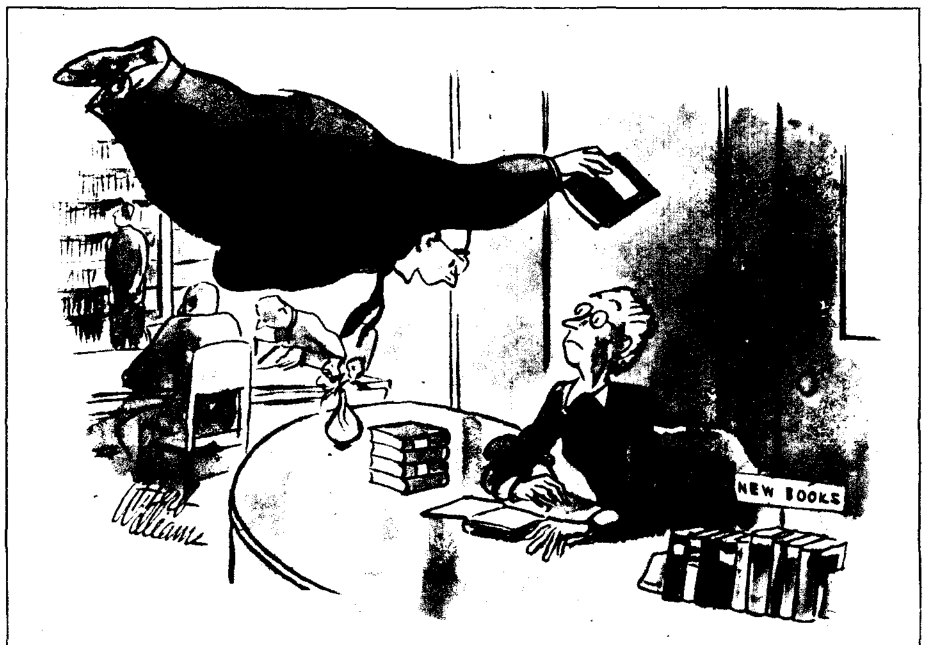
The captain said, "The diamond he gave Castiogne was not a passage bribe, then?"

*She had thought the whole thing through.* She said steadily, "I think now that it must have been the first payment for silence to Castiogne . . . Luther came to me on the Lerida, the day of the storm, and said it was to pay Castiogne for getting us a passage. That was probably shortly after Gili and Castiogne heard us talking. Castiogne must have seen his way to blackmail and come at once to Luther for money. And then—then Mickey Banet heard the tale from Gili. And he thought as Castiogne did that here was his chance to bleed Luther. Were they partners, he and Castiogne?"

Gili had been questioned; Gili still said that she didn't know.

She had admitted, however, that when she had talked of the thing, accusing the Cateses (there in Mickey's cabin, the first night on the Magnolia), she had been afraid of Mickey. "I knew then that he didn't want me to talk of the Cates couple and of what Castiogne and I had heard them say. I didn't know why. But I stopped—and I knew better than to question him about it."

Josh said, now, thoughtfully. "Gili told him what she'd heard, and what she thought Castiogne would do with the knowledge of the Cateses, which Castiogne and Gili so unexpectedly shared. To Banet it was like the discovery of a gold mine. Banet did not tell Gili his immediate realization of that. Instead, knowing that Castiogne already knew, he suggested to Castiogne that they become partners. Castiogne had to agree. But Castiogne must have already confided in Para; perhaps Para was to be the strong man—at



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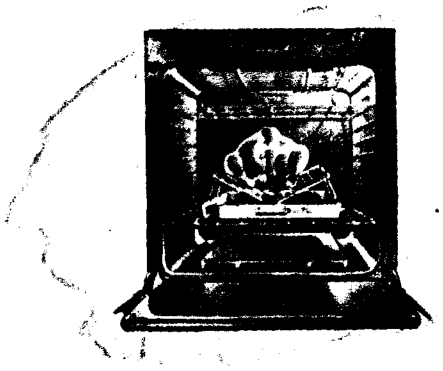

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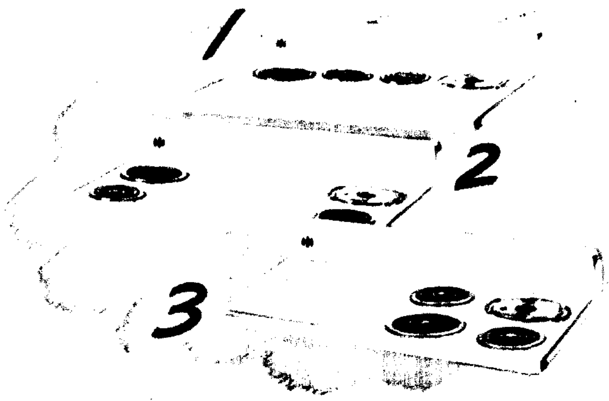

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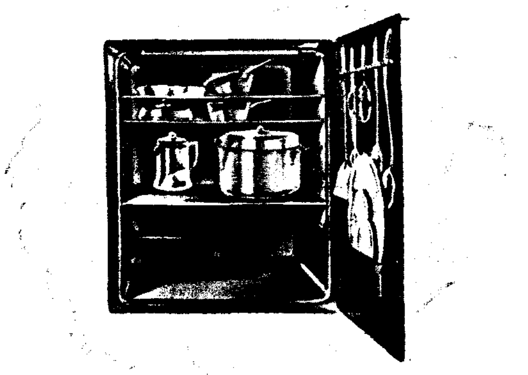

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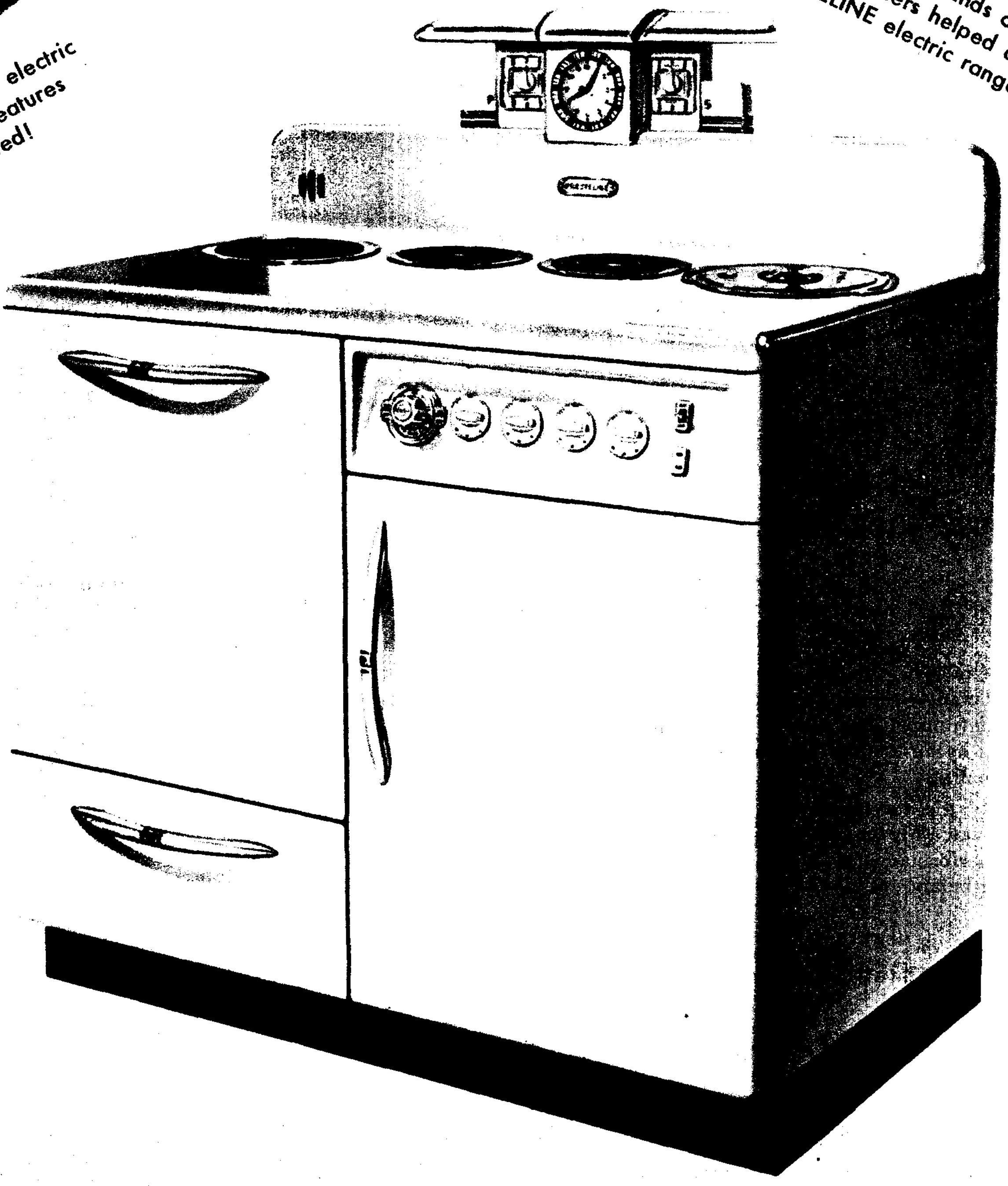

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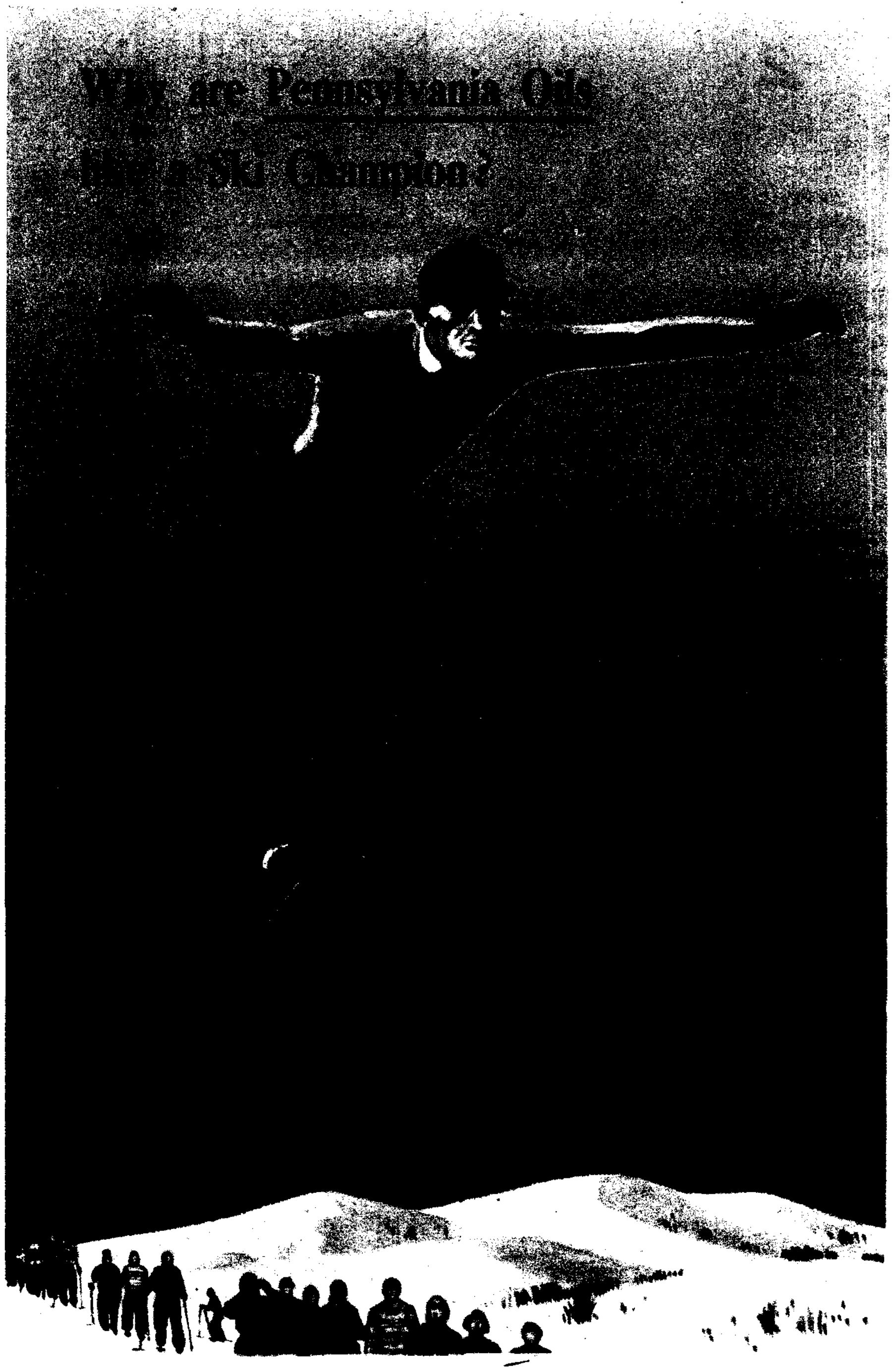

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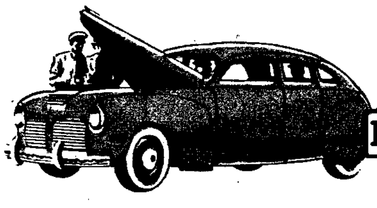

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any rate, as Urdiola says, Castiogne and Para were close friends. I think that Castiogne had not told Mickey that Para was already his partner. I don't think Mickey knew or guessed that until the diamond was found; perhaps he never knew it. But Para knew that Mickey was one of them and told Cates, later, on the Magnolia.

"So it was three people in a blackmail conspiracy against—Luther. He did not know that at first; he thought it was only Castiogne, and killed him when he saw that an American ship was about to pick you up. But Para took the diamond from Castiogne while he pretended to revive him. Then Para came to Luther on the Magnolia. Luther was dealing now with a stupider man than Castiogne, and he got the fact out of Para that Mickey Banet was in on the thing too. So Luther killed Para. He admitted that he had seen Heinzer and snatched upon that disguise in order to take Para by surprise. And then Luther saw Miss Colfax was on deck; he talked to her and then hurried inside, assumed that very easy disguise again and made sure that Miss Colfax would see him. His motive, as we said then, must have been to direct suspicion away from the people from the Lerida. And, speaking of disguise—Banet apparently thought of using the very same one. But when he got to Marcia's cabin he became clumsy and frightened—he ran, and dropped the gauze bandage.

"The murder of Para left only one of the three blackmailers for Luther to contend with —Banet. And Luther killed him. There wasn't anything else to do."

Colonel Wells said, "He might have succeeded in passing himself off as Jacob Heinzer, at least until they got him to the hospital and got the bandages off. And if he were very lucky."

"You can't escape on a ship," said Captain Svendsen. "You can on dry land—once he got ashore and at a hospital he must have thought he could contrive some way to escape. Yes—"

"If he had sat tight and said nothing—" began Colonel Wells reflectively and the captain interrupted: "If he'd sat tight and said nothing he'd never have got away. And he knew it. His one salvation was to have it believed that he was dead. So when he was on deck and Heinzer came along, he seized his chance to do away with Heinzer and assume his place. He probably planned to stay in the patient's cabin, making himself as inconspicuous as possible for the rest of the voyage, and then to try to leave the ship as Heinzer—and eventually to escape the hospital. But the trick failed.

"Well"— the captain took up a thick sheaf of papers from his table— "here is my report to my superiors. I wish you to listen and, insofar as you can do so, verify the details."

HE READ in a precise, deliberate way. The succinct phrases took on a quality of fate and of irrevocability: "And on perceiving a distress signal we changed our course—eight passengers in a lifeboat from the S.S. Lerida out of Lisbon; one of these passengers was dead—"

The grim and twisted strands of the story picked themselves out, stripped of anything but fact. "—Luther Cates, having been secretly a Nazi collaborator in a very important way, killed Alfred Castiogne because the latter had accidentally discovered Cates' collaboration and attempted to blackmail him. Cates did this while in the lifeboat and, we believe, after he saw that the rescue ship was American and bound for the United States. Unknown at the time to Cates was the fact that Castiogne had already in his scheme two partners; one was Luis Para, and the other was Michel Banet.

"Once on board the Magnolia, Para appears to have secretly approached Cates with a view to blackmail; we have no witness for this interview but we believe Cates promised to pay and extracted the information from Para that Banet also knew of his collaboration. Later Cates, by assuming the disguise of a patient, succeeded in getting close enough to Para to take him by surprise and murder him. Still later, Cates murdered Banet for the same reason. Luther Cates tried in various ways to throw suspicion upon other people and to clear himself and finally made an unsuccessful attempt to drown the bona fide patient, Jacob Heinzer. Cates' intention apparently was to create the impression that he had been lost overboard and to take the patient's place in the hope of later making an escape; Cates died of a heart attack after making a partial confession which follows—"

It followed, and then patiently yet tersely all the details, with the captain pausing between sentences as if to permit a dissenting or correcting voice. Then he went on: "Also in the lifeboat was Michel Banet, a former pianist and a member of the Nazi party, who, wishing to escape possible punishment as a war criminal (we believe him to have been only a minor figure but that fright and guilt strongly influenced his actions) assumed a false name and identity. Having no money he induced his former fiancée, who knew nothing of his Nazi activities, to accompany him. The captain paused here, coughed and continued elliptically, "Also Miss Gili Duvrey—let me see, now; oh, yes," he resumed; "Miss Duvrey informed Banet of Luther Cates' collaboration with the Nazis and of Castiogne's knowledge of it and possible intention. Apparently Banet forced himself upon Castiogne as a partner. He, too, however, was in grave danger when the rescue ship proved to be American, as his former fiancée would (and later did) insist upon revealing his true identity. Also he no longer needed money from her as he proposed to get much larger sums of money from Luther Cates. He attempted to murder Miss Colfax on at least two occasions as follows." He coughed again here, but continued doggedly, recounting the ugly details. He resumed at last, "Banet, however, was murdered by Cates" . . .

He stopped there as if struck by a thought; he looked hard at the paper. Finally he took up a pencil and wrote, slowly, reading the interpolation as he wrote it: "They were Nazis. They destroyed each other, this was their destiny."

"Why, yes," said Daisy Belle suddenly. "Their destiny—our destiny on this ship, our meeting with fate. Our rendezvous—"

THE ship ran out of the fog the next day. And finally, steadily, came into Charlestown harbor.

That was very early one morning. The sea was gray, the sky was gray and tranquil; the ship glided evenly along with the rosy radiance of the red crosses around her like a gentle blessing. The decks were lined with the soldiers who could walk, leaning out to get their first view of home, shouting through the ports to others who were in their bunks, "I see land—I see lights—there's a tender—"

Josh and Marcia stood at the railing and listened.

The Magnolia went on slowly along the broad and gracious river, past the lovely old city, her houses outlined in the dawning light.

The sun came up and the river turned to gold. They drew slowly and evenly up to a long pier, and the flag waved against the blue sky. The sun glittered upon the shining instruments of the welcoming bands. Long lines of ambulances and busses stood in waiting; companies of corpsmen trained and skilled were at attention. Music burst upon the ship like a warm embrace. The port commander, a general's stars on his shoulders, came himself to meet the ship. A boy, carried from the ship in a litter, put both hands flat upon the pavement and smiled as if he said, "This is America."

And watching the swift precision and care with which the whole shipload of patients was unloaded it seemed to Marcia that the whole kaleidoscope of war—of hatred and suspicion and terror, of pain and fear, could somehow in the end be shaken down into a firm design of love and mercy.

Josh said suddenly, "I'm going to kiss you." That deck, far above the gangway, was deserted. Josh held her for a long moment. "I love you," he said. "I'll always love you."

The band played and the sun shone; a boy on the gangway threw his cap in the air and caught it and gave a loud shout of happiness. "Home," he yelled above the band, above everything. "Home."

And Marcia thought: But this is home; close to Josh, like this forever.

THE END

# Whoop-and-Holler Opera

Continued from page 18

come to a sudden and violent end sooner or later. He couldn't decide whether Huey would be shot on the capitol steps or inside the building. Hence, two song versions. The one released began:

*Oh, they shot Huey Long in Louisiana,*
*As he walked down the capitol stairs,*
*Yes, they shot Huey Long in Louisiana,*
*As he strode in the capitol there.*

Bob sang this song to the senator one day in the Hotel New Yorker.

"That's real pretty," he said. "Teach it to me and then come down to Baton Rouge and teach it to the glee club."

Bob thought this was overstepping the proprieties a bit and declined. "They'll be singing it at your funeral," he rejoined. They did.

The outlaw John Dillinger seemed a likely source of inspiration to Bob. He prepared two pressings before the gangster came to grief. One had him killed by his own men, the other by the F.B.I. The two-version procedure insures release of the proper record at the earliest possible moment.

Accuracy with regard to names, dates and places is essential. Here's a stanza from the Dillinger dirge:

*In December, they resumed their killing,*
*Shooting Officer Shanley.*
*And then while robbing the First National*
*They killed Bob O'Malley.* *

### TENDER RESIGNATION

**With all my worldly goods I**
**thee endow,**
**Because, my sweet, you'd get**
**them anyhow.**

**—ANITA LIPTON**

The trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby, was one of his biggest-selling records. In nine verses, the evidence is duly considered, the verdict rendered, the moral drawn. Bob was never one to exploit crime for its own sake. There's the inevitable moral. In the Hauptmann song, it reads:

*Oh, this story is worth repeating,*
*It's a story that ends the same.*
*When a man goes astray, there's a price he must pay;*
*He's the one who's to blame.*
*On the last great day in heaven,*
*When the Master calls out each name,*
*Will you stand with the blest, finding eternal rest,*
*Or will you have to answer some shame?* *

Again, in Pretty Boy Floyd:

*'Twas the last trip to Ohio for this wild fool,*
*He was shot dead eight miles from Liverpool.*
*Pretty Boy will learn at the last great Judgment Day*
*That a life filled with crime doesn't pay.* *

The phonograph companies really woke up to the possibilities in bleeding hearts when they saw what was happening to the Prisoner's Song, back in 1925. They began sending emissaries with recording outfits into the remote reaches of Tennessee, Georgia and the Carolinas on a still hunt for local talent. They found it in the raw: barefoot fiddlers who couldn't read a note but who could raise a voice on endless tunes, especially with the aid of corn liquor. Grooves were cut right on the spot, performers receiving $25 a side, which seemed like getting paid for having a good time.

With the records creating followings for these untutored balladeers, many of them quit their rocky farms and took to barnstorming through the South. Riley Puckett, a blind balladist with a guitar, became better known in Georgia than Babe Ruth. People trailed him through a town in the manner of a returned hero.

Puckett is still a legend in the South, together with Clayton McMichen, Chris Bouchillon and Gid Tanner, to name a few. Frank Walker, hillbilly specialist for a big record company, once invited two of his finds to New York to attend a dealers' convention. They came on an earlier train than Walker expected and he missed them at the Pennsylvania Station. Searching about, he found a crowd in the main waiting room, in the center of which were his friends whanging away. They had already collected $17 before Walker took charge.

Several years ago, the American Musicological Society rounded up a group of old-time musickers and brought them to New York for a radio appearance. One member took a 90-year-old fiddler to his apartment for the night. After a breath-taking ride on the elevator, the fiddler was left at a window of the apartment overlooking the city and told to wait until his host made some telephone calls. That was the last his host saw him. When finally heard from, he was legging it on Route 17 headed for home with a sure sense of direction.

Present-day artists are somewhat more urbanite than were their progenitors. They live in city apartments and employ managers. They are also in the higher-income brackets, thanks to increased sources of revenue such as radio and motion pictures. In fact, radio began working this vein first exposed by the phonograph in the '20s.

The discovery of Elton Britt, whose show went on the Blue Network last September, is a case in point. In 1929, when R. S. McMillan, California industrialist, was scouring the back country by plane in search of talent for his radio station, he stopped in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and eventually at the Britt farm. Elton, summoned from the field, was asked if he could sing. "Yep," he said, reaching for his guitar and proving it on the spot.

### Bound for Fame and Fortune

Half an hour later, Elton, in denims and work shirt, was aboard the plane bound for California. He had been offered more money in a week than he had ever made in a year. McMillan had telegraphed his press agents, who went all out to ballyhoo the find. When the party arrived at the Beverly Hills radio station, thousands of people were milling about. Scared numb, Elton made his debut on a plane wing.

Clutching his guitar, he nerved himself and ventured out in a thin, plaintive voice:

*My father is a drunkard,*
*My mother she is dead.*
*I am just an orphan child,*
*No place to lay my head.*

On the last word, he took a deep breath and launched into a high, prolonged yodel. The crowd went wild.

Similar finds had been picked up from Arkansas, Texas and other states.

Bob Miller has no regrets that he did not follow his original idea and become a concert pianist. "Imagine me in tails," he says, "stepping out on the stage of Carnegie Hall and playing a Bach fugue!"

Miller has laid aside some of his techniques of former years, notably the tragic-event formula. His votaries get their news now by radio. Moreover, many of them came to town to make big money in war industries and naturally picked up some urban tendencies. But in their songs they still like to have their emotions straight. So, it seems, do a lot more of us.

I asked Miller how to write a hillbilly. "It's mostly a matter of feel and focus," he said. "If you don't feel it inside, how can you write it? I know a chap who thought he had the formula. He wrote a piece called, Pull the Shades Down, Willie Is Dead. It didn't mean a thing to the folks. How could it, when they knew nothing about Willie? I don't know how to explain it. If I did, I'd be a professor or something."

THE END

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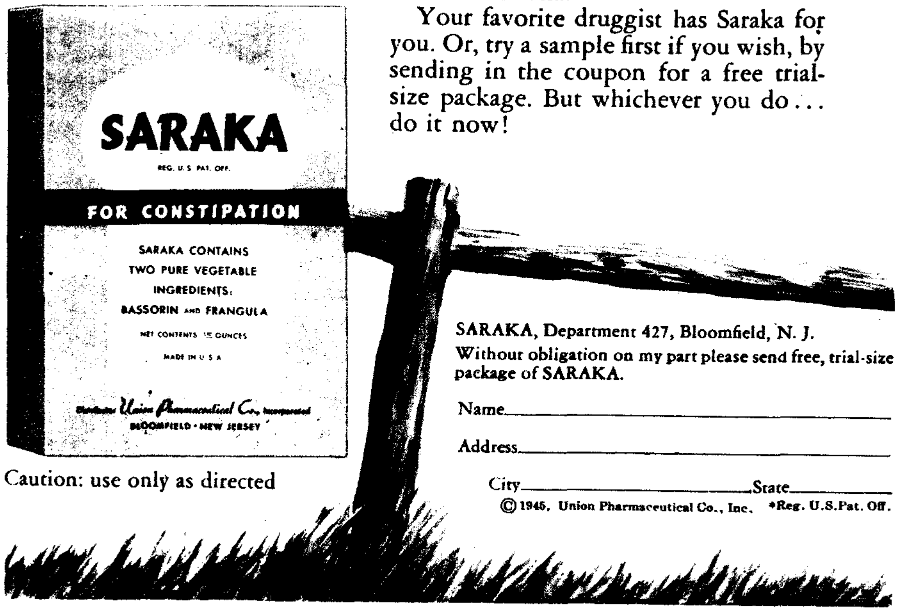

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# Chicago Stopover

**Continued from page 13**

He was silent.

She said, "Say something."

Johnny said, "You have interrupted a moment of silent prayer." He frowned in concentration. "I was praying that instead of being discharged, Ensign Charles Gannon, U.S.N.R., would receive orders shipping him from Northwestern University to, let us say, Burma. I don't want anything bad to happen to him, you understand. I just want him to meet a Burmese girl and marry her. I even wish she's pretty."

Lynn gathered her purse. Johnny dropped bills on the waiter's tray and they went out to where Jug sat in the roadster. Lynn said, "You were silly not to have come to lunch with us."

Jug held the door open for her and looked at Johnny. "Nope," he said, "I just wanted El Lobo to get in his best licks. It does my heart good when he misses."

"Why didn't I leave you there at Bastogne?" Johnny complained.

Jug grinned. "It ain't that I dislike the jerk," he told Lynn. "But he's so pretty and I've such a resemblance to a hard-used goat."

Lynn laughed. "I'd hate to be the girl that married either of you," she said. "The poor girl would always come second."

They stopped in front of the Medical School. Lynn shook hands with Jug and let Johnny walk across the sidewalk with her. There she stopped him and held out her hand.

"So long, soldier," she said. "I can't say it hasn't been charming. But the roller-coaster ride is over. Goodby."

He said, "I'll drive you home after school."

"No," she said. "Goodby."

HE WATCHED her go into the building. Then he went back to the car. Jug said, "She started to like you. I'm kind of glad she held the position."

Johnny looked at him disdainfully. "Just begun to fight."

Jug said, "Your nose is sure out of joint." He turned and inspected Johnny. "It couldn't be you actually are stuck?"

"Hah," Johnny snorted. "You know damn' well I'm so anti-wedding ring it amounts to a phobia. I'm allergic to family life."

"Why not relax, then?" Jug asked. "Pick another objective."

Johnny growled. "Give up to a sailor? Why should he wind up with the dame on the only night I'm going to spend in Chicago? This is a democracy, or so I'm told, and I refuse to be discriminated against. Give up? Nix. Tonight's my night. You owe me fifty. Here's your chance. Double or nothing."

"You got a bet," Jug said hastily. "Start improvising, old son."

"Find a florist," Johnny ordered.

"Flowers," Jug hooted. "You're getting ordinary. Stereotyped. A bouquet won't sway her."

"I like you," Johnny admitted. "You're so optimistic. . . . A florist, dogie. We're off!". . .

Jug led the messenger boy from the telegraph office to the florist shop where Johnny sat on a stool at the counter. Johnny had a pencil poised over a florist's card. A gray-haired lady watched him with entranced eyes.

"Listen," said Johnny and read:

*"Is the woods' dim heart,*
*And the fragrant pine,*
*Incense, and a shrine*
*Of her coming? Apart,*
*I wait for a sign.*

*"What the sudden hush said*
*She will hear, and forsake.*
*Swift, for my sake,*
*Her green, grassy bed:*
*She will hear and awake!*

*"I wait for a sign."*

He shook his head in admiration. "Mr. Ernest Dowson was certainly on the ball. He was quite a man with those words . . . I'm sorry I had to edit a line on him."

"Lovely," said the florist lady.

"Poetry," said the messenger boy, on falling notes. He was a very small boy with an upturned nose and large freckles and now he surveyed Johnny disgustedly. "I suppose it's love," he said.

"Naturally," said Johnny, handing him a twenty-dollar bill. "A rose with each line. See that she gets a line and a rose every five minutes."

The lady simpered, "I wish you'd been around when I was a girl. . . . I'll be furnishing corsages for your wedding soon," and went to select roses with tender care.

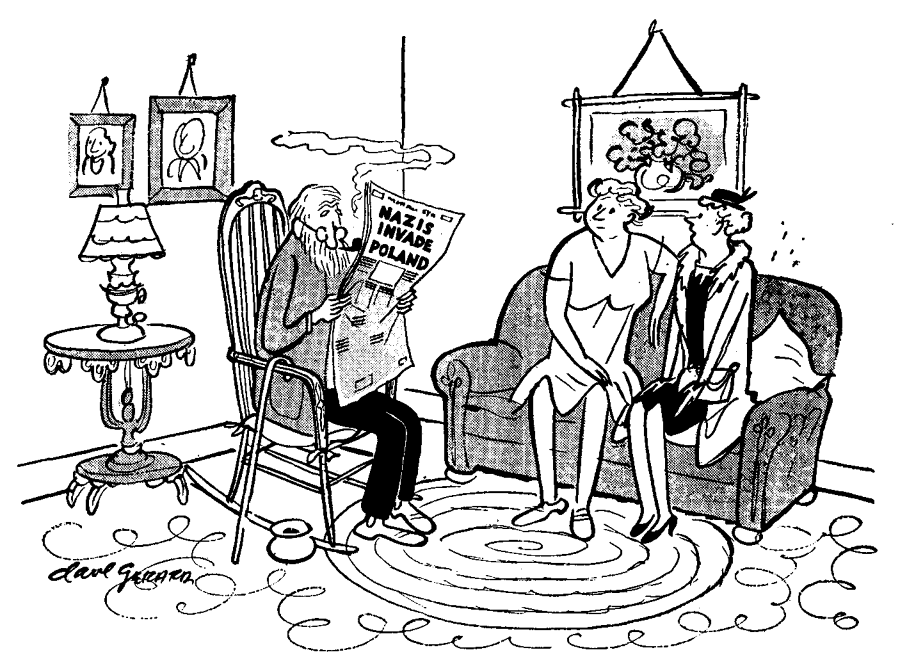
Jug said wearily, "That's the way they are. A guy makes a fuss; that equals marriage to females. It gives you such an advantage. They don't know you never mean nothing."

"Envy," said Johnny, brightly. "Your eyes are green, comrade of my bosom." He went down the street to the telegraph office where he composed a telegram. Jug read over his shoulder as he wrote:

Charles Gannon, Ensign U.S.N.R.
Northwestern University

Evanston, Illinois.

Dear Charlie: It is just too ridiculous but I have broken out with, of all things, chicken pox tonight of all nights. Would have phoned but phone out of order. Hope you can dig up another girl. Will see you in exactly ten days when Father tells me no longer infectious. Ever so sorry . . . LYNN



COLLIER'S "Your father is a slow reader, isn't he?" DAVE GERARD

He handed the telegram and a bill to the girl behind the counter. Jug hooted quietly, "You jerk! . . . The guy will grab the phone and call her. That out-of-order routine won't stop him. He'll try anyway."

Johnny took his change from the telegraph clerk and walked toward the telephone booth. His expression was bland. Scowlingly, Jug followed him into the telephone booth. Johnny looked up the number of Doctor Arthur Traylor and dialed.

He put a pencil crossways between his teeth and said, "Hello . . . Evanston 8989? . . . This is the Telephone Company repair department . . . We are checking a short circuit on your trunkline . . . Would you please leave your receiver off the hook for exactly one hour? Thank you."

He removed the pencil from between his teeth and smiled at Jug. "I often," he said speculatively, "think Eisenhower made a mistake in not consulting me on basic strategy."

"I often," said Jug, "think I made a mistake in accepting our first introduction . . . I've got to have a charge. A double, at least."

"Accompany me," Johnny said. "I will buy you alcohol. Me, I wouldn't taint my breath. It mars romance."

EXACTLY five minutes after the last rose and its accompanying line had been delivered, Johnny rang Lynn's front doorbell. A tall gray-haired man came to the door and looked Johnny up and down.

"I'm Johnny Farr," said Johnny, holding out his hand. "Are you Dr. Traylor?"

The gray-haired man shook hands and regarded Johnny with a wry, speculative grin. "Would you be," he asked, "the same fellow who has been sending those roses and poetry every five minutes?"

Johnny grinned at him. He said, "You know how it is, sir."

"I'd damned well forgotten," Dr. Traylor growled, "and I'm not sure I want to be reminded." He bellowed up the circular staircase: "Lynn! There's a lunatic here. I'm sure he wants to see you." Turning to Johnny he said, "I'll show you into the library. Come on."

Passing through the hallway he stopped at a table where a phone with displaced receiver sat on a table. Dr. Traylor looked at his watch and replaced the receiver. Passing into the library behind the doctor, Johnny quietly removed the receiver again.

The doctor pointed to a comfortable leather chair. "Sit down," he said. "Are you ever dangerous?"

"Not often," Johnny said.

"Just get back?" the doctor asked, looking at Johnny's ribbons. "Looks as though you might be getting out soon."

Johnny told him and then Lynn came into the room in a gold dinner dress that was a fine contrast to her blue-black hair. Johnny stood and made his eyes bright.

"I'll be damned," said Dr. Traylor. "I guess I *have* forgotten how it used to be . . . If Charlie shows up and starts a fight be sure and call me." He ran speculative eyes over Johnny's lathy frame. "It should be worth watching."

Lynn waited until her father was out of the room and said stormily, "You shouldn't have come." She sat down and glared; then the glare left her face and she said seriously, "Johnny, why don't you give up? Relax."

He looked at her for a full minute. "There was a little crossroad hedgerow near Bastogne that I didn't want half as much as I want you. I just kept on going and I got it. Jug and I."

She said simply, "I don't know what to say to you . . . I'd be lying if I said I didn't like all this. The poetry and the roses and the extravagant things you say . . . But I just have to tell you. It can't come to anything."

"Even if the odds are a thousand to one," he said, "I got to play out the string . . . Maybe the guy won't show. Then I'll have you this evening. Then maybe something else'll happen. It's a long shot but it's the only shot I've got."

She said suddenly, "But, Johnny, Johnny, Charles *is* coming. He has no sense of humor but he does have a temper . . . And he was heavyweight wrestling or boxing champion or something at Northwestern."

Rising, Johnny looked at her. "I can't imagine it," he said, "I can't imagine you being married to a guy with no sense of humor . . . Would that piano be in tune?"

She sat while he played Lili Marlene and a nameless piece of French boogie. Then she went to sit on the piano bench beside him and then her father stopped in the doorway wearing a topcoat.

"Going for my walk," the doctor said. "Your mother should be back from her bridge soon. If she isn't home by the time you leave, see that the door is on the latch for me."

Lynn watched her father go and said in breathless tones, "It's nine o'clock." She turned to Johnny. "Nine o'clock! Father always goes for his walk at nine . . . Johnny, I've been stood up."

Her eyes were wide with wonder.

"Thousand to one," he said. "They pay off sometimes. Once in a thousand times." Without moving from the bench he leaned forward and kissed her; he did not put his hands on her. "If you won't laugh," he said in a meek voice, "I'll tell you something—I prayed."

There was a minute's silence while she looked at him with eyes that belonged in the Madonna of Michelangelo. "Johnny," she said. "Johnny Farr . . . so things like this really happen to people."

JUG was sitting in the roadster smoking. He looked at them morosely and said, "I'm hungry. Also disgruntled."

Lynn said, "Jug, I love you. You're always standing by."

Jug was very formal. "There are times when I wonder if there's any future in that."

They had dinner at Cooley's Cupboard and Lynn ate with one hand and kept the other on Johnny's. Neither did justice to their steaks. Jug's appetite seemed dulled, but suddenly he sat alert and whispered sharply, "*Achtung!* . . . Enemy task force."

He was looking over Johnny's shoulder. Johnny followed the line of vision to see a burly young man approaching. The young man was heavy-set and his shoulders were braced for battle. Johnny opined that this was Ensign just-discharged Charles Gannon.

Charles came to the table and looked at Lynn from beneath embattled brows. "Chicken pox," he growled. "Says she."

Lynn said, "Charles! . . . You stood me up. I waited until nine."

Charles fished in his hip pocket and handed her a telegram. She read the telegram and blinked. Then she turned and looked at Johnny.

He bore her glance without discomfort. "Lynn," he said, "I had to try anything . . . Lying's the mildest thing I'd have done under the circumstances."

She said, "I forgive you, Johnny."

Charles had a bass voice. "I don't," he said. "Get up, guy. We're going out of here and down to the campus."

Lynn said, "No."

Johnny looked uninterestedly at Charles, and Jug said in quiet amiability, "Behave, Navy . . . there's two of us and we're both dirty fighters. We kick and bite and scratch and claw."

Lynn said, "Charlie, don't."

"Get up," Charlie said to Johnny.

Johnny said to Jug, "These guys that never heard the guns go off always want to fight."

Charlie went white. "If you don't come out you get it right here."

Lynn and Johnny looked into each other's eyes and Charles said, "I'm going to count to ten."

Johnny stood up. "Okay, sailor."

They went out to the street and walked down to the campus, Lynn trotting along beside them saying, "Please . . . please don't."

Charlie set his feet in the campus grass and said, "Do you want it with your coat on or do you want to take it off?"

"Last time I'll be wearing this uniform," Johnny said, and stepped out to face the bigger man. There was the sound of heavy breathing and Charlie threw a mighty overhand right across. Johnny went down and Lynn fell on her knees beside him.

"His eye's split," she said, on rising notes. "Split wide open and bleeding."

Jug took a handkerchief from his breast pocket and tossed it to Lynn, who folded it gently over Johnny's bleeding eye. Lynn said sharply to Jug, "Run back and get the car. He's got to have a doctor . . . My father'll sew him up."

Charlie said, "Well, now, Lynn, all he got was what's coming to him. Sending phony telegrams and all that."

Lynn had Johnny's head in her lap. She looked up at Charles and said nothing. They

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heard the whine of the motor as Jug pulled the car up to the curb. . . .

Dr. Traylor slapped a pad of bandage and a strip of adhesive tape across Johnny's eye and said, "Those stitches'll have to come out in a couple of days."

Mrs. Traylor, a stylish, slightly gray version of Lynn, said plaintively, "His eye should be looked at tomorrow, shouldn't it?"

The doctor chuckled. "Trauma of the optic area is a natural phenomenon at his age . . . But somebody should take a look at it."

Mrs. Traylor looked from Johnny to Jug. "Why don't you boys stay the night?" she asked. "There's twin beds in the guest room."

Charlie's face fell. He said, "They probably got to get downtown. Lynn says they got an early train to catch."

Johnny said with sudden clarity, "I've got no trains to catch . . . Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Traylor. Jug and I had figured to hunt for a place to shack up."

Mrs. Traylor patted his shoulder. "I'll not hear any more. You'll stay . . . Come along, boys."

She started toward the stairs. Charlie said, "Lynn, walk out to the car with me." There was perplexed suspicion in the way he looked at her but his voice was gentle.

She said, "Why, certainly, Charlie."

GOING upstairs behind Mrs. Traylor, Johnny and Jug turned to watch Charlie and Lynn pass out the door beneath them. Jug muttered, "So all right, he's Navy . . . He's twice the guy you are."

Johnny said nothing as they went down a long hall. Jug murmured, "She can believe what *he* says."

Mrs. Traylor gestured at the room, which was charming, "If there's anything you boys need, just let out a yell." She patted them both on their shoulders, "I'm glad you're staying tonight. It makes me feel for just a little while like I've got the son I never had."

Johnny tipped his head to look at her from under the bandage. "That's good," he said, "because you make me feel like for tonight I got the mother I never had since I was twelve years old."

The smile she bent on him was glowing. When the door closed behind her Jug said nastily, "You get them all . . . Don't you ever get a bellyful of being the charm boy? If a person eats enough molasses, it's got to turn their stomach."

Johnny looked at him with one hard eye. Then he opened the window that led out onto an upper veranda and said, "Quiet, please, my complaining deacon. I want to listen to what I know I'm going to hear." . . .

Charlie stood on the curb beside his car and looked miserably at Lynn. He said, "I don't know why. I know you have better sense than to fall for that phony in there. But all of a sudden I'm scared."

She was silent and he said, "Lynn, let's get down to bedrock. I'm out of the Navy now and we can tell what our future's going to be. Let's get married right away."

Her voice was so clear, it surprised her. "I'm sorry, Charlie," she said. "No."

He looked at her, his head nodding as if he had just had a suspicion confirmed. He said, "Lynn, you're in love with that guy."

"Yes," she said, "I am." . . .

Jug watched Johnny drop from the veranda to the lawn below, and move across the lawn to meet Lynn as she came toward the house. She saw him and stopped where the shade of a poplar fell across the winding gravel path. He walked directly up to her.

He said, "I guess we don't need words."

She shook her head and took a step forward, which put her directly into his arms. What brought them out of the kiss was Jug's voice.

"At ease," Jug said.

They turned to look at him and Johnny said, "You should be getting your sleep."

Jug ignored him. He stepped across the path, close to Lynn and looked straight into her eyes. "Lynn," he said, "don't be a jerk."

"Jug," she said, "I know what I'm doing."

He laughed shortly. "That's just your own personal opinion. You don't know a damned thing about it."

Johnny's feet moved slightly on the gravel and Jug said sharply, "Throw it. Go ahead. You mix it better than me, mostly. But this time I'm so mad I might take you apart."

Lynn said, "Behave, Johnny, let him talk."

"Don't you see," Jug said and his voice was pleading. "It's all a racket, a gag. Letting himself get hit in the eye by that roundhouse right hand . . . Lynn, do you think that clown could belt out a combat infantryman with that kind of a clumsy punch? Johnny took it; and he figured it right. He wound up on the ground, but his head was in your lap."

He peered at her and muttered, "My God, she thinks that's good. It's *not* good, Lynn. It's phony like all those other things. Putting the money in your purse; you think you're the first dame got a kick out of that? You should talk to dames in Frisco and Folkestone and Brussels. Sometimes it's his wrist watch or a ring and sometimes it's money. The telegram-and-roses gag was new. The guy's inventive."

She said gently, "Through, Jug?"

He shook his bullet head, looked at her for a long moment and said, "I can see I'm wasting my time. Well, I tried. So long, Lynn."

She put out her hands suddenly and took hold of his shoulders. Her voice was ecstatic. "Jug," she said. "Jug, I love you." She kissed him gently on the cheek. "Jug, I wouldn't split you guys for anything. I'm not going to take him away from you. It's just that from now on there'll be three of us instead of two."

Jug's mouth opened and closed without words. He regarded her and shook his head. "Dig me that," he said hushedly. "You think that's why? You think I'm lying?"

She said, "And oddly enough, I love you for it."

Jug said sharply, "I check! . . . You raise my opinion of dames' souls, if not of their intellects. So long, Lynn." He looked at Johnny. "You want to make anything in particular out of the situation?"

Johnny's face was stony. He said nothing.

JUG walked up the path toward the house. Lynn turned to Johnny and said, "My eyes are all misty. You must be wonderful, Johnny, to have a pal that stuck on you."

Johnny didn't answer. She looked to where his face was dark in the shadow of a tree. "Johnny," she said, "what's the matter?"

"Just this," Johnny said clearly, "the guy was telling gospel truth . . . I was just trying out my style. Technique, you might say."

She said, "Then it was all just . . . just going through the motions?"

"That's right," Johnny said in a bleak voice.

Her voice was low. "Then why tell me now, Johnny. . . ? You didn't have to tell me. You'd won. I believed you. Every word. In spite of Jug . . . Why tell me now?"

He spread his hands in a sudden gesture of helplessness. "Damned if I know."

She said, "Maybe you were just going through the motions up to a certain point, and found you meant what you said."

He said, "If I told you that, you wouldn't believe me. Not now. Not after all the lies."

Her eyes were level. "Are you telling me that, Johnny?"

"Yes," he said. "It's kind of hard to explain . . . I don't know how to say it exactly."

She said, "Why not say it without trying to dress it up?"

He said, "For once I will. I was making motions, up to a point and then I fell in love . . . Does that sound corny?"

"Corny," said Lynn dreamily. "Yes, I guess it's corny. But wonderful."

His voice held astonishment. "You believe me?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe you."

He stepped toward her suddenly and then stopped. His poise was gone and his voice cracked. "We can't do this, Lynn . . . we just can't. It isn't fair to you. Why, I don't know what's going to happen to me. I've got no future to offer you."

She said, "Of course not. Nobody has a future. We'll just have to make one."

Jug came down the path and would have passed them without looking at them. Johnny's voice stopped him.

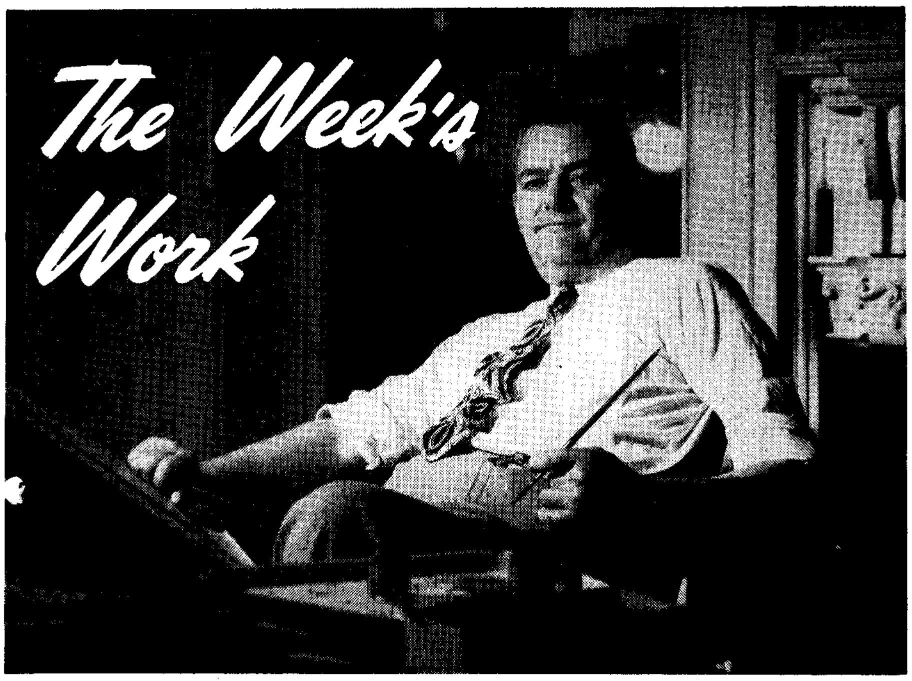
"Hey, jerk," he said.

Jug turned and Lynn said, "Des Moines in the morning, soldier. Three tickets."

Jug sat down on a bench and regarded them with nodding head. "Jackson," said Jug. "Jackson!"

THE END

# The Week's Work



J. Francis Chase

WHEN Artist Colin Allen was commissioned to illustrate Walter Davenport's article, The Great Landlord Racket, p. 11, he couldn't, he simply couldn't, maintain a strictly professional attitude.

He would read a paragraph or two and ump up to pace the floor muttering, "Atta oy, Walter! Give it to 'em!"

It was, somehow, all too close to home for Allen, for he too was kicked out of his house ecently, and personally underwent the variegated torment of finding shel-er for his wife and children.

Allen was going along bothering nobody, just doing cartoons as usual in what he hought was his home in Maspeth, Long Island, when suddenly a legal gentleman ppeared at the door and announced, "Your house has been sold. You will have to get out immediately, please." What made it awkward, Al-en at that very moment was eaving for the hospital to etch home his wife and their new baby, a second daughter.

Sentence was stayed, hanks to the OPA, giving Allen time to look around. If one of his friends whispered a rumor that a friend of a riend had heard of a house, Allen would hurry out to the spot, no matter where it was. He well remembers a house he heard about near Oyster Bay. The agent said yes ndeed, he'd take him to see it. Pretty soon he agent stopped the car and waved his hand grandly toward a grape arbor. "There you are," he said. "There's your house. Of course you have to use a little imagination. You're an artist aren't you? Well just picture t to yourself. Here's your living room, with a beautiful big picture window. Here's your errace . . ."

The magic of the whole business, the agent xplained, was that all Allen had to do was board up the grape arbor and move in, and then he'd be in a position to get priorities on plumbing and heating equipment, and then maybe after a while he'd get lumber, and then there he'd be in his beautiful home, and all for $25,000—that is, $25,000 to start with.

Allen thought back over his past, to see what he'd done to deserve this, but the only misstep he could remember was that his first job was as staff artist on the Doghouse News, a now defunct New York water-front publication. He got so low in his mind about the whole thing that he dashed off the sketch reproduced here, showing Allen as seen by Allen through the eyes of Virgil Partch.

Finally Allen settled for a sort of Quonset hut, vintage 1910, he says, in New Jersey. Being a golden-rule boy, he was happy that nobody had to move out when he bought and moved in. Only flying squirrels had been living there, he says. But, he adds, it takes a heap o' living to make a Quonset hut a home.

Doron K. Antrim

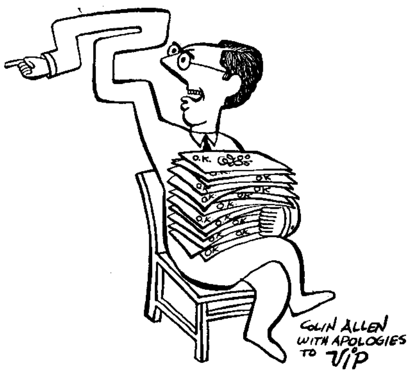
SPREADING appreciation of American folk music is something of a crusade with Doron K. Antrim, author of Whoop-and-Holler Opera, p. 18. He writes us: "From the time I spied a secondhand harmonica as a lad, music has bulked pretty large in my life. In the last war I organized musical talent into ensemble units for the boys going across. Following the war I edited music magazines in New York, including one for long-hairs, one for shorts.

"Several years ago I cut loose from a pay check and made for the hills of North Shore, Long Island, near the Sound, to free-lance. One reason was I had fallen behind in my extracurricular activities, such as deep-sea fishing. We have two children of our own, and one taken on to raise.

"I have long been interested in the hill-billy song, believing it an approach to genuine American folk music. Cowboys were hot on the trail of a real contribution of this kind when cowboys suddenly disappeared, save on dude ranches and in rodeos. That's the trouble with American folk music; we move too fast for it to take root. But we have the makings and I still have hopes."

**This week's cover:** It was Artist J. Francis Chase's plan to make Lake Placid itself the center of attention in a winter-scene painting for Collier's. But, roaming around the area, he made the acquaintance of a pathetic little family of rabbits, who practically told him that things were much pleasanter around there before all the resorters moved in and drove the animals out. The rabbits, as you see on the cover, became the sad-eyed heroes of the piece. . . . A. P.

Colin Allen



# The Secret of Making Other Women like you

**DON'T BE A "WHINER"**... Stop magnifying every little trouble you have. For instance, if you're foolish enough to let some harsh bad-tasting laxative weaken and upset you, don't complain about it to others. Resolve, instead, that that sort of punishment is *unnecessary,* and that

**Some laxatives are too strong!**

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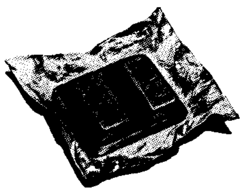

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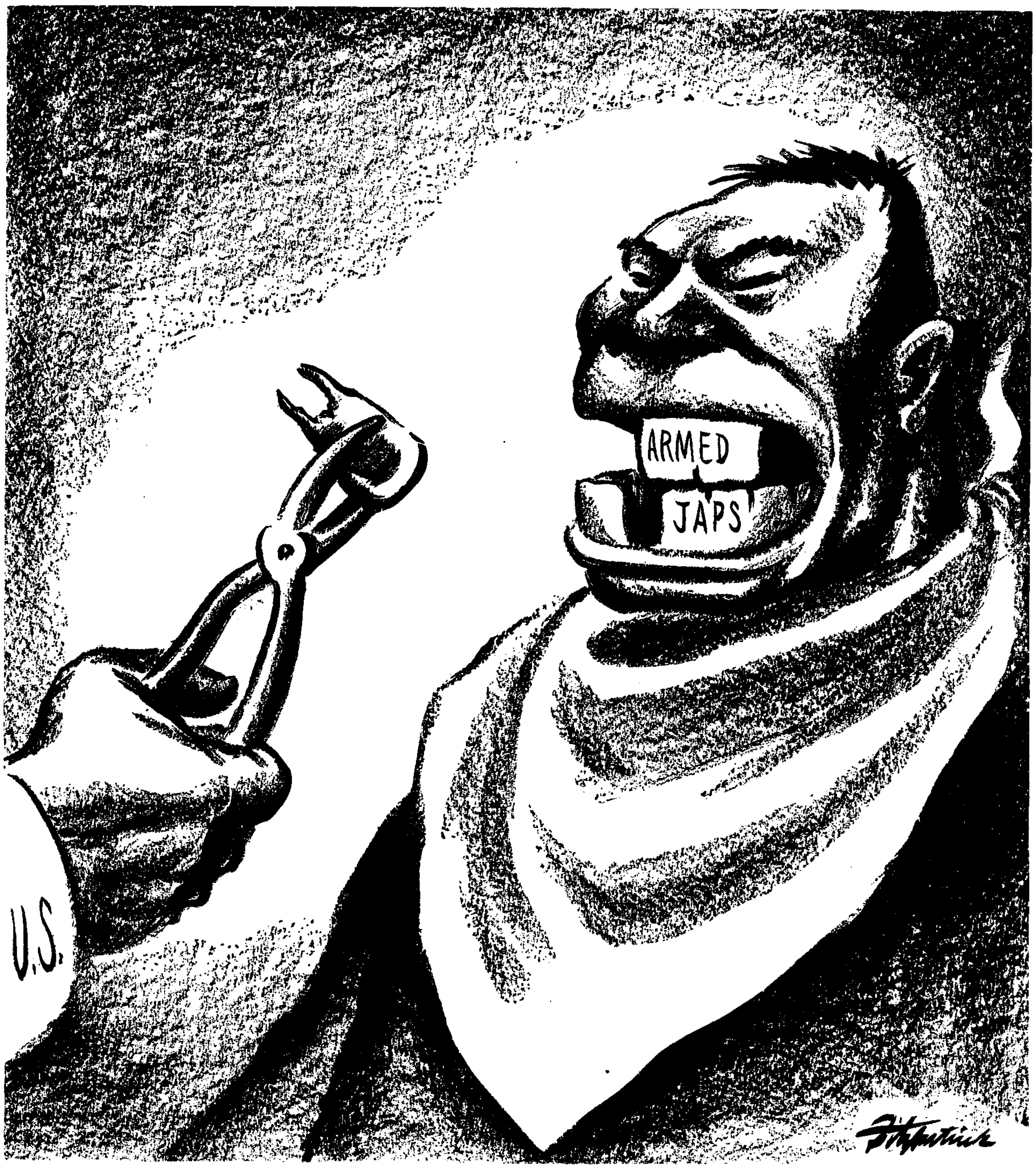

# FINISH THE CHINA JOB

THE impetuous, seemingly confused and centainly confusing Major General Patrick J. Hurley accomplished at least three good things with his recent blowoff at the State Department. He blew himself out of the U.S. Chinese ambassadorship. He opened the way for the appointment of the shrewd and truly diplomatic General George C. Marshall to the post. And he focused public attention on the main reason why some 50,000 U.S. Marines and other fighting personnel are still in China.

That main reason is that there is still a large number of Japanese soldiers in China, many of them still armed. Unless U.S. forces help Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government disarm these Jap soldiers, they may not all be disarmed. In that case, they can mean a hatful of future trouble for China, Russia and the United States.

It will take till sometime in the spring, if all goes well, to get all the guns out of these mainland Japs' hands and the Japs themselves shipped back to Japan.

What complicates the picture, and worries some Americans about the continued presence of our Marines in China, is the fact that Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Communists have resumed their old struggle for power in China, and at this writing are going at it hammer and tongs.

We were arming and equipping and training some 39 Chinese divisions for Chiang, for use against the Japanese, when the war ended. About 20 of these divisions were ready to go, and 19 more were well along. Chiang took to using them against the Chinese Reds, along with the Lend-Lease material we had furnished him for the Japanese war.

Some Americans, especially American Communists, are screaming that we should take the Marines out of China at once. And there have been clashes between Marines and Chinese Reds—though the truth about them appears to be that the Reds always fired shots, and that the Marines were attending to their main job of disarming Japs.

It seems beyond dispute to us that we should hew to that line in China until that main job is done, and should ignore all demands to pull out the Marines before it is done.

If we leave any appreciable remnants of Japanese warmaking power lying around anywhere, we shall be asking for another dollop of the kind of trouble we began to get at Pearl Harbor. It is a lead-pipe cinch that the Japs hate us now, will go on hating us, and will be plotting revenge against us for a very long time to come. We'd better finish this China job this time, along with the whole Japanese job. If we don't, we're more than likely to find ourselves forced to do both jobs all over again sometime—if we can.

## HITLER LIVES?

THE other day we saw a preview of a motion picture that by now should be showing at your neighborhood movie theater. If it isn't it ought to be pretty soon. We're telling you this because we hope you will hurry around and take a look at this picture, the title of which is "Hitler Lives?"

The reason we want you to see it is because, although it runs for only eighteen minutes and therefore won't take much time, it has more sound sense packed into its brief and exciting screen tenure than there is in the overwhelming majority of books, plays, orations, etc., that have been written, produced and spoken on the subject.

We won't tell you any more about it. Just go around and take a look. Then for the rest of your life, remember what you saw.

## HIGHWAY SAFETY AND NATIONAL POLICY

AS PRESIDENT PYKE JOHNSON of the Automotive Foundation remarked in his recent Collier's article, Death Rides the Highways, we can have "just about as much traffic safety as we really want and are willing to work for."

Johnson went on to give some alarming figures on the prompt jump in automobile accidents and fatalities as soon as gasoline rationing ended, and to report that his organization and numerous others would be delighted to see a national traffic safety conference held under federal government auspices. Among the other groups ready to co-operate in formulating national traffic policies are the American Automobile Association, National Conservation Bureau, National Safety Council, American Society of State Highway Officials, International Association of Chiefs of Police, American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators and National Education Association.

Rather a potent crew, altogether, and it is much to be hoped that this conference may materialize. We need, for a few examples, a standard nationwide type of traffic light; a standardized system of drivers' hand signals, so that all U.S. motorists can take to talking the same traffic sign language; one technique for enforcing traffic regulations; one set of drivers' license requirements.

Meanwhile, the National Safety Council has come forward with a single, concrete stopgap proposal which seems to us to have a great deal of merit. It is that wartime motor traffic regulations, especially low speed limits, be kept in force for another year or so.

The reason why this is well-nigh essential is that the great majority of American motorists are still driving cars which are old already and growing older fast. It will be two or three years before the prewar average age and sturdiness of our motor transport equipment can be regained. Meanwhile, there will be increasing danger from brakes that are wearing out, steering knuckles that are crystallizing, electrical systems that are developing bugs, and so on.

The job of keeping cars down to 35 or 40 miles per hour is of course a job for local police, primarily. They should be encouraged to perform that job in all communities.

But we'll never solve our larger, nationwide traffic and highway problems satisfactorily till we tackle them on a nationwide basis.

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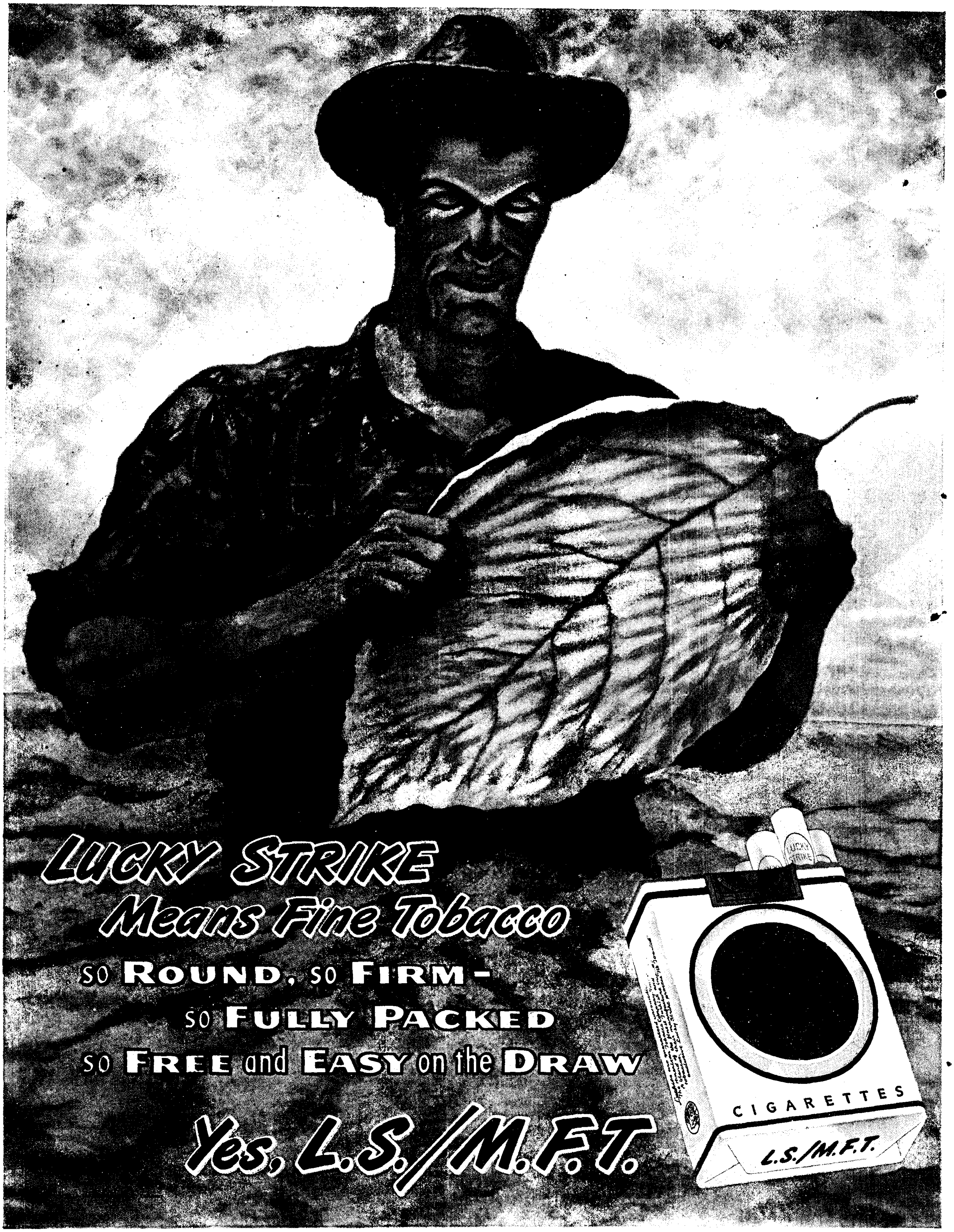
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